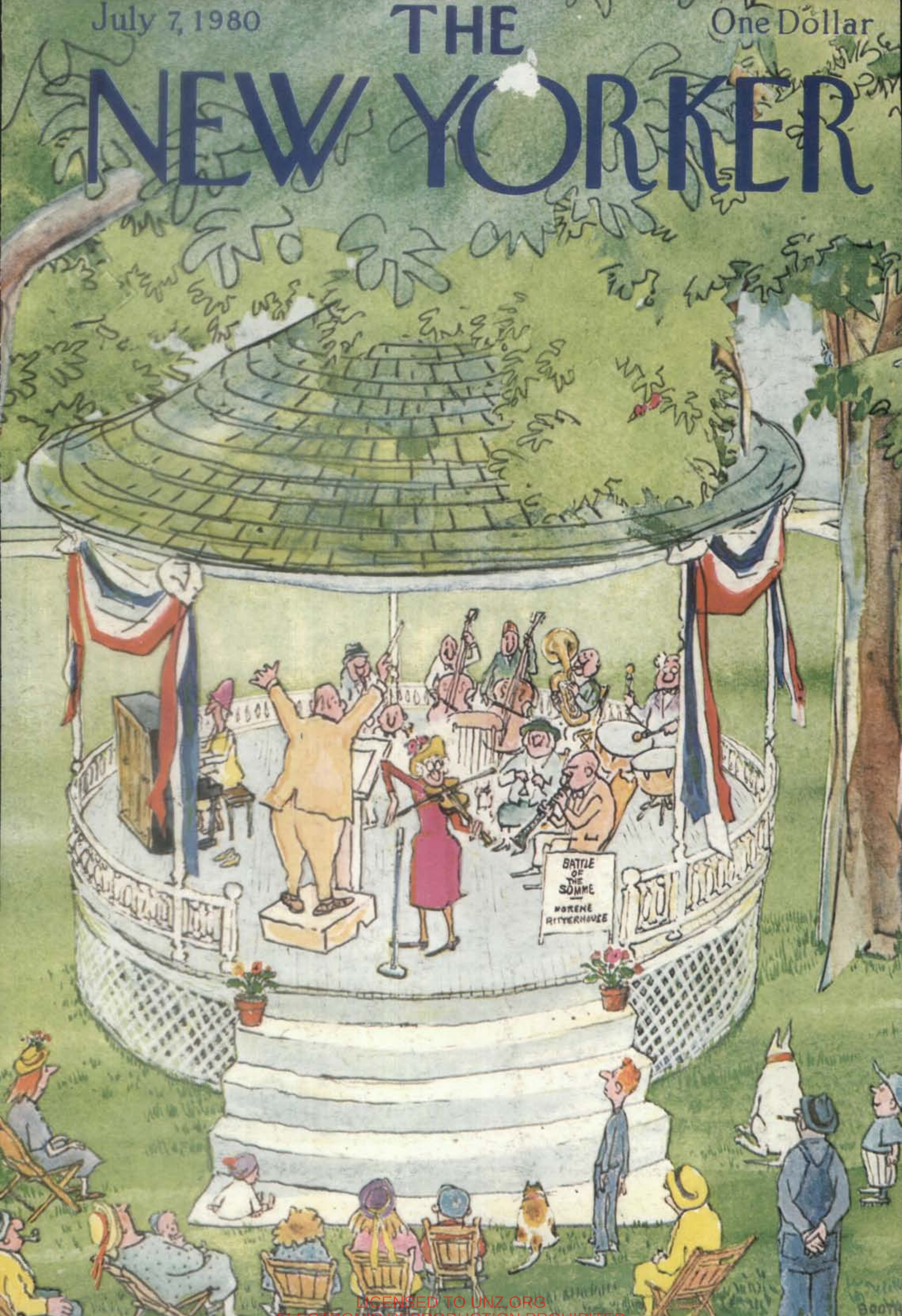
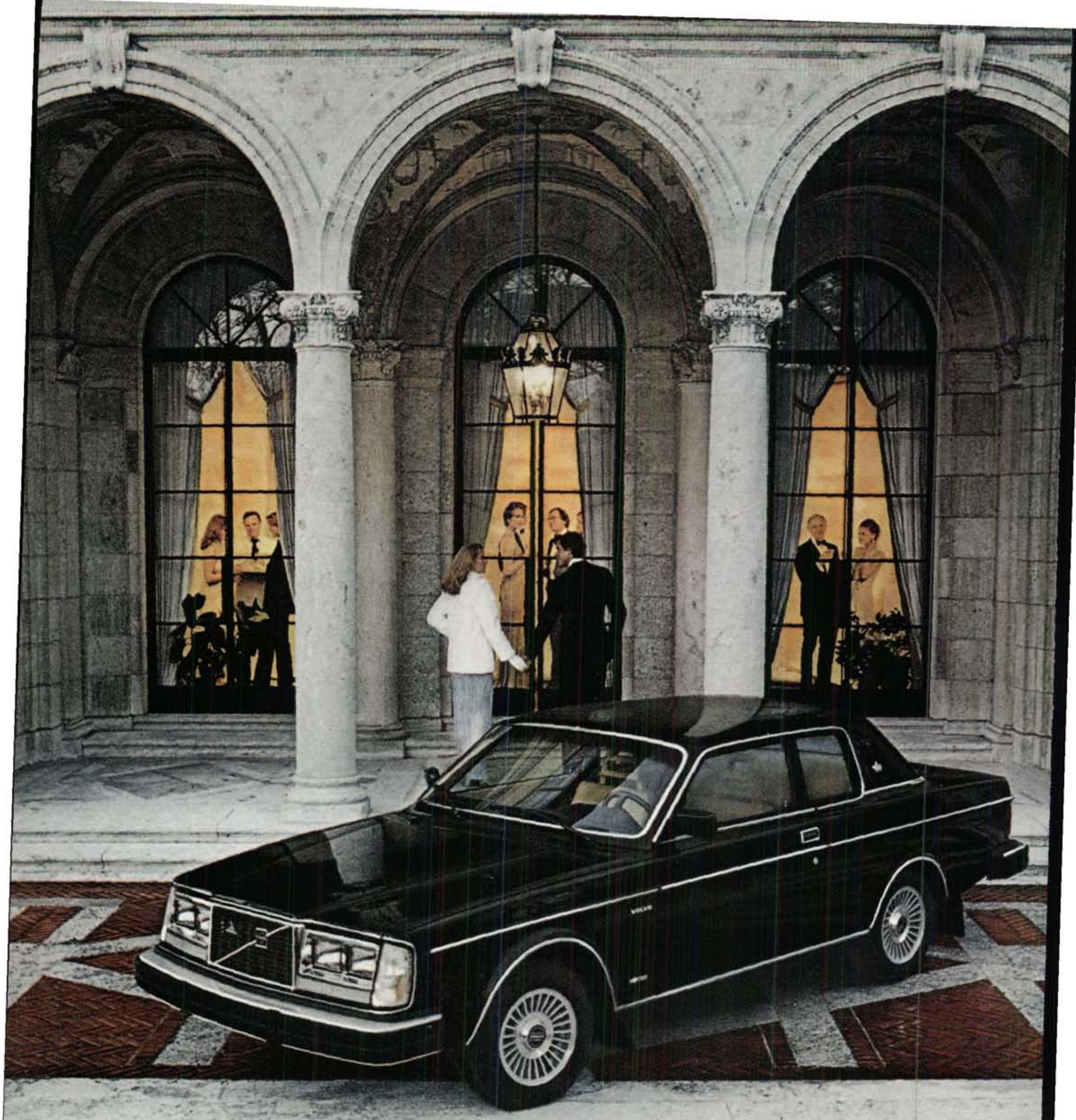
July 7, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

One Dollar


BATTLE OF THE SOMME
NORENE RITTERHOUSE
BOOTH



DISAPPOINTING NEWS FOR AMERICA'S 520,000 MILLIONAIRES. ONLY 1,500 BERTONE COUPES WILL BE OFFERED THIS YEAR.

In an age when anyone with money can purchase a Mercedes, BMW or Cadillac Seville, it takes a good deal more to own a Bertone Coupe.

It takes luck.

The Bertone Coupe is a limited production luxury class touring car that combines Volvo engineering with the classic Italian craftsmanship of one of Europe's most distinguished coach builders: Bertone of Turin.

To fully appreciate the results of this collaboration—the handcrafted details, the supple leather upholstery, the rich wood veneers, the superb engineering—you have to see and drive this car for yourself.

Due to the extremely limited supply of these extraordinary automobiles, we urge you to use extreme haste in visiting a Volvo dealer.

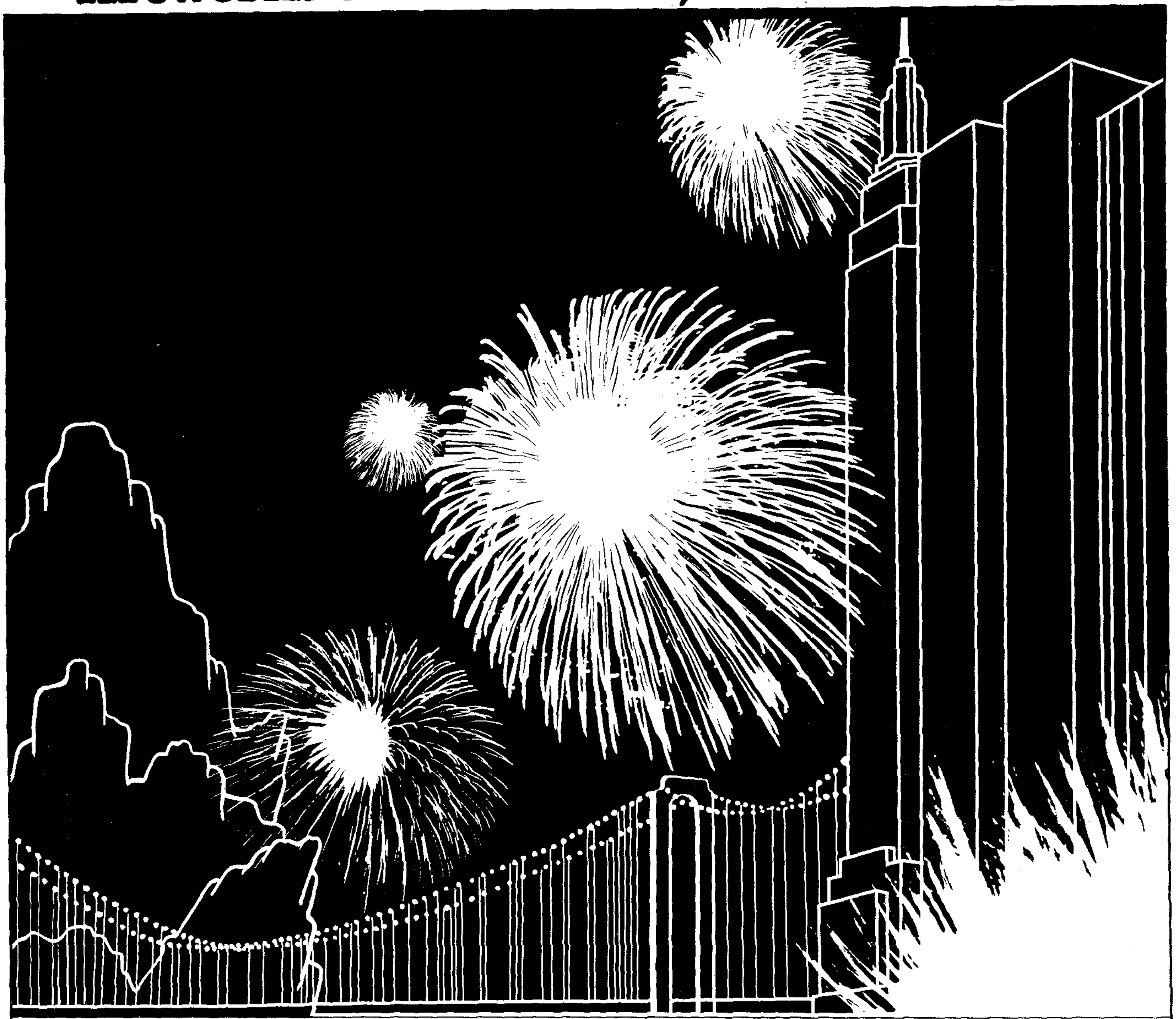
If you should have money enough and luck enough to purchase a Bertone Coupe, you'll not only have the satisfaction of owning a car that shows you've arrived.

You won't see yourself coming and going.

VOLVO

© 1980 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION.

macy's presents the 4th of july fireworks-on-the-hudson, 9:15 to 9:45 p.m.



Best eyeful: Those areas with a clear sightline of the New Jersey shore opposite midtown Manhattan. This includes the Henry Hudson Parkway between 57th and 79th Street, which will be used as a pedestrians-only mall. There's also a special viewing area for the handicapped in Freedom Place on W. 70th Street.

Best earful: Since the show has a special musical and narrative program, bring along a radio for WNBC-AM Radio 66's simulcast.

Best way to get there: Since the Henry Hudson Parkway will be closed to vehicles in both directions from 46th to 178th Street (and Riverside Dr. closed from 72nd to 160th), between the hours of 8 and 11 P.M., public transportation is definitely your best bet. There'll be plenty of extra subways and buses. If you do drive, holiday parking will be in effect and double parked cars will be towed.

Best source of extra information: Dial our hotline—212-560-4495.

Best way to celebrate: By rounding up the family and friends and joining us. See you by the river!

Macy's specially thanks the City of New York, The Port Authority, the Penn Central Corp. and the town of West New York, N.J.

macy's
New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Barnum—A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Billy Bishop Goes to War—Eric Peterson playing seventeen roles in a fantastic comedy about the First World War. The author, John Gray, is also onstage, to play the piano, sing, and make curious grumbling sounds. Cedric Smith fills in for Mr. Peterson at the ten-o'clock show on Saturdays, and at Sunday matinées. (6/9/80) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Blackstone!—In which flags, elephants, eagles, flowers, and the bodies of young women appear and disappear and reappear in a way that cannot be and is. Mr. Blackstone has a certain archness of delivery that he would do well to make vanish into thin air. (6/2/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Camelot—Richard Burton returns to his role as King Arthur in a revival of Lerner and Loewe's musical. Christine Ebersole, Richard Muenz, and Paxton Whitehead are also in the cast. Frank Dunlop is the director. Previews through Sunday, July 6. Opens officially on Tuesday, July 8, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 23. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of a Lesser God—An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. and John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich play the leading roles to perfection. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by William Mastrosimone, THE WOOLGATHERER, is the final presentation of the season. Peter Weller and Patricia Wettig make up the cast. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Eileen Brennan and Susan Sarandon in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FOB—David Henry Hwang's original, lively comedy, with tragic undertones, about Chinese immigrants in California, past and present. The title is an acronym for "fresh off the boat." Fine performances by Ginny Yang, Calvin Jung, and John Lone, under Mako's direction. The charming musical direction is by Lucia Hwong. (6/16/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—A play by Samm-Art Williams that says it is a very good thing indeed to be alive. A joyful, Whitmanesque song, well acted by Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—A sentimental comedy by Neil Simon, about a Hollywood writer down on his literary luck and a daughter who visits him and brightens his prospects. With Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Leavings and **How Do You Do**—Two one-act plays by Ed Bullins, for which George Stubbs has provided the music. (Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. 228-8032. Sundays at 6.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 6: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, July 9-13: IOLANTHE. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A very funny comedy by Kaufman and Hart, written in 1939 and young for its age. The hero, played by Ellis Rabb, is a greedy, ungrateful monster, modelled after the real-life figure of Alexander Woollcott, who knew everybody and trafficked in everybody, and is worth remembering for the single-mindedness of his self-promotion. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mass Appeal—Bill C. Davis's play about a middle-aged priest and an earnest young seminarian who comes to him for instruction has a good first act but tends to fall apart in the second. Milo O'Shea is, as usual, splendid

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23
"LGA-ORD" . . . . *Ian A. Frazier* 29
"MR. BONITO" . . . . *David Plante* 30
"UNTIL THE SEA IS DEAD" (POEM) . . . . *David St. John* 32
"HUNTER OUT OF SEASON" . . . . *John Rolfe Gardiner* 35
PROFILES (ROBERT ALLAN ACKERMAN) . . . . *James Stevenson* 39
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 58
U.S. JOURNAL: OCOEE, FLA. . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 61
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 67
RUSSIAN JOURNAL (PART II) . . . . *Andrea Lee* 70
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 90
BOOKS . . . . *Lis Harris* 98

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

COVER: *George Booth*

DRAWINGS: *Mort Gerberg, Dana Fradon, Whitney Darrow, J. B. Handelsman, Joseph Mirachi, Roz Chast, Barney Tobey, Jack Ziegler, William Hamilton, Charles Saxon, Henry Martin, Burt Silverman, Eldon Dedini, Lee Lorenz, Edward Koren, Arnie Levin, Stan Hunt, Ed Arno, Dean Vietor, Charles Barsotti, Boris Drucker, J. J. Sempé, Edward Frascino, Frank Modell*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) 840-3800
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) 840-3700

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LVI, No. 20, July 7, 1980. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1980 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $32.00. Other foreign, $36.00.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

estée lauder
swiss performing extract
a super-rich nourishing lotion

Now: Estée Lauder and today's technology bring you Swiss Performing Extract. Its amazing capabilities can help your skin look better from now on.

Fact: Swiss Performing Extract is more than a moisturizer. It is a super nourishing lotion blended in the U.S.A. with natural ingredients including soluble protein: a substance plentiful in young skin.

Fact: Science tells us this natural substance has outstanding capabilities. It sinks right down into the skin's surface to help promote resilience, good tone and to maintain optimum moisture balance.

Fact: Swiss Performing Extract performs 24-hours a day. Use it under moisturizer or under makeup, and before bedtime. Specifically, dryness lines will become less noticeable instantly and you will be on your way to better looking skin. Estée Lauder skin.

Swiss Performing Extract. Because makeup and moisturizers can't do it all.

Estée Lauder

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as the priest, and Eric Roberts does well as his pupil. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (5/19/80) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 20.)

Morning's at Seven—A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nuts—A courtroom melodrama distinguished by Anne Twomey's affecting performance as a woman accused of manslaughter and being tested for sanity. The author is Tom Topor. (5/12/80) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Oklahoma!—Song after song after song, with a cast of young people whose high spirits seem unforced and who hurl themselves happily into this initial collaboration of Rodgers and Hammerstein. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Romantic Comedy—A lifeless exercise in sitcom, starring Mia Farrow and Anthony Perkins. The author is Bernard Slade. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

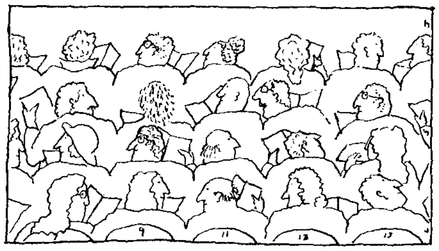
Talley's Folly—A charming short play by Lanford Wilson about the coming together of two troubled people, one of whom is far braver than the other. With Jordan Charney and Debra Mooney. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tintypes—An enchanting small revue about the turn of the century in this city, with songs by around fifty songwriters of the period, and with a cast of five young singers/dancers/actors, who are as gifted as any in town. They are Jerry Zaks, Lynne Thigpen, Mary Catherine Wright, Carolyn Mignini, and Trey Wilson. The show was conceived by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. Musical staging by Miss Kyte, direction by Mr. Pearle, musical direction and arrangement by Mr. Marvin. (5/5/80) (Theatre of St Peter's Church, Lexington Ave at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

To Bury a Cousin—A play by Gus Weill, with Harry Goz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins, the Bernstein-Sondheim-Laurents classic is in tip-top shape after twenty-three years. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—A revival of Vinnette Carroll's hymn sing of a few seasons back, derived from the Gospel According to St. Matthew. It's hard to improve on the Bible, and Miss Carroll hasn't. (6/16/80) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

Long Runs—**ain't misbehavin'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **annie**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the best little whorehouse in texas**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dancin'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **deathtrap**: A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the elephant man**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **evita**: A sung version of the life of Eva Perón. Three first-rate performances, by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. Terri Klausner substitutes for Miss LuPone at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks**: 8,392 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **gemini**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **i'm getting my act together and taking it on the road**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **peter pan**: A cheerful revival of a twenty-five-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **scrambled feet**: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **sugar babies**: This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2). . . . **they're playing our song**: A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the triphammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **vanities**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—This year's summer show is devoted to American musical entertainment (the last hundred years of it). Part of the extravaganza: a re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Revue, plus a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the carioca. The Rockettes—of course. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

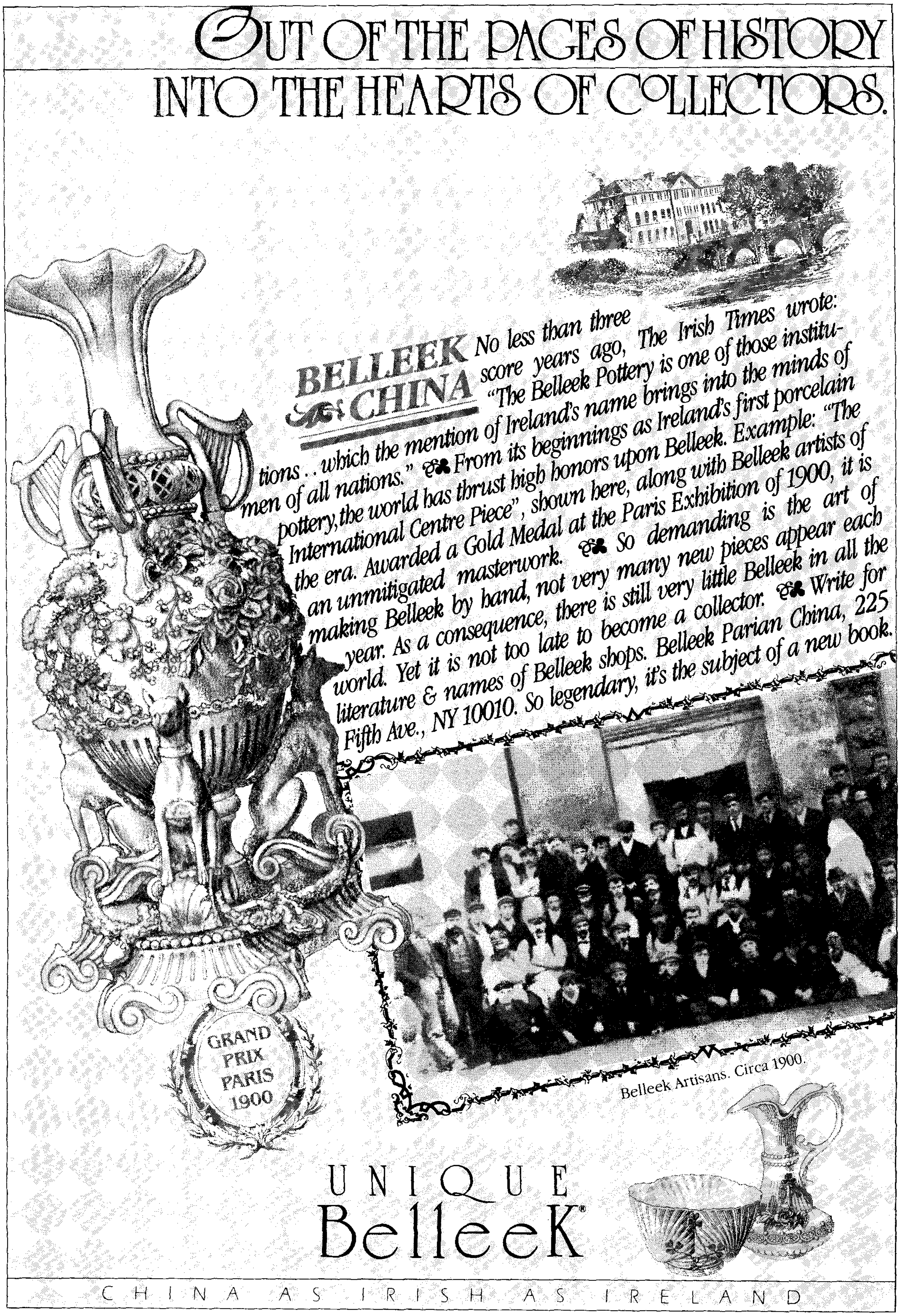
DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, July 2: "Theme and Variations," "Dark Elegies," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 3: "Concert Waltzes," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Etudes.". . . ¶ Friday evening, July 4: "The Tiller in the Fields," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Little Improvisations" (première), and "The Leaves Are Fading.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 5, and Monday evening, July 7: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 8; Wednesday matinée and evening, July 9; and Thursday evening, July 10: "La Bayadère.". . . ¶ Friday evening, July 11, and Saturday matinée, July 12: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 12: "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Voluntaries," "Three Preludes," and "Theme and Variations." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Roomful of Blues, a blues and rock outfit, will perform on Friday



OUT OF THE PAGES OF HISTORY INTO THE HEARTS OF COLLECTORS.

BELLEEK CHINA No less than three score years ago, The Irish Times wrote: "The Belleek Pottery is one of those institutions .. which the mention of Ireland's name brings into the minds of men of all nations." ♣ From its beginnings as Ireland's first porcelain pottery, the world has thrust high honors upon Belleek. Example: "The International Centre Piece", shown here, along with Belleek artists of the era. Awarded a Gold Medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, it is an unmitigated masterwork. ♣ So demanding is the art of making Belleek by hand, not very many new pieces appear each year. As a consequence, there is still very little Belleek in all the world. Yet it is not too late to become a collector. ♣ Write for literature & names of Belleek shops. Belleek Parian China, 225 Fifth Ave., NY 10010. So legendary, it's the subject of a new book.

Belleek Artisans. Circa 1900.

UNIQUE
Belleek®

CHINA AS IRISH AS IRELAND

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

and Saturday, July 4-5; on Monday, July 7, English rock and roller Tom Robinson will be onstage; Thursday, July 10, will be folk and country night with JOHN HARTFORD sharing the bill with MARY MCCASLIN and JIM RINGER; and on Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, blues enthusiast JOHN HAMMOND will trade sets with singer Geoff Muldaur. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An admirable, dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded New York bar and restaurant that specializes in first-rate jazz duos. TOMMY FLANAGAN, for years a wonderful bop composer and sideman, is performing with a fine bass player, GEORGE MRAZ, through Saturday, July 5; on Monday, July 7, pianist TOM GARVIN will begin a week, accompanied by Mr. Mraz. Sundays are the property of guitarist JOE BECK and his longtime bassist, HERB BUSHLER. Music from nine-*thirty. Dining.*

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—More passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (744-1600)—MARIAN MCPARTLAND has taken over the piano for Bobby Short while Mr. Short is on leave. She works with a trio Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining. Closed Fridays and Saturdays.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—BUCKY PIZZARELLI, who plays a seven-string guitar—the seventh string is a bass string, which gives the instrument a full, beautiful tone—has teamed up with his guitarist son, John. They play Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant with a variety (alive and plastic) of hanging plants. Pianist ELLIS LARKINS, a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's backed up Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano through Saturday, July 5. On Monday, July 7, pianist ADAM MAKOWICZ will move in. Music nightly, except Sundays, from eight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on the current trends in rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, July 2, Buicks and the Front; Thursday, July 3, X-Davis and the Lords; Friday, July 4, Student Teachers and Nitecaps; Saturday, July 5, Shrapnel and the Rattlers. Monday is showcase night. Music after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—For people who live in Brooklyn, Queens, or Chelsea but *love* Texas. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—The tables along the bank of picture windows afford a front-row seat if you like watching taxis hightail up Central Park West or simply enjoy gazing at the Park trees. Farther inside the room are the musical attractions—singer and pianist RONNY WHYTE and his bassist, JACK SIX—who perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—HELEN HUMES, one of many—and perhaps the best—former big-band singers from the forties who are performing around town nowadays, works from a solid repertory of blues and ballads with her trio. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, the center of the room is turned over to DARDANELLE, a singer and pianist who has no faults, at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The squiggly drawing on the menu is of a crawfish, not a lobster. WALTER BISHOP, JR., plays some of the finest piano music to eat jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo to. Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty. On Sunday, July 6, trombonist Tom Artin will head up a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs jazz-stars room. The jazz stars: tenor saxophonist JOE HENDERSON and his quartet are on hand through Saturday, July 5; and on Tuesday, July 8, long-distance pianist CECIL TAYLOR and his UNIT will begin a visit. Sets begin after nine-thirty. Dining.

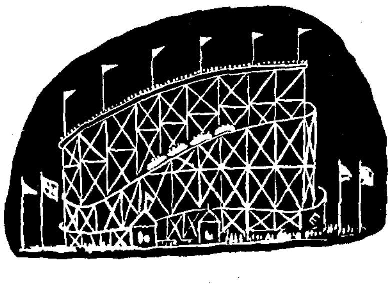
Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A large, square, multi-tiered room on the ground floor of a typical older upper West Side apartment house. JOHNNY HARTMAN'S gentle, deliberate, luxuriantly full baritone voice is being backed by trumpeter CLARK TERRY'S band through Saturday, July 5. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—No, it isn't a movie set (although Peter Bogdanovich is rumored to be interested in using it as one); it's a SoHo night club. The music lineup: Fourteen Karat Soul, an a-cappella soul quintet from East Orange, N.J., is present Thursday through Sunday, July 3-6; and Thursday through Sunday, July 10-13, will be claimed by cornettist RICHARD SUDHALTER, singer DARYL SHERMAN, and their quartet. Music every night after ten. *Dining.*

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist JOE PUMA works with pianist HOD O'BRIEN and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets *from ten; on Sundays from nine.* On Sundays from five to nine, BROOKS KERR sings and plays piano. Mondays from ten belong to pianist BEN ARONOV, guitarist AL GAFA, and their bassist, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist CHUCK WAYNE. Every night but Sunday, from seven to ten, is given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant, which is in a neighborhood that is in the process of being refurbished itself. The pianists who play here are not just diversionary dining-room players. SAMMY PRICE, a blues and boogie-woogie specialist, works through Saturday, July 5; on Tuesday, July 8, RALPH SUTTON, who plays ragtime and stride piano, will take over. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Lou Forestieri plays piano and leads a dance trio from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.



Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the DJs spin a side by Defunkt or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The live bands: the Necessaries and the Units Wednesday, July 2; MAGIC, drummer PHIL WILSON'S wonderful dissonance-and-blues septet, and Material, an avant-rock trio, Thursday, July 3; dB's and Outsets Friday, July 4; Revelons and Swinging Madisons Saturday, July 5. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Dancing. Video shows on Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. Fridays and Saturdays saxophonist and proprietor MIKE MORGENSTERN, singer JOE (BEBOP) CARROLL, and their quintet get going at about nine-thirty. On Sundays, drummer CHARLI PERSIP and trumpeter GERRY LA FURN co-pilot a seventeen-piece band from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. ROY ELDRIDGE is the resident legend, and he's buoyed by a quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, MAX KAMINSKY leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and with good reasons. Pianist JUNIOR MANCE and his bassist, MARTY RIVERA, are two good reasons; they'll be here through Saturday, July 5. On Tuesday, July 8, MARY LOU WILLIAMS and her bassist, MILTON SUGGS, will move in. DON FRIEDMAN and bassist BOB BODLEY hold down the Sunday and Monday positions. Music nightly from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. The rock, country, rockabilly, and blues schedule: S.V.T. Wednesday, July 2; CARL PERKINS and Willie Nininger Thursday, July 3; Desperate Men Friday and Saturday, July 4-5; DR. JOHN Monday and Tuesday, July 7-8; and the SON SEALS blues band Thursday, July 10. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A complex of dining rooms, with one room set aside lately for pop, jazz, and former big-band singers. The current catch is ANITA O'DAY, who sings Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty.

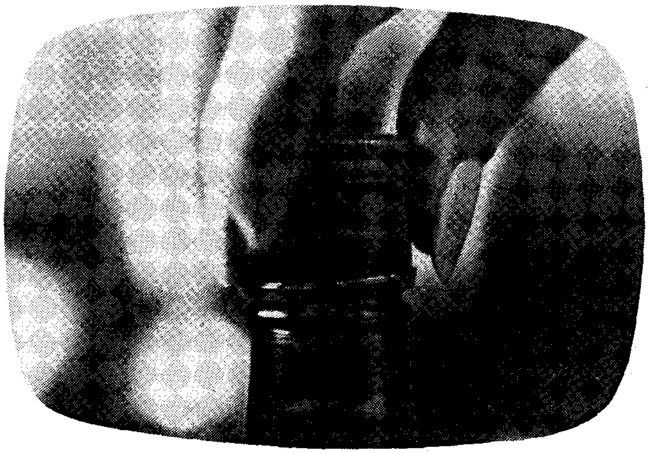
Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, crowded in the eighties, and it will probably be crowded in the nineties. The lineup: Wednesday, July 2, Neighbors & Allies and Science; Thursday, July 3, Ronnie & the Jitters and Justin Trouble; Friday, July 4, the Senders and Blessed; Saturday, July 5, Johnny Thunders and Back Street Boys; and Sunday, July 6, Johnny Thunders and 4/4. Rock nightly after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The New Orleans Heritage Hall Band—drummer-singer Freddie Kohlman, pianist Ellis Marsalis, trumpeter Teddy Riley, clarinettist Manuel Crusto, trombonist Fred Lonzo, and bassist Walter Payton—has settled in on East 55th Street. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. Mondays are greeted with people lined up to see and hear Woody Allen play clarinet with a New Orleans-style septet. The septet is here *from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed* Sundays.

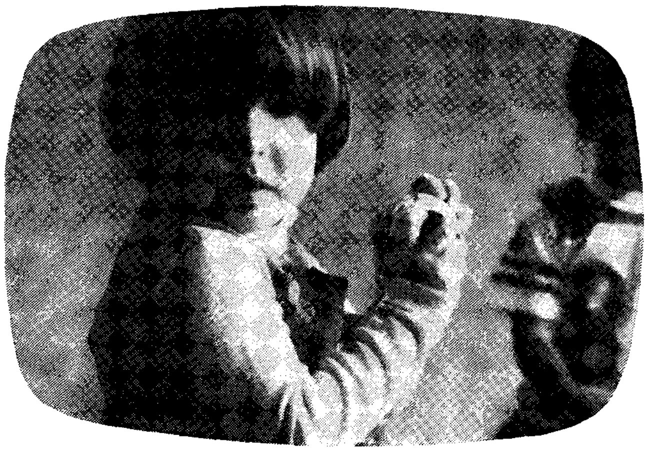
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-

Today, Alcoa aluminum closures help give you product protection and security.

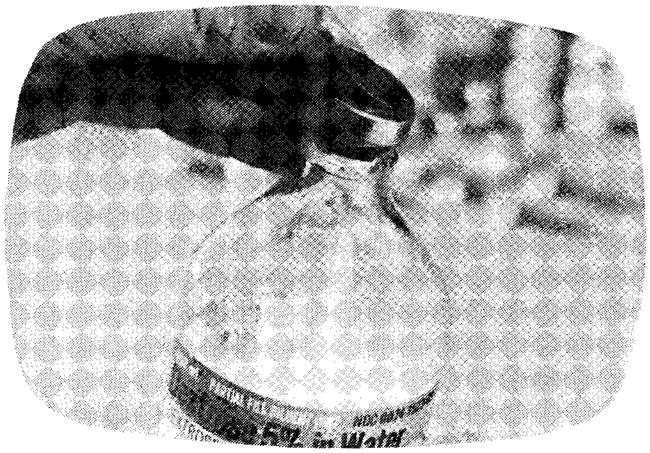
Alcoa® Pilferproof closures have been protecting purity for over 50 years.



They make it easy for consumers to tell what remains securely sealed and what may have been tampered with.



Alcoa has also developed child-resistant closures that are hard for kids under five to open. So they're good protection against too much curiosity—yet easy for adults to open.



And today, in hospitals everywhere, Alcoa closures perform a variety of vital services—protecting life support systems and medicines.

And even the formula given to newborn babies.

ALCOA

We can't wait for tomorrow. For more information on Alcoa closures, write Aluminum Company of America, 445-G Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Singer Phyllis Hyman performs with her backing crew through Saturday, July 5. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. Rock and blues guitarist **MIKE BLOOMFIELD** will perform on Friday and Saturday, July 4-5; Thursday through Saturday, July 10-12, **ARLEN ROTH**, a real smooth Nashville-style guitarist, will alternate with the **PERSUASIONS**, the astounding a-cappella street-corner soul quintet. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase. Snacks.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Bob January's band plays for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, **HAZEL SCOTT**, an energetic singer and pianist, leads a trio from eight until eleven, except Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Named for a tune by Dizzy Gillespie and located in the far western *reaches of Tribeca where many of the lofts* are still used by business and industry. Pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, drummer **BEN RILEY**, and vibraharpist **STEVE NELSON** work together through Saturday, July 5; on Wednesday, July 9, Joy of Spring, a bebop-vocal trio, will be present; and on Thursday, July 10, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will arrive with a trio. Music nightly, except Sundays, from ten to four. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. **MANHATTAN TRANSFER** sings thirties swing music, forties bebop, and fifties rock and roll on Thursday, July 3; pianist and composer Charlie Smalls will lead a combo Friday through Sunday, July 4-6; and on Thursday, July 10, saxophonist **GEORGE YOUNG** will bring in a quartet. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the red-brocade-walled French Quarter, bebop altoist **PHIL WOODS** is leading a quartet. Music from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and jazz duos. Pianist **HAROLD DANKO** works with a bassist on Wednesday, July 2; pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and bassist **SAM JONES** team up Thursday through Saturday, July 3-5; pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will be here Tuesday and Wednesday, July 8-9; and bassist **RON CARTER** will collaborate with **CEDAR WALTON** Thursday through Saturday, July 10-12. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from *nine-thirty*. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Saxophonist **JAMES MOODY** plays some vigorous hard bop, with pianist **MIKE LONGO'S** trio backing him all the way; through Saturday, July 5. On Tuesday, July 8, vibra*harpist* **MILT JACKSON** *will arrive to play some* sublime pared-down, two-mallet blues. Music from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is modern and comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent of the old Five Spot. Thursday through Saturday, July 3-5, will belong to trumpeter Leonard Goines and his quintet; and on Tuesday, July 8, guitarist Freddie Harris will come in with his West Indian-jazz nonet. Sundays are the property of drummer **LOUIS HAYES** and his animated hard-bop trio—bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** and pianist **HAROLD MABERN**—and Mondays are devoted to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Music from about nine-thirty.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The audiences here are often as reverential as those at the Village Vanguard, and it's not surprising. Jazz of the highest order is usually presented every night after ten. Wednesday, July 2, **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON** and the Decoding Society; Thursday, July 3, Be Bop Quintessence, with **CHARLES ROUSE** and **LONNIE HILLYER**; Friday through Sunday, July 4-6, **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** and his quartet; *and on Tuesday, July 8, drummer* **ART TAYLOR** will bring in his quartet. Music every night but Monday, after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Blues, reggae, ska, new-wave rock, and dissonance and blues. Wednesday, July 2, Nails, Tirez-Tirez, and Electrawave; Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, **BIG MAMA THORNTON**; Tuesday, July 8, Philip Rambow & the Debonaires; Thursday, July 10, the J.T. *Bowen Band, featuring the Blaster Master;* and Saturday, July 12, Chicago bluesman **JIMMY ROGERS**. Shows most nights at nine and midnight. On Sunday, July 6, John Ogle conducts his "Radio Radio" interview show, with rock singer Tom Robinson as the interviewee. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. The schedule: Wednesday, July 2, Compton Maddux and Roger Bartlett; Thursday, July 3, Hardbeats and Joe Bidewell Group; Friday, July 4, Fine Malibus and Lode Stone; and Saturday, July 5, Bush Tetras and Bound & Gagged. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, Wednesday and Thursday, July 2-3, **JOE PASS** will play solo guitar opposite **DEXTER GORDON'S** quartet; Friday through Sunday, July 4-6, **WOODY SHAW'S** quartet will share the stage with **DEXTER GORDON**; and starting Tuesday, July 8, the **SONNY STITT-KENNY BARRON** quartet will keep **DEXTER GORDON** company. On *Mondays a Salsa band performs at nine and* eleven-thirty for listening and dancing. Up in the Top of the Gate, Friday through Sunday, July 4-6, one will find **JOE PASS**; and Saturdays, from midnight until four, **JAZZ À CORDES**, the hot-jazz quintet, will play for dancing. Show times are ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, and twelve-thirty and two-thirty on Saturdays. Meanwhile out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio works on Tuesdays from nine.

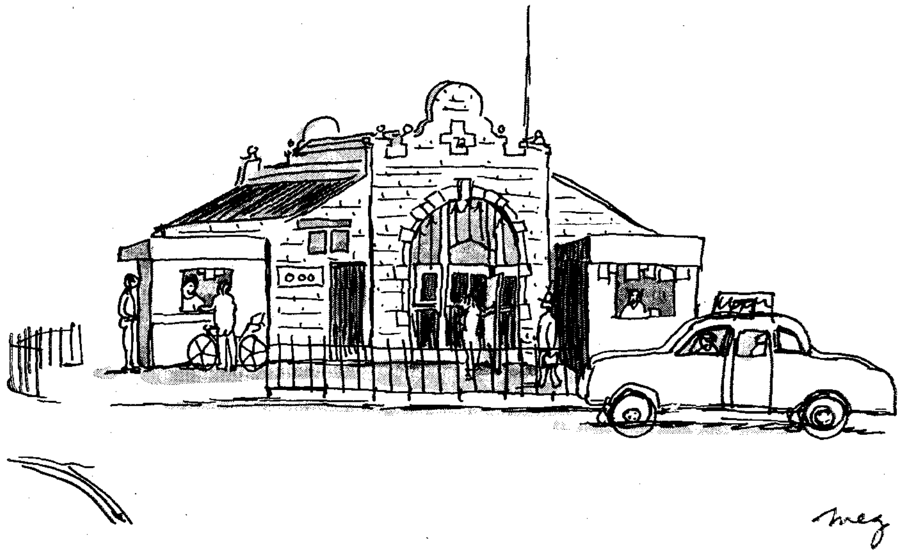
Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** joins forces with **IRA SULLIVAN**, who plays soprano sax, flugelhorn, and flute with equal dexterity, through Sunday, July 6. The **MEL LEWIS** big band, the prized Monday-night fixture, will be on the premises all week, beginning Monday, July 7. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. John Weiss plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Robert Condor has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

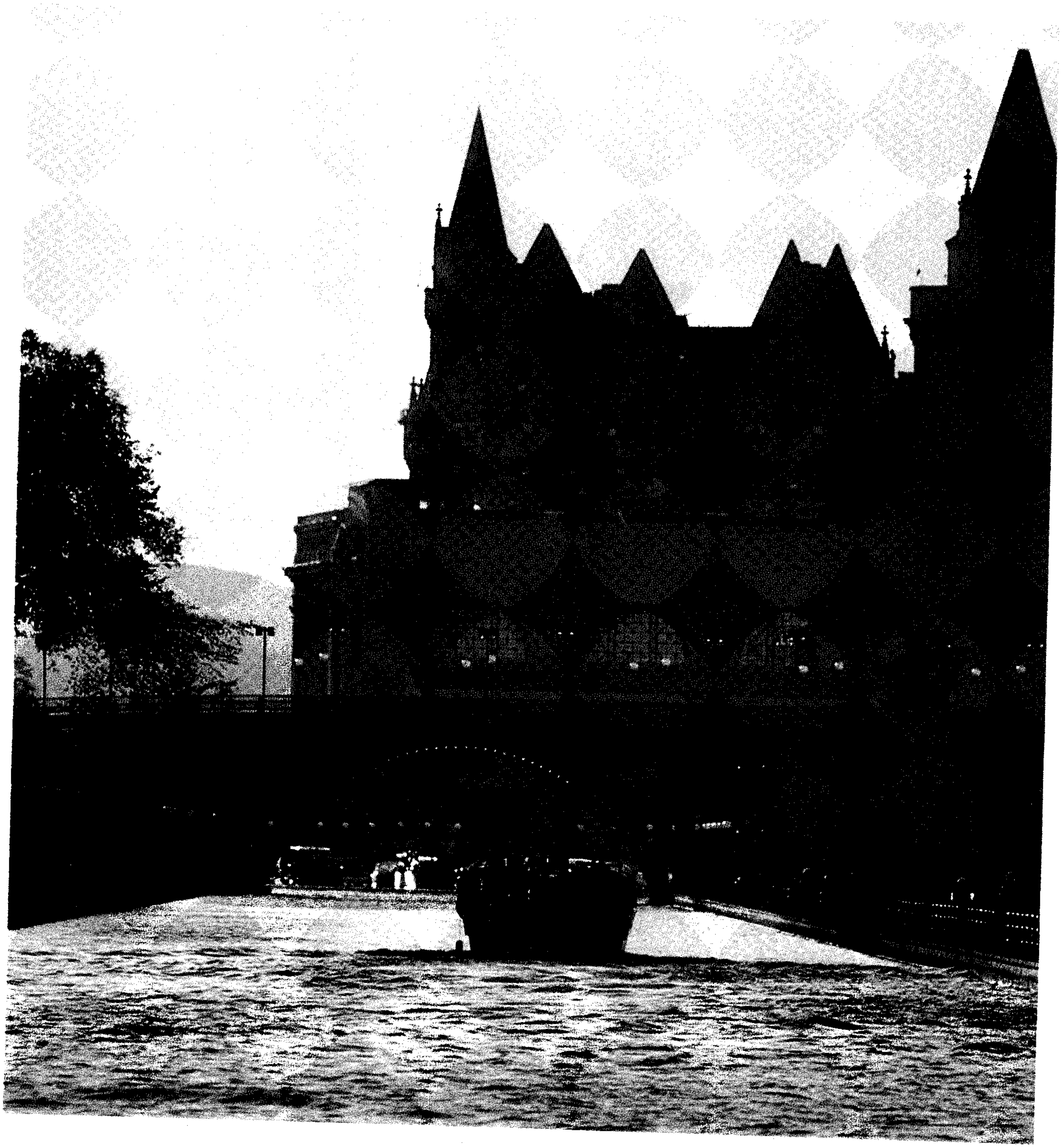
West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music: Trumpeter Franc Williams' quartet is here through Friday, July 4; Sunday through Thursday, July 6-10, **JAZZ À CORDES**, a quintet, will play some hot jazz; and on Friday, July 11, the **COUNTSMEN**—trombonist **DICKY WELLS**, tenor saxophonist **EARLE WARREN**, and their quintet—will take charge. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Newport Jazz Festival—Final performances. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere (and the concerts are taking place in various halls around the city, on a Staten Island ferry, and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga), call 787-2020. For Saratoga performers, see page 13, under Music in the Country. Wednesday, July 2, at 5: Mitchel Forman and Martial Solal, both solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 2, at 8: Toshiko Akiyoshi, Dizzy Gillespie, Phil Woods, Jack DeJohnette, Curtis Fuller, George Duvivier, and Lew Tabackin. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 2, at 8: "Blues Is a Woman," with Carmen McRae, Nell Carter, Sharon Freeman, Linda Hopkins, Adelaide Hall, and others, accom-



"capital sights"



Savour the old world ambience of Ottawa, Canada's capital city, the splendours of our heritage in art, architecture, pomp, pageantry and spectacular Changing the Guard ceremonials on Parliament Hill. The pleasures of riverside parks and promenades, canals and winding waterways, bicycle paths and garden walks – yours to discover this summer in Ottawa, Ontario/Canada.

Call us COLLECT (416) 965-4008 or write: Ontario Travel, Dept. C.S., Queen's Park, Toronto M7A 2E5.

ONTARIO
yours
to discover!

Old Bushmills.
It's changing people's minds about Irish Whiskey.

IMPORTED
FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY
OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY
TRADE MARK
ORIGINAL GRANT
1608

Blended Irish Whiskey. 86 Proof. Bottled in Ireland. The Jos. Garneau Co. New York, N.Y. ©1979

Experience the taste
that experience created.
Old Bushmills.
Since 1608.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

panied by Doc Cheatham. Dick Hyman, Panama Francis, Jay McShann, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall.)...¶ Thursday, July 3. at 5: John Hicks, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.)...¶ Thursday. July 3, at 8: The Stan Getz quintet and the Dexter Gordon quartet. (Carnegie Hall.)...¶ Thursday, July 3, at 8: "Benny Carter & the Tap Dance Greats," with Honi Coles, Bubber Gaines, Brenda Bufalino. Cookie Cook. Chuck Green. Buster Brown, and Sandman Sims. accompanied by Benny Carter and his orchestra and the Widespread Depression Orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall.)...¶ Friday. July 4, at 5: Eddie Heywood, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.)...¶ Friday, July 4. at 7:30 and 11:30: Chick Corea and friends and the Gerry Mulligan Orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall.)...¶ Friday, July 4, at 8: The Max Roach quartet and the McCoy Tyner sextet. (Carnegie Hall.)...¶ Friday. July 4. at 8: The World Saxophone Quartet and the Archie Shepp quintet. (Town Hall.)...¶ Saturday, July 5, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30: On the Staten Island ferry—The Heritage Hall Jazz Band from New Orleans and Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans....¶ Saturday, July 5. at 5: Jimmy Rowles, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.)...¶ Saturday, July 5, at 7:30 and 11:30: "Jazz Latino," with Tito Puente and his orchestra. Eddie Palmieri and his orchestra, Dizzy Gillespie. and Mongo Santamaria. (Avery Fisher Hall.)...¶ Saturday, July 5. at 8: "We Remember Eddie Jefferson." with the Manhattan Transfer. Jon Hendricks & Family, Ben Sidran. Richie Cole. James Moody, and Dizzy Gillespie. (Carnegie Hall.)...¶ Saturday, July 5, at 8: "A New Look at the New Music," with Carla Bley and Robert Kraft & The Ivory Coast. (Town Hall.)...¶ Sunday. July 6. at 8: "The New Music Remembers the Old Master—Duke Ellington," with Leroy Jenkins, Chico Freeman, J. D. Parran, Oliver Lake. Marty Erlich. Julius Hemphill. Frank Gordon, Muhal Richard Abrams, and Ricky Ford. (Town Hall.)...¶ Sunday, July 6. at 8: "Memories of the Future 10 Years Later," with Oregon and the Paul Winter Consort. (Carnegie Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday through Sunday, July 4-6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Bea Benjamin (Sathima)—With the Onaje Allan Gumbs trio. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, July 5, at 8:30.)

Allman Brothers—With the Henry Paul Band. (Palladium. Monday through Wednesday, July 7-9, at 8.)

Nanette Natal—With Frank Ferrucci, Ed Palermo, Basil Georges. and Pat Wehl. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, July 9, at 8. For tickets, call 799-9183.)

Stephanie Mills—Carnegie Hall. Friday through Sunday, July 11-13, at 8.

Judas Priest—Palladium. Saturday. July 12, at 8.

Irving Plaza—Friday, July 4: John Cale and Lenny Kaye & Lone Volves....¶ Saturday, July 5: Rockats and Individuals....¶ Friday and Saturday. July 11-12: James Brown. (Irving Plaza. 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 473-5421. Shows start around 11.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, July 2: Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers....¶ Thursday, July 3: Bill Hardman and Junior Cook quintet....¶ Friday and Saturday, July 4-5: Bob Berg and Tom Harrell quintet....¶ Sunday, July 6: Jimmy Cobb trio. (Jazz Forum. 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine-thirty.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, July 2: Fred Frith and Massacre....¶ Thursday, July 3: Ronald Shannon Jackson's Decoding Society and the Mandingo Griot Society....¶ Friday, July 4: Toshi Tsuchitori....¶ Saturday, July 5: Steve Reid and the New Life trio and the Karen Borca Band....¶ Friday and Saturday, July 11-12: Karl Berger & Company. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 8:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Friday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

Douglas Abdell—Abstract sculptures, painted black. Through July 31. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30.)

Leonard Baskin—Bronzes, wood carvings, and watercolors, many of them incorporating the eagle-headed figures he is noted for. Through Friday, July 11. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jack Brusca—Outsize studies of stylized, metallic-looking flowers in high-key colors. Through Friday, July 11. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maureen Connor—Constructions of starched white organdy, designed with the gallery space in mind. Most of them look like giant blossoms, either freestanding or hung on the wall. Through Aug. 28. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Robert De Niro / Robert White—Fresh, lighthearted drawings done with colored pencils, mostly of figures and still-lifes. / Medium-sized representational sculptures. Through Friday. July 11. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Ferris—First-rate dry-brush paintings done in various shades of gray acrylic on paper. Several portraits (one of them of the artist George Tooker) are among them. First one-man show in New York. Through Friday, July 11. (Forum, 1018 Madison Avenue, at 79th St.)

Ken Greenleaf / Peter Reginato—Welded-steel abstract sculptures built up from found pieces of metal. / Jagged-looking welded sculptures made of heavy steel plate; in one of them patterns have been cut out with a torch. Through July 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Twenty-two early watercolors and drawings depicting Berlin decadence with Grosz's characteristic mixture of relish and scorn. Through July 19. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

Oded Halahmy—Twenty bronzes, a number of them models for larger works. Through Sept. 30. (Hebrew Union College, 1 W. 4th St. Closes at 4.)

Michael Heizer—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through Aug. 29. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michio Ihara—Hanging stainless-steel sculptures, plus models and other works. Through Friday, July 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Karl Mann—Large, rich collages in which utterly mundane objects are given new status as elements in a composition. This work is an avocation for the artist, a widely known fabric and furniture designer. Through July 18. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernest Shaw—Abstract sculptures combining slabs of stone and slabs of metal in calligraphic shapes. Through July 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Sommer (1867-1949)—Watercolors by an artist who lived on a farm near Brandywine. Ohio, claimed Cézanne as his idol, and painted in the manner of Demuth. Through Aug. 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Theodoros Stamos—Paintings on paper. Through July 31. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 7.)

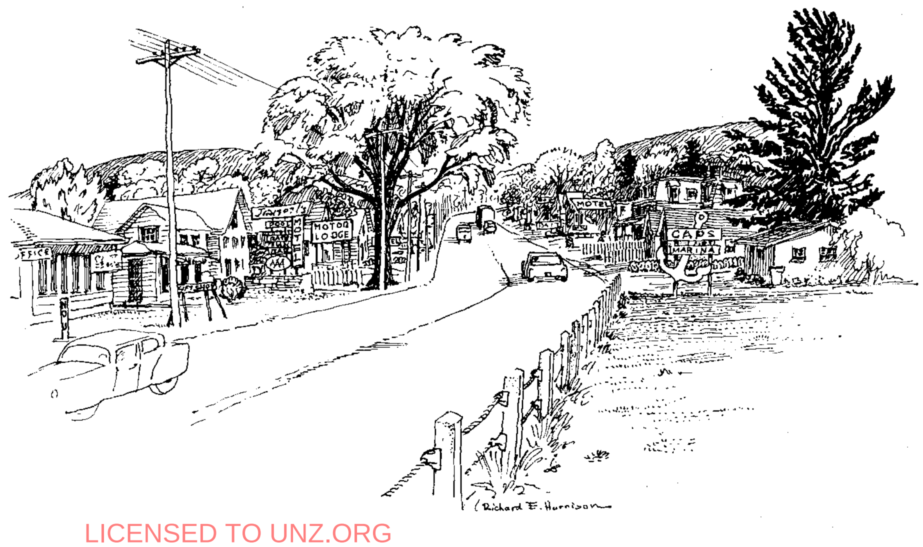
Arthur Weyhe / Tino Zago—A single large cedar-pole sculpture, plus maquettes for and photographs of other works. / Semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, July 12. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

Junko Yoda—Pattern paintings in neutral-colored acrylic paint (and sometimes paper collage) on rice paper. Through July 18. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Northwest Coast Indian Art—A display of a hundred imaginative masks, rattles, fetishes, and the like, made by coastal Indians of the Canadian Northwest—Tlingits, Haidas, Bella Coolas, Tsimshians, Kwakiutls, Bella Bellas. On loan from the Museum of Natural History. Through July 27. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Battery Park City—Sculptures out-of-doors by Alice Aycock, Michael Davis, Heide Fasnacht, Maren Hassinger. Andrew Leicester, Nancy Rubins, Ursula von Rydingsvard, and David Wells. Through Sept. 14. (Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Abstract works by Susan Weil, Nancy Brett. Ellen Phelan, Ted Stamm, Nancy Haynes, and Johnnie Ross....¶ In another room, Janet Abramowitz's works on paper, of which the components are delicate stitching, slivers of bamboo, and gouache and gesso in pale tones. Through July 18. (Closed Mondays.)...**THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works by nine emerging artists who first emerged at this artistic proving ground. Included are preparatory sketches for a mural on undersea life by Frank Moore; abstract forms in acrylic on paper by James Zwaldo; and lively pencil drawings, inspired by music, by Maryam Zafar. Through Aug. 9. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)...**DROLL-KOLBERT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The summer show here includes a whole wall covered with small papier-mâché conceits by Claudia DeMonte; large line drawings in ink and oil by Nancy Dwyer; and drawings of architectural forms on heavy rag paper by Andrea Blum. Through Aug. 6. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.)...**ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works by seven artists, including Elisa D'Arrigo, Sidney



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

McElhenney, and Ursula von Rydingsvard. Through July 31.... **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Two works each—one from the early sixties and one completed recently—by seven gallery artists: Jack Beal (self-portraits from the two periods), Robert Arneson, Joan Brown, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and William Wiley. Through Aug. 15.... **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A show of symbolist art by more than twenty artists, nearly all American and English, of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries is typified by Pinckney Marcius Simons' "Courtesans Dancing to Doom" (doom being a monster in a pool). Through Aug. 8.... **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St.: Works by four newcomers to the gallery—Grace Hartigan, Rafael Ferrer, Austé, and Richard Hennessy. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **HAMMER**, 33 W. 57th St.: Fifty works (paintings, mostly) by American and European artists—Cassatt, Marsh, Renoir, and Henri among them—of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 29.... **KORNBLEE**, 20 W. 57th St.: The summertime show offers models of swimming pools, hung on the wall, by Bruce Monteith; retouched photographic enlargements of Kennebunkport beach-club lockers by Russell Drisch; views of English Channel beaches by Alexander Hollweg; and canvas tote bags decorated with abstract emblems by Giancarlo Neri. Through July 25. (Closed Mondays.)... **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Ten artists have been invited to show their paintings, wall reliefs, and photographs. Through Friday, July 11. (Closed Mondays.) ... **PARSONS SCHOOL OF DESIGN**, 2 W. 13th St.: In the exhibition gallery, works in various mediums by thirty Buffalo artists. Through July 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 to 8:30; Saturdays, except July 5, from 8:30 to 6.)... **THORP**, 419 West Broadway: The summer show here, entitled "Exaggeration," includes an eleven-foot orchid made of painted industrial plastic by Eric Appel; a painting by David True of a fish leaping toward a cloud; and a sort of Pointillist figure painting, in red, by Fangor. Through July 31. (Opens at noon.)... **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Seven invited artists (none has had a previous one-person show in New York) showing paintings, drawings, and photographs. Through July 18. (Closed Monday, July 7.)... **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures by Manzú and Calder, plus a small show of drawings and paintings by Henry Moore, Marini, Matisse, Hopper, and others. Through Aug. 29.

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of works by gallery artists, or others, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **BROMM**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)... **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 417 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays.)... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.... **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.... **JACK**, 138 Prince St. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)... **LONG**, 7 W. 57th St.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.... **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.... **SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER**, 142 Greene St. (Closes at 4.)... **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 4:30.)

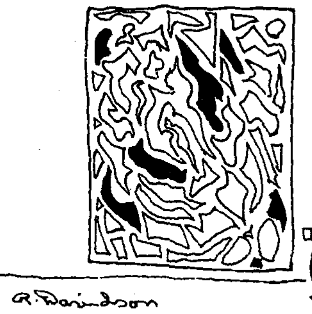
PHOTOGRAPHY

LAURA GILPIN (1891-1979)—Forty platinum prints from the gallery's collection. Through Aug. 22. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Wednesdays through Fridays.)

JURO KUBICEK (1906-70)—Nearly fifty photocollages from the forties and fifties by a German Surrealist. Through Friday, July 11. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

RENA SMALL—Photographic representations of such slang expressions as "In the pink" and "Have one's back up." Through Friday, July 11. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: *Photographs of the nineteen-fifties by thirty-one photographers, among them Ansel Adams, Lotte Jacobi, Irving Penn, and Cornell Capa.* Through July 13.... ¶ Portraits of Picasso by Man Ray, Cartier-Bresson, Arnold Newman, and others. Through Sunday, July 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)... **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Lighthearted photographs by W. H. Jackson, Cartier-Bresson, Elliott Erwitt, Robert Doisneau, and less well-known contemporary practitioners. Through July 31.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The northwest corner of the museum is the location of the newly opened American Wing: a glass-enclosed sculpture court and an adjacent three-story structure of period rooms and galleries. In addition to the sculptures, decorative objects, furniture, and so forth, there is a special exhibition of about two hundred drawings, watercolors, and prints from the museum's collections.... ¶ A showing of Bronze Age artifacts from China—bronzes, jades, and terra-cottas—including a representative group of the "underground army" of life-size terra-cotta horses and warriors excavated from a tomb in 1974. Through Sunday, July 6.... ¶ Fifty-one paintings by European artists (three apiece by Klee, Léger, and Matisse), temporarily on loan from the otherwise occupied Museum of Modern Art. *Through Sept. 21.*... ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through Aug. 30.... ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31.... ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Starts Friday, July 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The *Pablo Picasso retrospective, about which* there seems to have been some talk of late. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art, sixty of them—by Kandinsky, Mondrian, Duchamp, Brancusi, and others—installed in a new gallery off the fourth ramp of the museum's spiral. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, *with no admission charge* from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Louise Nevelson: Seven environmental sculptures created between 1955 and 1977. Through Sept. 7.... ¶ An exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the permanent collection—nearly two hundred works in all. Through Sept. 28.... ¶ Twenty works by Charles Burchfield, the majority of them landscapes in watercolor. Through Aug. 17.... ¶ *A show of gifts received by* (or promised to) the museum in celebration of its fiftieth-anniversary year—"Achilles Heel," by Mark di Suvero, "Black Place Green," by Georgia O'Keeffe, and "A Woman in the Sun," by Edward Hopper. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Notable nineteenth-century landscapes—the Hudson River Valley, *the New England coast,* and the White, Sierra, and Rocky Mountains—recorded in paintings and drawings by Albert Bierstadt, John F. Kensett, Asher B. Durand, and others. Through July 31. (Open Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, from 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are on the fifth floor. Through Sept. 28.... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: "Photographic Surrealism," a show that ranges from nineteenth-century *photomontages to twentieth-century* advertising prints. Among the photographers are Man Ray, Brassaï, Lucas Samaras, and Deborah Turbeville. Through July 13. (Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer but in general the hours are Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 5. *On* Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1.... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Photographs of Pacific Northwest Indian tribes by Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952). Through Aug. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, from 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, July 4, from 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Friday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than a hundred oil sketches by the nineteenth-century landscapist Frederic Edwin Church; a number of drawings of his villa (Olana) overlooking the Hudson are included. Through July 27.... ¶ A historical survey of hair styles and hair ornaments, and an exploration of hair as a symbol in literature and religion. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays and Friday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)... ¶ Concerts in the garden Tuesday evenings at 7 (the Federal Music Society on July 8).

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Vases, figures, and tableware produced in the second half of the eighteenth century at the French national porcelain factory, which was first housed at Vincennes and later at Sèvres. Through Aug. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6. Closed Friday, July 4.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Ceremonial objects, textiles, photographs, and documents (some dating back to the seventeenth century) sent to New York for safekeeping in 1939 by the Jewish community of Danzig. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except *Fridays and Saturdays. Hours:* Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings.... ¶ A show of triptychs, enamels, and manuscripts, centering on the twelfth-century Romanesque, gold-and-enamel Stavelot (Belgium) triptych—a reliquary of the True Cross, and a high example of Mosan School art. (Open daily except Sundays, Mondays, and Friday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) Both shows through July 31.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Sixty-five English naive paintings, mostly occupied with hunting and animal themes and dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from a private collection. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays and Friday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two exhibitions tied to American architecture: a group of two dozen drawings (dated 1885 to 1935) by architects rooted in the beaux-arts tradition, among them Charles McKim, Grosvenor Atterbury, and William Delano; and another group of drawings by seventeen contemporary architects, all of whom teach and none of whom is over forty. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily, except Mondays and Friday, July 4, noon to 5.)

MUSIC

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a program of solo cantatas by Bach. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, July 6, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call 864-6765.)

Note—Samuel Cristler, cello, and James Gemmell, piano, will give a recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, July 16, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, July 7, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 3, at 8:30: A baroque musical recital from Aston Magna. . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 7: Phyllis Curtin, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Dvořák-Verdi program, with Jon Vickers, tenor. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Aaron Copland conducting the Boston Symphony in a program of his own works, with Harold Wright, clarinet. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Beethoven-Ravel program, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 8, at 7: Jimmy Buffett and Livingston Taylor. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 10, at 8:30: The Beaux Arts Trio in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 7: Christoph Eschenbach, piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Brahms program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 2:30: Christoph Eschenbach conducting and acting as piano soloist in an all-Mozart program. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 3, at 4: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Carrol Anne Curry, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a program of baroque music, with Kristine Ciesinski, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 5:30: Ruth Laredo, piano, in an all-Chopin recital. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 10, at 4: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in an all-Brahms program, with Misha Dichter, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 5:30: A program honoring composer Percy Grainger, with John and Richard Conti-Guglia, duo piano; Neva Pilgrim, soprano; James Kreger, cello; and Kerry McDermott, violin. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Friday, July 4, at 7: The Blues Brothers. . . . ¶ Two twelve-hour offerings of the **Newport Jazz Festival**—Saturday, July 5, at noon: Sarah Vaughan, Tommy Flanagan, the Widespread Depression Orchestra, John Abercrombie, Spyro Gyra, Chick Corea, Linda Hopkins, Hubert Laws, the Dave Brubeck quartet, the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band, and others. . . . Sunday, July 6, at noon: Mel Tormé, Herbie Hancock, the Heath Brothers, Phil Woods, Elvin Jones, Stéphane Grappelli, Angela Bofill, the Duke Ellington Orchestra, the Manhattan Transfer, Dizzy Gillespie, and others. For information about tickets, call 787-2020, in New York. . . . ¶ Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the **New York City Ballet** of a three-week engagement that ends Saturday, July 26. Tuesday, July 8, at 8:15: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Wednesday, July 9, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Dybbuk Variations Suite of Dances," "Walpurgisnacht," and "Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 10, at 2: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 10, at 8:15: "Ballo della Regina," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Bournonville Divertissements.". . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Dybbuk Variations Suite of Dances," "Walpurgisnacht," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Bournonville Divertissements.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:15: "Coppélia." (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare '80—Opening performances of a five-weekend festival of theatre, dance, and music that will take place at the State University of New York, at Purchase, through Sunday, Aug. 10. *Un Soupçon:* Friday, July 11, at 8:30: The Pennsylvania Ballet—"Four Temperaments," "La Mattinata" (première), "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Pas de Dix.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 2:30: The Pennsylvania Ballet in a performance of "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8: "Isaac & Ingrid & Michael," a three-character musical entertainment by Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford, performed by June Gable, Charles Kimbrough, and Fredricka Weber. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: The Pennsylvania Ballet—"Allegro Brillante," "La Mattinata," "Concerto Grosso," and "Raymonda Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 11: Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford in a cabaret show. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 3 and 8: "Isaac & Ingrid & Michael.". . . ¶ Sunday, July 13: Anthony Newman conducting the Summerfare Chamber Orchestra in a performance of the Bach Brandenburg Concertos (Nos. 1-3 at 4, and Nos. 4-6 at 6:30). (For information about tickets to any of the above events and other events not mentioned, call 914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of

Saks Fifth Avenue

First fall sightings...from Leo Narducci. The chemise. Statement of shape and proportion. The shoulders, slightly padded. The neck, a cowl...high and close and fabulously flattering. The rest of it—just pure, uninhibited contour from the yoke down. In teal merino wool jersey for sizes 6 to 12; $138. In Fifth Avenue Collections ...where we are all the things you are.

611 Fifth Avenue, New York, (212) 940-4740, and all stores. Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

United Airlines
and Aloha Hawaii
present:

HAWAII

As You Like It.

From a carefree stroll around the boutiques of King's Alley to barefootin' on the beach, Aloha Hawaii's "As You Like It" tour package lets you savor the Islands at your own pace.

Here are just two of our "As You Like It" tours:

"Waikiki—As You Like It"
(ITUAA-AHIA3)
from $150-$558 for 2 people, 3 nights

- Lei greeting
- 3 nights hotel
- Round-trip airport/hotel transfers
- Pearl Harbor cruise (with transfers)
- Deluxe Aloha Hawaii travel bag
- Continental breakfast first morning in Waikiki
- Taxes and service charges

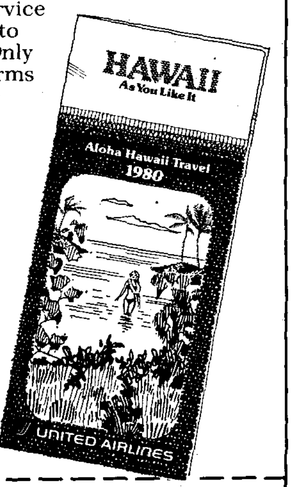
And to add even more elbowroom, we offer you a bonus: Purchase a "Waikiki—As You Like It" package and get FREE a one-day National rental car.

"Maui—The Valley Island"
(ITUAA-AHIE2)
from $171-$288 for 2 people, 2 nights

- Round-trip hotel transfers
- Iao Valley/Lahaina tour
- Accommodations at your choice of 8 hotels
- Taxes and service charges

(Prices based on double occupancy and subject to change. Prices do not include air fare, meals or car-related charges.)

And you'll be treated to United's Royal Hawaiian Service on your way to the Islands. Only United confirms your package instantly. To learn more, call your Travel Agent or United. Or send in the coupon below.



SEAL OF APPROVAL
UNITED
YOUR PURCHASE OF THE GROUND ACCOMMODATIONS IN THIS TOUR PROGRAM IS PROTECTED BY UNITED'S FINANCIAL GUARANTEE.

1007-0707

Please send me your "Hawaii—As You Like It" brochure.
United Airlines,
P.O. Box 27, Glenview, IL 60025

Name ____________

Address ____________

City/State/Zip ____________

My Travel Agent is ____________

UNITED AIRLINES

ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 5: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 8-12: Matthew Diamond's new company, Diamond, and the Washington Ballet. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, July 2, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Montreal, Thursday, July 3, at 8:05; Friday, July 4, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, July 5, at 7:05; and Sunday, July 6, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, July 10, at 2:05, and Friday, July 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Saturday, July 12, at 2:05.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 28. The Suburban Handicap, Friday, July 4; the Dwyer, Saturday, July 5; the Juvenile, Monday, July 7; and the Sword Dancer, Saturday, July 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, except July 4, between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, July 4, between 10:45 and noon.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 1. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Friday, July 4, at 11:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 13. Post time will be 6 on Friday, July 4. The Longport, Thursday, July 3, and the Matchmaker, Friday, July 4. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, July 19.

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Toronto, Wednesday, July 2, at 9. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Portland, Sunday, July 6, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, July 9, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Aug. 7. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Wednesday through Saturday, July 2-5, at 2:15, and Monday through Saturday, July 7-12, at 8:15. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 12.)

ET ALIA

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, from 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30.)—Wednesday and Thursday, July 2-3, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese and other Asian works of art. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 8, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental works of art. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 10-11, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including paintings, glass, folk art, furniture, and decorations. Exhibition starts Thursday, July 3.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—Herewith a listing of some of the events in store. **FRIDAY, JULY 4:** The festivities will begin at eleven with a fifty-gun salute at Battery Park, followed by a parade of marching bands, floats, Army vehicles, and antique fire trucks which will proceed from the Battery up lower Broadway to City Hall. . . . ¶ From noon to five, a street fair will be held along Broad and Water Streets. . . . ¶ At one, Martin Josman will direct the National Chorale in a program of works from the American musical theatre, at Castle Clinton, Battery Park. . . . ¶ At three, as many as two hundred canoes will race down the Hudson, from the boathouse at Baker Field to 44th Street. This may be more exciting for the canoeists than for the spectators. . . . ¶ At five, Jens Nygaard will conduct the Naumburg Orchestra, with Phillip Smith, trumpet, and Lee Schwartz, baritone, at Castle Clinton. . . . ¶ The windup, at nine-fifteen, will be Macy's half-hour fireworks display, from barges on the Hudson River between 50th and 72nd Streets. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 5:** Nine o'clock will be the starting time for a 6.2-mile running race across the George Washington Bridge to Baker Field. . . . ¶ At eleven, off the Battery, there will be a one-mile lifeboat race between a dozen international teams. . . . ¶ At one-thirty, Argentina's square-rigged ship Libertad, the Navy destroyer Claude Ricketts, and the square-rigged sloop Young America will lead four hundred sailboats and power boats down the Hudson River from 20th Street to the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge.

MEDIEVAL CLOSE, Cathedral of St. John the Divine—Saturday, July 5, at 5:30: Monique St. Leger, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 5:30: Evalyn Steinbock, cello. (Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. In the event of rain, the concerts will be held in Synod House, at the same address. For information about tickets, call 678-6944.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, July 11, at 8: Billy Taylor trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8: Bob Rockwell quintet. (East River at Fulton Street.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band (formerly known as the Goldman Band) in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the first two in a series of five productions. Thursday, July 3, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, July 8): Puccini's "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 10, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, July 15): Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," in English.

WOLLMAN RINK—Monday, July 7: Peter Gabriel and Random Hold. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 9: Jefferson Starship and Orleans. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11: Ian Hunter Band, with Mick Ronson. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12: Joe Cocker and Cissy Houston. (Evenings at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC,** with Constance Towers, Earl Wrightson, and Lois Hunt, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers daily except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, July 13 (day doubleheader). Cincinnati, July 25 (night) and July 26-27 (day). Atlanta, July 28-29 (n) and July 30 (d). Houston, Aug. 1 (n), Aug. 2 (at 7:05), and Aug. 3 (d). . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, July 15-17 (night). Kansas City, July 18-19 (n) and July 20 (day). Milwaukee, July 21 (n), July 22 (twi-night doubleheader), and July 23 (n). Texas, Aug. 4-6 (n). Baltimore, Aug. 8-9 (n) and Aug. 10 (d).

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Chicago Bears, Aug. 10.

HORSE SHOW—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 5-9.)

RACING—At Saratoga: July 30-Aug. 25.

SOCCER—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Vs. Seattle, July 20. San Diego, July 23. Los Angeles, Aug. 3. Edmonton, Aug. 7.

TENNIS—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 27-Aug. 3.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Aug. 8-Oct. 29.

YACHTING—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, July 19-30.)

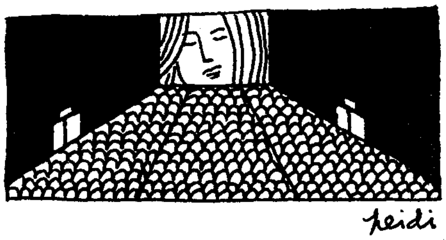
MUSIC—Mostly Mozart Festival, at Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424), July 14-Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Aug. 6-23.

DANCE—Berlin Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830), July 15-26.

OTHER DATES—The Republican National Convention will start on July 14 in Detroit. . . . ¶ The Democratic National Convention will start on Aug. 11 at Madison Square Garden.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 16. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 6: "Hair."
July 7: Theatre closed.
From July 8: A daily program of one silent Greta Garbo film, at 6 and 8, and a Sam Fuller film at 10. For information about titles, dates, and times, our best advice is to call the theatre.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through July 8: "The Last of the Blue Devils."
From July 9: "The Projectionist."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 3: "Coal Miner's Daughter" and "Dracula."
July 4-10: "Kramer vs. Kramer" and "The China Syndrome."
From July 11: "Kramer vs. Kramer" and "Julia."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Brubaker."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Urban Cowboy."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Blues Brothers."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 10: "Bronco Billy."
From July 11: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Shining."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Fame."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Brubaker."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Brubaker."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Airplane."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Rough Cut."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Canterbury Tales."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Tin Drum."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Blue Lagoon."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Blues Brothers."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Mary Poppins."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Superman."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through July 10: "Wholly Moses!"
From July 11: "How to Beat the High Cost of Living."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Urban Cowboy."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 3: "All That Jazz."
From July 4: "Kramer vs. Kramer."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Superman."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 10: "Bronco Billy."
From July 11: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Shining."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Fame."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Blues Brothers."
Theatre 2: "The Blues Brothers."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"In a Year of 13 Moons."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 3: "The Island."
From July 4: "Bronco Billy."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fame."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Mary Poppins."
Theatre 2: "Meetings with Remarkable Men."
Theatre 3: "Wholly Moses!"
Theatre 4: Through July 10: "The Long Riders." From July 11: "Carny."

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 2: "White Lightning" and "Death Race 2000."
July 3: "Death Race 2000" and "Vanishing Point."
July 4: "Vanishing Point" and "North by Northwest."
July 5: "North by Northwest" and "Sullivan's Travels."
July 6: "Sullivan's Travels" and "Pierrot le Fou."
July 7: "Pierrot le Fou" and "Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."
July 8: "Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia" and "Handle with Care."
July 9: "Handle with Care" and "Alice in the Cities."
July 10: "Alice in the Cities" and "Road to Morocco."
From July 11: "Night of the Living Dead" and "Dawn of the Dead."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Can't Stop the Music."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Carny."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Blues Brothers."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Come Have Coffee with Us."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through July 5: "Brubaker."
From July 6: "Barocco."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Blue Lagoon."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Summer Showers."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Long Riders."
Theatre 2: "Brubaker."
Theatre 3: "The Shining."
Theatre 4: "Superman."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Mary Poppins."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Fame."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 3: "Coal Miner's Daughter" and "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."
July 4-10: "Kramer vs. Kramer" and "... And Justice for All."
From July 11 (tentative): "Kill or Be Killed."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Shining." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Long Riders." (†)
Theatre 3: "Wholly Moses!" (†)
Theatre 4: Through July 3: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†) From July 4: "The Island." (†)
Theatre 5: "Bronco Billy." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Brubaker." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Mary Poppins." (†)
Theatre 3: Through July 3: "Apocalypse Now." From July 4: "Stone Cold Dead."
Theatre 4: "All That Jazz." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Friday the 13th."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Airplane." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through July 10: "Urban Cowboy." (†)
From July 11: "How to Beat the High Cost of Living." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Superman." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Rough Cut." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through July 3: "The Island." (†)
July 4-10: "The Children."
From July 11: "Kill or Be Killed." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Blues Brothers." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Fame." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 2: "Tristana" (1970), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey; and "The Milky Way" (1968), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel.
July 3-4: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji.
July 5: "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Daliesandro and Holly Woodlawn; and "Flesh" (1968), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro.
July 6-7: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Dracula." (†)
July 8: "Samurai, the Legend of Musashi" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Lightning Swords of Death" (1972), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi.
July 9: "Days of Heaven" (1978), directed by Terrence Malick, with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.
July 10: "All The President's Men" (†); and "Winter Kills" (1979), directed by William Richert, with Jeff Bridges, John Huston, and Tony Perkins.
July 11: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
July 12: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 2: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955),

directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and Dennis Hopper.

July 3-9: A program of fourteen Cole Porter films—six a day—will be shown during the *next week. For information about titles,* dates, and times, our best advice is to call the theatre.

July 10: "Providence" (1977), directed by Alain Resnais, with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch.

July 11: "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with Julie Harris, James Dean, *Raymond Massey, and* Richard Davalos.

July 12: "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 3: "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, *directed by Roman Polanski.*

July 4-5: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

July 6-7: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (†) and "The Last Wave." (†)

July 8: "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "The Paradine Case." (†)

July 9-10: "Nighthawks" (1979), directed by Ron Peck and Paul Hallam, with Ken Robertson; and "Outrageous!" (1977), directed by Richard Benner, with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren.

July 11-12: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977), directed by Richard Brooks, with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Rockers" (1980), a Jamaican film in Jamaican patois, directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos, with Leroy Wallace.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 5: "Topper" (1937), directed by Norman Z. McLeod, with Cary Grant, Constance Bennett, Roland Young, and Billie Burke; and "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.

July 6-7: "The Jazz Singer" (1927), directed by Alan Crosland, with Al Jolson and May McAvoy; and "Footlight Parade." (†)

July 8-9: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (†); and "Tiger Shark" (1932), directed by Howard Hawks, with Edward G. Robinson, Zita Johann, and Richard Arlen.

July 10-12: "Little Caesar" (1930), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Edward G. Robinson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell; and "The Public Enemy" (1931), directed by William Wellman, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 2: "The Murderer Lives at '21' " (1942), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Pierre Fresnay and Suzy Delair; and "The Sleeping Car Murder" (1966), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Simone Signoret and Yves Montand.

July 3: "Transatlantic Tunnel" (1935), directed by Maurice Elvey, with Madge Evans and Richard Dix; and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" (1937), directed by Lothar Mendes, with Roland Young, Ralph Richardson, Ernest Thesiger, and George Sanders.

July 4-5: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Robert Donat, Madeleine Carroll, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

July 6: "The Bicycle Thief" (†) and "A Brief Vacation." (†)

July 7: A program of cartoons by Max and Dave Fleischer and a program of cartoons from the forties.

July 8: "Roseland" (†); and "Saturday Night Fever" (1977), directed by John Badham, with John Travolta, Karen Lynn Gorney, and Donna Pescow.

July 9: "Casque d'Or" (1952), in French, directed by Jacques Becker, with Simone Signoret, Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Aznavour.

July 10: "Lions Love" (†); and "Néa" (1978), *in French, directed by Nelly Kaplan,* with Sami Frey and Ann Zacharias.

July 11-12: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 2: "Ecstasy" (1933), in German, directed by Gustav Machaty, with Hedy Lamarr; and "Algiers" (1938), directed by John Cromwell, with Hedy Lamarr, Charles Boyer, Sigrid Gurie, and Joseph Calleia.

July 3-4: "Niagara" (1953), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Richard Allan; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

July 5-6: "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941) and "Another Thin Man" (1939), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

July 7: "Smart Money" (1931), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney, and Boris Karloff; and "Scarlet Street." (†)

July 8: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (†); and "It Came from Outer Space" (1953), directed by Jack Arnold, with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush. Both in 3-D.

July 9: "Red Dust" (†) and "Bombshell." (†)

July 10: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.

July 11-12: "Mr. Moto's Last Warning" (1939), directed by Norman Foster, with Peter Lorre, Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Field, and John Carradine; and "The Shanghai Cobra" (1945), directed by Phil Karlson, with Sidney Toler as the detective, Charlie Chan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 2 at 6: "Minnie and Moskowitz" (1972), directed by John Cassavetes, with Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel. . . . ¶ July 2 at 8:30: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968), directed by Roman Polanski, with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon. . . . ¶ July 4 at 6: "Faces" (1968), directed by John Cassavetes, with Gena Rowlands, John Marley, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. . . . ¶ July 4 at *8:30: "Husbands" (1970), directed by John* Cassavetes, with Cassavetes, Ben Gazzara, and Peter Falk. . . . ¶ July 5 at 6: "Minnie and Moskowitz.". . . ¶ July 5 at 8:30: "A Woman Under the Influence" (1975), directed by John Cassavetes, with Peter Falk and Gena Rowlands. . . . ¶ July 6 at 6: "The Killing of a Chinese Bookie" (1976), directed by John Cassavetes, with Ben Gazzara, Timothy Agoglia Carey, and Azizi Johari. . . . ¶ July 6 at 8:30: "Etude in Black" (1972), shown on the "Columbo" television series, directed by Nick Colasanto, with Peter Falk, John Cassavetes, Myrna Loy, Blythe Danner, and Anjanette Comer. . . . ¶ July 7 at 6: "Rosemary's Baby.". . . ¶ July 7 at 8:30: "A Woman Under the Influence.". . . ¶ July 8 at 6: "Etude in Black.". . . ¶ July 8 at 8:30: "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965), directed by Otto Preminger, with Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, and Noël Coward. . . . ¶ July 9 at 6: "The Killing of a Chinese Bookie." . . . *¶ July 9 at 8:30 and July 11 at 6:* "Opening Night" (1977), directed by John Cassavetes, with Gena Rowlands, Ben Gazzara, Cassavetes, and Joan Blondell. . . . ¶ July 11 at 8:30: "This Gun for Hire" (1942), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, and Robert Preston. . . . ¶ July 12 at 6: "The Glass Key" (1942), directed by Stuart Heisler, with Alan Ladd, Brian Donlevy, and Veronica Lake. . . . ¶ July 12 at 8:30: "The Blue Dahlia" (1946), directed by George Marshall, with Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, and William Bendix. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Anger, Baillie, Belson, and Brakhage. Showings July 2-4 and 10-12 at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane—With Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stack, and Lloyd Bridges; directed by Jerry and David Zucker and Jim Abrahams. (Baronet, and Forum.)

Alice in the Cities (1974)—With Rudiger Vogler, directed by Wim Wenders. In German. (Harold Clurman; July 9-10.)

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great worn-out self-destructive lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through July 3.)

All the President's Men (1976)—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 10.)

. . . And Justice for All—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (10/22/79) (Olympia; July 4-10.)

Barocco—With Isabelle Adjani, Gérard Depardieu, and Marie-France Pisier; directed by André Téchiné. In French. (Cinema 3; starting July 6.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—Vittorio De Sica's story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness; humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, and the richnesses and the enigmas sneak up on the audience. What is the meaning of the seeress's words? How is it that the hero who is searching for the bicycle thief becomes the bicycle thief? This neorealist classic is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. Cesare Zavattini wrote the script. In Italian. (Thalia; July 6.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

The Blue Lagoon—A remake of the 1949 film, with Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. Directed by Randal Kleiser. (Cinema II, and Paramount.)

The Blues Brothers—With John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd, directed by John Landis. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Gemini 1,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

R.K.O. 86th St., 57th St. Playhouse, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Bombshell (1933; also known as "Blonde Bombshell")—A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted, dumb-blond movie star. Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style, made at M-G-M before fear of church pressure groups turned the studio respectable and pompous. Lee Tracy is the star's finger-wagging, fast-talking press agent, and Franchot Tone is slickly funny as the man who woos her with such lines as "Your hair is like a field of daisies—I should like to run barefoot through your hair." With Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Isabel Jewell, Pat O'Brien, Louise Beavers, and C. Aubrey Smith. Victor Fleming directed rather stridently and unimaginatively, but from an enjoyable snappy, rude script by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman, adapted from a play by Caroline Francke and Mack Crane. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 9.)

A Brief Vacation (1975)—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a resentful, beaten-down Calabrian factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. In Italian. (Thalia; July 6.)

Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia (1974)—With Warren Oates, directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Harold Clurman; July 7-8.)

Bronco Billy—With Clint Eastwood and Sondra Locke, directed by Eastwood. (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and U.A. East; through July 10. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 1; starting July 4.)

Brubaker—With Robert Redford, Yaphet Kotto, Jane Alexander, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, Manhattan 1, Manhattan 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through July 5.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Canterbury Tales (1972)—With Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (D. W. Griffith.)

Can't Stop the Music—With the Village People, Valerie Perrine, and Bruce Jenner; directed by Nancy Walker. (Ziegfeld.)

Carny—With Gary Busey and Jodie Foster, directed by Robert Kaylor. (Festival. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 11.)

The China Syndrome—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells. She has been used by TV for her looks and has endlessly talked brightly about trivia while serious things are going on around her. She gets her chance to be as committed as she wants to be when she learns that a nuclear power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (St. Marks Cinema; July 4-10.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (St. Marks Cinema, Olympia, and Criterion Center; through July 3.)

Come Have Coffee with Us (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

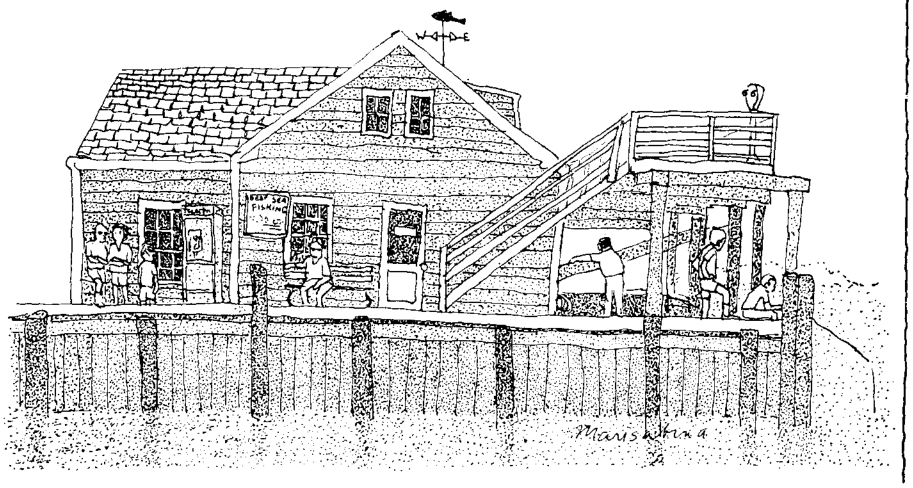
The Creature from the Black Lagoon (1954)—The amusingly slimy monster—a sort of rubbery, leering frog that stands upright, like a man—has obscene intentions on the fainting heroine (Julia Adams). This low-grade horror film from Universal came out in 3-D, and kids seemed to adore the amphibious villain. (There were two sequels.) Jack Arnold directed; with Richard Carlson, Richard Denning, Antonio Moreno, Nestor Paiva, Whit Bissell, and Ricou Browning as the monster. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 8.)

Dawn of the Dead (1979)—With David Emge and Ken Foree, directed by George A. Romero. (Harold Clurman; starting July 11.)

Death Race 2000 (1975)—Low-budget sci-fi, from an often amusing suspense script by Robert Thom and Charles B. Griffith, directed by Paul Bartel in his ingratiatingly tacky, sophomoric manner. Bartel seems to have an instinctive kinky comic-book style; the picture zips along, and there's a flip craziness about it—it's an ideal drive-in movie. In the role of a legendary driver in this killer race—points are scored for every pedestrian run down—David Carradine has star presence, and his easy, confident manner gives the film some class; he's very elegant in his black leather clothes and black leather cape. Sylvester Stallone is rather funny as the slobbish, stupid villain, who's always expostulating in anger or disgust. With Louisa Moritz as the crude dumb blonde, and Simone Griffith. Produced by Roger Corman. (Harold Clurman; July 2-3.)

Dracula—A decorative, romantic variation on the legend, with roots in the 1927 play. Frank Langella offers a dashing characterization of the popular fiend, opposed in his drive to fulfill himself by Laurence Olivier, who politely plays straight as a Dutch doctor, and Donald Pleasence as the proprietor of a madhouse. Directed by John Badham (who did "Saturday Night Fever") as a melodrama of light and darkness with the emphasis on atmosphere. (7/30/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 3. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; July 6-7.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-



Our unique climate produces a fruitier, more fragrant Chenin Blanc.

The Monterey Vineyard® Chenin Blanc. What a lovely, elegantly fruity wine this is! Medium dry, it has a generous flowery aroma and it fairly rings out with joyous flavor.

A Chenin Blanc quite like this is unlikely to occur in other areas—for a good reason.

Dramatically different

Monterey County is dramatically different from other grape growing regions in California. In our unique climate, Chenin Blanc develops a degree of fruitiness we believe you won't find in Chenin Blancs from other parts of the state.

A hint of apples

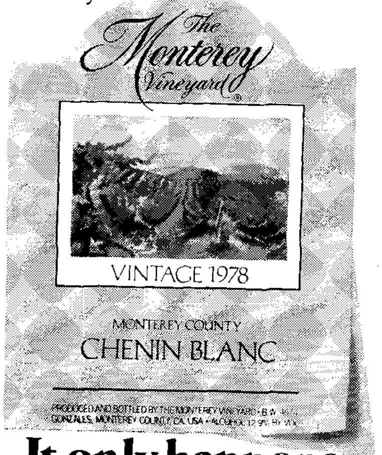
At The Monterey Vineyard, we ferment Chenin Blanc very cool, to preserve all of its fresh fruitiness. You may pick this up as a pleasant hint of apples in the bouquet.

Sipping or supping

One of the things that makes our Chenin Blanc so desirable is its tremendous appeal both with and without food. It's a gorgeous wine for sipping on a lazy afternoon. And its extra little edge of flavor makes it superb with chicken and seafood dishes.

The great white wine area

The Monterey Vineyard is located in California's great white wine region. We have a deep understanding of this unique and challenging viticultural area. And in Dr. Richard Peterson we have one of the world's foremost winemakers. More and more, wine lovers are discovering that The Monterey Vineyard produces some of the most extraordinary white wines from California today.



It only happens in Monterey

©1980 The Monterey Vineyard,
Gonzales, California 93926

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews New York 2, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Plaza, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse 2, New Yorker 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of the more celebrated early Warner Brothers musicals—silly, but from time to time irresistibly wonderful. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Regency; July 6-7.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs (1978)—This sex comedy by the writer-director Bertrand Blier is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Feelings are expressed that hadn't come out in movies before, yet it's all reassuringly quiet; the film's texture is soft and sensual, and there's a velvety underlayer to the scenes. Blier's slapstick poetic logic is so coolly, lyrically sustained that nothing that happens seems shocking. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. Seeing this film, a woman enters a man's fantasy universe stripped of hypocrisy. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. Cinematography by Jean Penzer; music by Mozart, by Georges Delerue (writing in the spirit of Mozart), and by Schubert. In French. (10/16/78) (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 12.)

Hair—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through July 6.)

Handle with Care (1977; originally released as "Citizens Band")—A high-spirited, elegantly deadpan comedy, with a mellow, light touch. Paul Brickman, who wrote the screenplay, had an idea worthy of Preston Sturges: that the psychology of those who operate CB radio units might be like the psychology of crank phone callers, and of breathers and obscene phone callers, too—that as disembodied voices, with identities borrowed from pop fantasies, and signal names to confirm their new self-image, people could live other lives on the public air waves. In the film, the CB users are secret celebrities, eloquent on the air, or, more often, aimlessly loquacious. But they dry up when they actually meet. CB functions as an authorized madness; it allows the characters to release their inhibitions while keeping one foot on the ground. The story is about the people in a Southwestern town and the collisions of their free-floating ids. Paul Le Mat is the hero—a small-town Boy Scout who never grew up. Marcia Rodd is a trucker's hard-bitten wife, and Ann Wedgeworth is a trucker's soft-headed wife; these two become a tear-stained running gag when it turns out that they're both married to the same trucker. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—the film is lyrical and wiggy at the same time. It has the consistent vision of a classic comedy; it undercuts the characters' illusions without a breath of ill will. With jutting-jawed Charles Napier as the impulsive, generous bigamist, Alix Elias as the plump, giggly hooker whose CB name is Hot Coffee, and Roberts Blossom as the hero's father. (Harold Clurman; July 8-9.)

How to Beat the High Cost of Living—With Susan Saint James, Jane Curtain, and Jessica Lange; directed by Robert Scheerer. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 1; starting July 11.)

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang (1932)—One of the best of the social-protest films—naïve, heavy, artless, but a straightforward, unadorned story with moments that haunted a generation, such as the hungry hero (Paul Muni) trying to pawn his Congressional Medal of Honor. Those involved in making the movie hoped it might help to ameliorate the condition of convicts, but it did more to ameliorate financial conditions at Warner Brothers and was a factor in making it the "socially conscious" studio. With Glenda Farrell, Edward Ellis, Helen Vinson. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (Regency; July 8-9.)

In a Year of 13 Moons—With Volker Spengler, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Waverly.)

The Island—Based on the Peter Benchley novel, with Michael Caine and David Warner, directed by Michael Ritchie. (Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Rivoli; through July 3. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting July 4.)

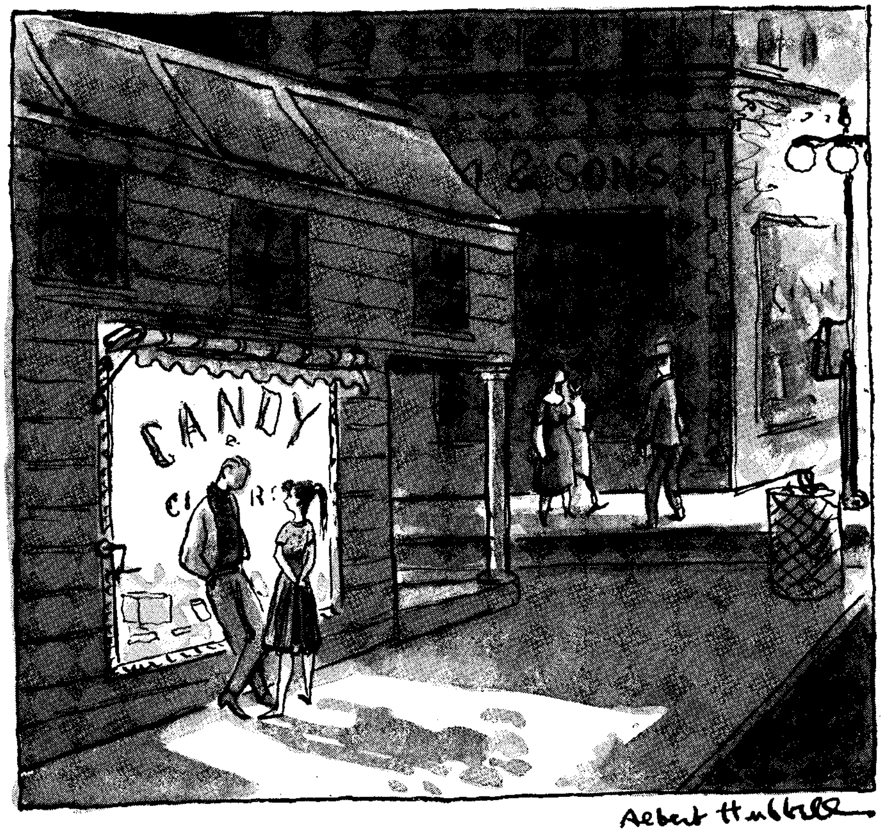
Julia (1977)—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. After a while, it becomes apparent that Zinnemann and Sargent are trafficking in too many quotations and flashbacks because they can't find the core of the material. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character; she could crack the cautious, contemplative surface and take us places we've never been to. (St. Marks Cinema; starting July 11.)

Kill or Be Killed—With James Ryan, directed by Ivan Hall. (Rivoli; starting July 11. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting July 11, tentative.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Olympia; July 4-10. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; starting July 4.)

The Last of the Blue Devils—A documentary about Kansas City jazz, featuring Count Basie, Jay McShann, and Joe Turner. Directed by Bruce Ricker. (Art; through July 8.)

The Last Wave (1978)—The plot of this Australian film is a throwback to the B movies of the thirties and early forties, and the dialogue—by the young director Peter Weir and his two co-scriptwriters, Tony Morphett and Peter Popescu—is vintage R.K.O. and Universal. Weir provides frog noises in the night, apparitions holding sacred stones, shadows in slow motion, and the kind of haunted-house acting that many of us have a certain affection for. But it's hokum without the fun of hokum; despite all the scare-movie apparatus, this film fairly aches to be called profound. The occult manifestations are linked to the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The aborigine actors, with their deep-set eyes, are by far the most vital element, yet they're kept on the margins and used as supernatural forces. Weir, who has apparently studied Nicolas Roeg's films, knows how to



Albert Hubbell

create an allusive, ominous atmosphere. But the film is overdeliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain can't stop quivering his lips to connote sensitivity and contracting his nostrils for apprehensiveness and pulling in his cheek muscles for ineffable sorrow. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Cinema Village; July 6-7.)

Lions Love (1969)—Agnès Varda is probably the finest technician among women movie directors, and her first American feature (financed independently, it cost less than a quarter of a million dollars) is pleasantly loose, and with a sunny, lyrical quality. But it's short of substance—and what there is makes you regret that there's any. Set in Los Angeles, it's about make-believe and would-be movie stars (Viva, the wilted flower of the underground, and Gerome Ragni and James Rado, the authors of "Hair"). They play house, cuddle in bed, watch the television coverage of Robert Kennedy's death, and murmur inanities. The film is occasionally funny, but it lacks a sense of the fitness of things: we don't want to hear Viva make vacuous little remarks about how sorry she feels for the orphaned Kennedy children. With Shirley Clarke. (Thalia; July 10.)

The Long Riders—A satisfying, intelligently worked-out retelling of the classic movie-Western folk romance about the James brothers (Jesse and Frank; not Henry and William), the Younger gang, and the outlaws-vs.-Pinkertons Missouri skirmishes, culminating in the bloody Northfield Raid. The cast is full of brothers playing brothers—James and Stacy Keach as Jesse and Frank James; David, Keith, and Robert Carradine as the Youngers; Randy and Dennis Quaid as the Millers; Christopher and Nicholas Guest as the skulking Ford boys. Directed by Walter Hill; with Savannah Smith, Pamela Reed, Fran Ryan, and James Whitmore, Jr. (5/19/80) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through July 10.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with many parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owen, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Gemini 2, Quad Cinema, New Yorker 1, and Embassy.)

Meetings with Remarkable Men—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan), and discussions of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever filmed in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living; seven people (the most resourceful one is played by Duane Jones) take refuge in a farmhouse, and we watch as the relentlessly marching, hungry corpses come in and tear at them—and we see, in closeup, the devouring of hearts, lungs, entrails. Made by George A. Romero, who photographed and directed on a budget of $114,000. The film's grainy, banal seriousness works for it—gives it a crude realism; even the flatness of the amateurish acting and the unfunny attempts at campy comedy add, somehow, to the horror—there's no art to transmute the ghoulishness. (The dead also rise and come toward us at the climax of Abel Gance's pacifist film "J'Accuse," but the effect there goes far beyond the grisly-scary; the horror has grandeur.) At first, this film received almost no attention, but in two or three years it became a hit at midnight showings after the regularly scheduled feature—and not just in the U.S. but in Tokyo, Paris, and other centers. (Harold Clurman; starting July 11.)

North by Northwest (1959)—The title (from Hamlet's "I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw") is the clue to the demented geography and the improbable plot. Though not as cleverly original as "Strangers on a Train," or as cleverly sexy as "Notorious," this is one of Hitchcock's most entertaining American thrillers. It goes on too long, and the script seems shaped to accommodate various set pieces (such as the chase on Mount Rushmore) that he wants to put in. But it has a classic sequence in which a crop-dusting plane tries to dust the hero (Cary Grant), and a genial, sophisticated, comic tone. Just about everybody in it is a spy or a government agent (except Grant, who is mistaken for one). His performance is very smooth and appealing, and he looks so fit that he gets by with having Jessie Royce Landis, who was born the same year he was, playing his mother. The heroine is Eva Marie Saint, who doesn't seem quite herself here; her flat voice and affectless style suggest a Midwestern Grace Kelly, and a perverse makeup artist has turned her face into an albino African mask. With James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, Martin Landau (as the blue-eyed menace, Leonard), and, in smaller roles, Josephine Hutchinson, Philip Ober, Carleton Young, Adam Williams, and Ned Glass. The music is by Bernard Herrmann; the script, by Ernest Lehman, has a family resemblance to Hitchcock's "The 39 Steps" (and bits of it turn up again, slightly transposed, in Lehman's script for Mark Robson's "The Prize"). (Harold Clurman; July 4-5.)

The Paradine Case (1948)—There are few thrills in this big, misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznik. Alida Valli, at the center, is surrounded by Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. (Cinema Village; July 8.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock (1975)—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day of 1900 in a prissy girl's school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (4/23/79) (Cinema Village; July 6-7.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Harold Clurman; July 6-7.)

The Projectionist (1971)—Chuck McCann as a projectionist, and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and di-

BECAUSE NOBODY'S
SCHEDULE STOPS AT
FIVE ON THE DOT, YOU
LIKE A SHIRTDRESS
THAT GOES ON INTO
EVENINGS, TOO.

The Lanvin pleat shirt dress
in silken taupe polyester with
beige pin dots, embroidered
sash to use as a bow,
head scarf or to alternate
with the tailored belt.
8 to 18 sizes 84.00.
Miss Magnin Sport Dresses

Photograph: Skrebneski

I. Magnin

California Seattle Portland Phoenix
Chicago Northbrook White Flint
2001 Broadway, Oakland, CA 94612.
Add 3.00 delivery charges. I. Magnin
Charge or American Express Card orders
phone toll-free. In Calif: (800) 772-3933.
Elsewhere (800) 227-1125. Subscribe
to our Reflections catalogues,
5 issues 2.00

rected this movie-infatuated movie, which includes bits of old serials and features. With Ina Balin. (Art; starting July 9.)

Red Dust (1932)—A sexy jungle melodrama from M-G-M, with Jean Harlow as a funny, tough girl who has been around, and an unshaven Clark Gable who thinks he prefers cool, ladylike Mary Astor. Harlow is immensely likable, delivering her zingy wisecracks with a wonderful kind of dirty good humor, and Gable is at that early peak in his career when he is so sizzlingly sexual that it seems both funny and natural for the two women to be fighting over him. M-G-M remade the film in 1953 as "Mogambo," with Ava Gardner in the Harlow role and Grace Kelly as the lady, but by then Gable, still manfully holding down his old role, didn't bring much heat to it. The original was directed by Victor Fleming in a racy, action-packed style, from a script by John Lee Mahin, based on Wilson Collison's story. With Gene Raymond, Tully Marshall, and Donald Crisp. ("Red Dust" was also recycled in 1940 as "Congo Maisie.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 9.)

Road to Morocco (1942)—Maybe you have to have seen the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby road movies (comedies with songs and a lot of patter) when they came out to understand the affection people felt for them, and to appreciate how casually sophisticated the style seemed at the time. The pictures haven't weathered as well as thirties comedies, because they were satirizing melodramas that are already forgotten. The series spoofed the fancy backgrounds of adventure movies; Hope and Crosby ambled through exotic, nonsensical lighthearted situations with no pretense to believability. They took the thud out of the dumb gags and topical jokes by their amiable comic intimacy. And the rare good jokes shone in the unpretentious atmosphere. Hope and Crosby's rapport has great charm, and every once in a while Hope does something—a gesture or a dance movement—that is prodigiously funny. Dorothy Lamour is their joint inamorata and the foil of the series; inimitably out of it, she was taken over from the pictures being satirized, and she played in the same coy, eager-to-please manner. The best song here is "Moonlight Becomes You." David Butler directed; Frank Butler and Don Hartman did the script. (Harold Clurman; July 10.)

Roseland (1977)—Three stories set inside the famous, still functioning dance hall on Fifty-second Street off Broadway, now a haven for nostalgic, aging people. In its hushed concern for their dignity, the movie denies them any spirit. Christopher Walken and Don De Natale are the only performers who manage to transcend the film's faded, genteel sensitivity. James Ivory directed, from Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's script. (Thalia; July 8.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

Rough Cut—With Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down, and David Niven; directed by Don Siegel. (Coronet, and National.)

Scarlet Street (1946)—Fritz Lang directed this American version of Renoir's "La Chienne;" in the American setting it's a sordid, low-life melodrama about illicit love, and it never takes root—it's not one of Lang's best American movies. (It was originally banned in New York State—that is, denied a license—as "immoral, indecent, corrupt, and tending to incite crime," a judgment that seemed off the wall even then.) Edward G. Robinson is a frustrated, gray-haired cashier married to a nagging widow (Rosalind Ivan); his only pleasure is in painting on Sundays. He falls for a tart (Joan Bennett) and sets her up in a Greenwich Village apartment, on stolen money. But the tart is in love with a lout (Dan Duryea), who beats her. The script, by Dudley Nichols, is heavy-handed, and Lang's emphatic style pounds home the ironies and the murder-plot devices. (Robinson kills the girl, and Duryea is electrocuted for the crime.) Robinson's paintings are actually by John Decker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 7.)

The Seduction of Joe Tynan—An airless, pious study of political corruption (which, it is suggested, goes hand in hand with sleeping with Meryl Streep). The obvious is spelled out, and the interesting processes remain vague. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Olympia; through July 3.)

The Shining—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. Though taken from a pulp best-seller, by Stephen King, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (Sutton, Loews Orpheum 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center.)

Sullivan's Travels (1941)—Writer-director Preston Sturges's comedy about a popular, slightly fatuous Hollywood director (Joel McCrea), who feels that his hits, such as "Ants in the Pants," aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, a relevant film to be called "Brother, Where Art Thou?," he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony (as in "The Lady Eve," earlier in 1941) than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film, nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, underacting with perfect composure, and William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, Eric Blore, and many of the other actors whom Sturges delighted in and used repeatedly. The director himself can be glimpsed behind Veronica Lake on a set inside a movie studio. (Harold Clurman; July 5-6.)

Summer Showers—With Jofre Soares and Mirian Pires, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio 1.)

Superman (1978)—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the picture: he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. The film is also likable, but disappointing—it gives the impression of having been made in panic, in fear that style or "too much" imagination might endanger its appeal to the literal-minded. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies made up to that date, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit or miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner, though there's so little consistency that each sequence might have had a different director and been color-processed in a different lab. (Richard Lester was said to have worked on parts of it.) With an enormous cast that includes Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, Margot Kidder, Valerie Perrine, Ned Beatty, Glenn Ford, Phyllis Thaxter, Terence Stamp, Susannah York, Jeff East, Marc McClure, Trevor Howard, Harry Andrews, Maria Schell, Jackie Cooper, and Aaron Smolinski, who plays Superman as a child. The writers involved in adapting the comic strip created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Schuster include Mario Puzo, David Newman, Leslie Newman, Robert Benton, Tom Mankiewicz, and Norman Enfield. Cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth; music by John Williams. (Beekman, Trans-Lux 85th St., Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State 2.)

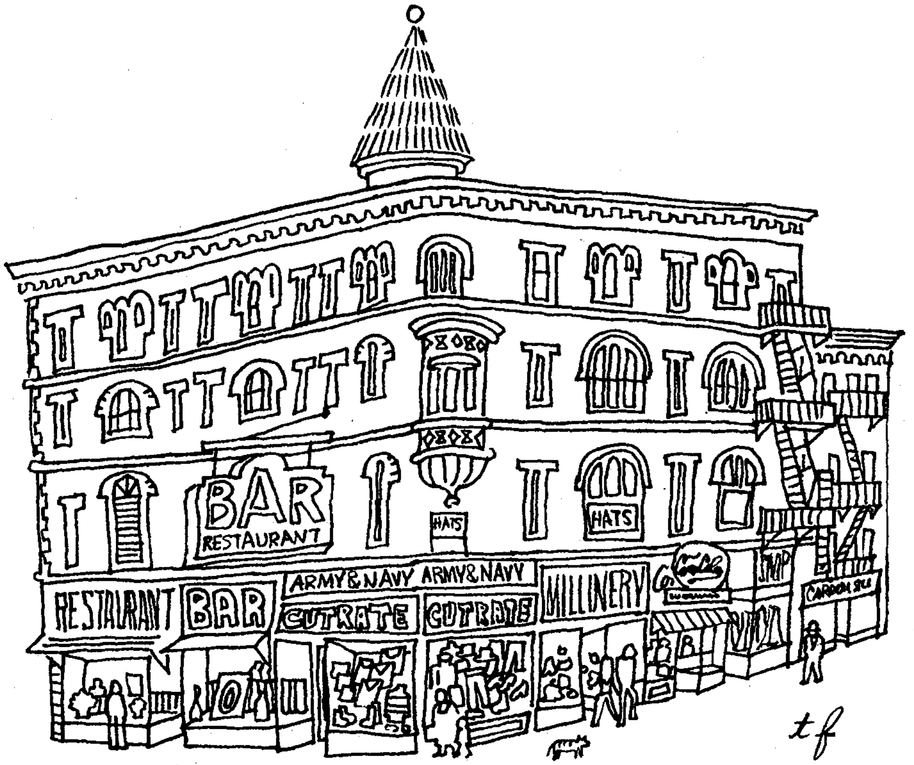
The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema 1.)

Urban Cowboy—With John Travolta, directed by James Bridges. (Bay Cinema, and Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Loews State 1; through July 10.)

Vanishing Point (1971)—Solid car chase, celebrating both kinds of speed. Not up to much. It seems a rather mechanical extension of points proved profitable in "Easy Rider." With Barry Newman, directed by Richard Sarafian. (Harold Clurman; July 3-4.)

White Lightning (1973)—With Burt Reynolds, directed by Joseph Sargent. (Harold Clurman; July 2.)

Wholly Moses!—With Dudley Moore and Laraine Newman, directed by Gary Weis. (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1; through July 10.)

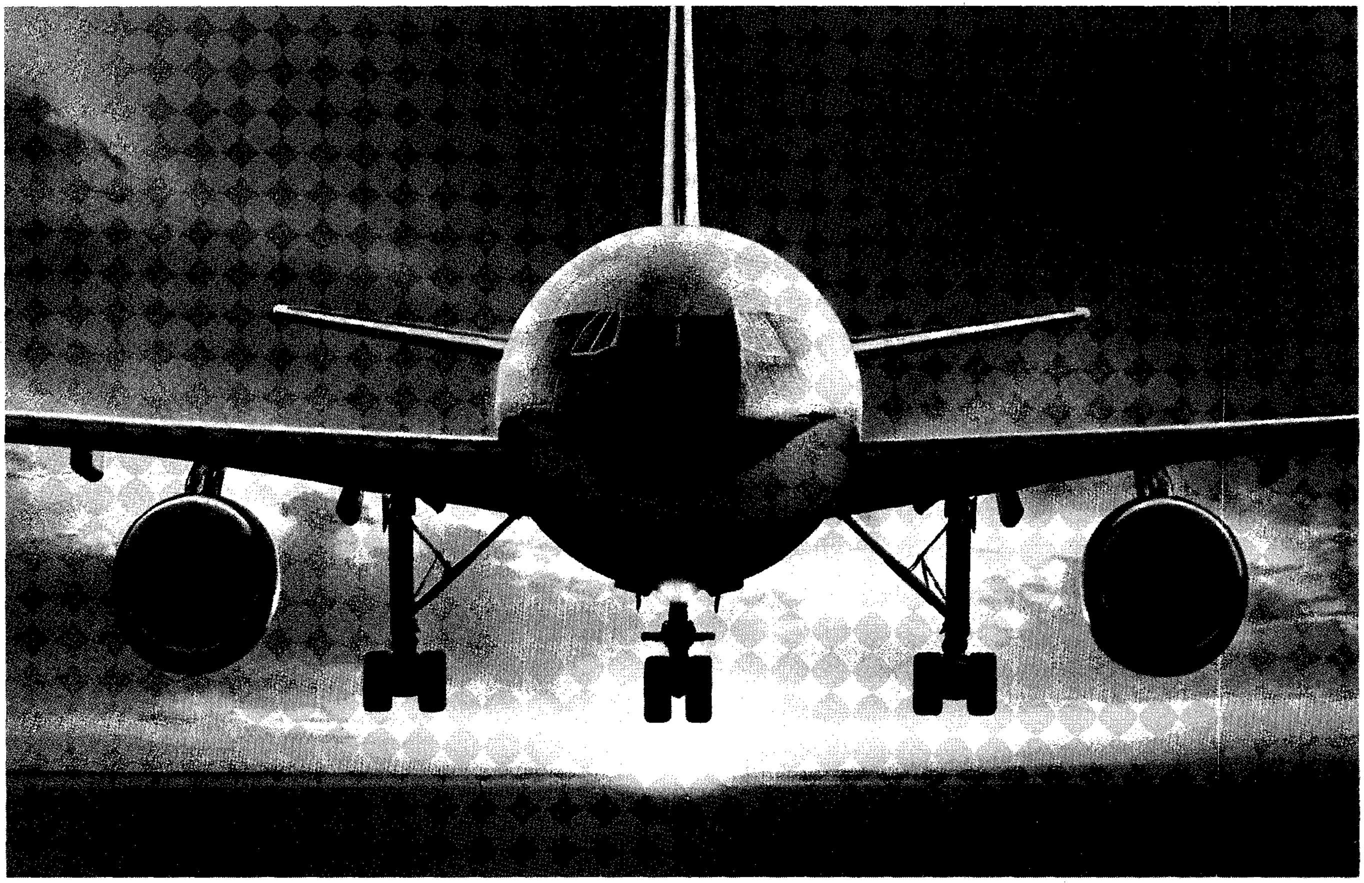


IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 94.6 PROOF. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y. © 1980

Tanqueray
IMPORTED
750 ml
94·6 PROOF
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
CHARLES TANQUERAY & Co LTD.
LONDON. ENGLAND.
PRODUCT OF ENGLAND · 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

A man's home is his castle.
Furnish yours properly.

Tanqueray Gin. A singular experience.



"EVEN ON THE PLANE OF THE FUTURE, SERVICE CAN'T BE A THING OF THE PAST."

– FRANK BORMAN, PRESIDENT, EASTERN AIRLINES

No matter how well-designed a plane is, it's the service you get on it that counts.

Take our A-300. It's a new breed of wide-body, with excellent fuel-efficiency, quieter engines, and plenty of room for you and your belongings. It's the plane of the future, and Eastern's the only U.S. carrier that has it.

But even the most advanced plane can't make your flight enjoyable. It takes people to do that.

Like Eastern's Michele Montpetit, Cynthia Bowen and Captain Bill Preissner. They work hard to make what could be a cold plane a little warmer. Good service may be an old-fashioned idea, but at Eastern, it'll never become obsolete.

If we want your business in the future, we have to earn our wings every day.

EASTERN

WE HAVE TO EARN OUR WINGS EVERY DAY.™

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE man's reaction to the spate of pleasant weather we've been having lately:

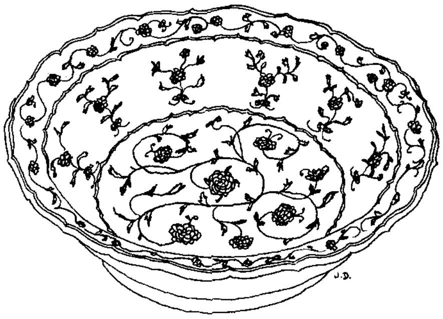
A friend of mine who has been a dedicated scuba diver for most of his life told me once that he had tried deep-sea diving a number of times but had given it up after experiencing "rapture of the deep." That's the underwater name for euphoria. He had gone down hundreds of feet, he said—down until he reached the point where he didn't want to return to the surface, he felt so wonderful. Why go back? That was what he kept thinking. How much better to stay right where he was, luxuriously relaxed and happy. The feeling comes from the accumulation of nitrogen in the body. Under the pressure of water, the gas affects the nervous system, and while you're lolling below in a state of mild ecstasy, you're getting more and more intoxicated. Stay down long enough, and you're done for.

Well, euphoria is as good a way to go as any, I suppose. I say that on the basis of three encounters I've had with it in my life. Land-type euphoria, that is—the kind of euphoria that comes out of the blue, unannounced and uninduced, to take us by surprise. The first occasion was at least twenty years ago, while I was living in a beach house out on Long Island. It was on a Saturday in late May, a beautiful spring morning, and I was in the yard trimming a lilac bush. I had crawled under the bush with pruning shears to clip a few dead branches, and was lying back, propped up on one elbow, while I rested. That was when it happened. A marvellous feeling of well-being and happiness, like nothing I had ever before experienced, swept over me as I lay there peering out from beneath the lilacs at the sunlit grass and shrubbery around me. The warmth of the sun suffused everything, and I had no inclination to move from where I was. Although the sensation didn't last long—five minutes at most—it needed nothing to sustain it. It was there complete, a suspended spell of absolute bliss, and then it was gone.

The second encounter took place nine or ten years later, on New Year's Day, in my apartment in Manhattan. I had been at a party the night before and had slept late. When I woke up, toward noon, bright rays of sunlight were streaming through the venetian blinds on the windows, making striped patterns along the foot of the bed and on the floor close by. Again there was the sensation I'd had under the lilac bush years before: absolute contentment, pure joy, the feeling that everything was right with myself and the world. And this time the feeling lingered on. It was with me while I got up, brushed my teeth, and dressed. Even after breakfast, it was still there. It stayed too long, perhaps, because after a while I found myself thinking I should be doing something about it. Instead of simply enjoying it for what it was, I began wanting it to lead somewhere, to action of some kind, and in the end it was dissipated by my desire to make it productive. I should have let it be, but I couldn't. Even contentment has its limitations.

The third time was just this spring, while I was out in the country. Once again, it was a beautiful morning—warm, sunny, everything budding and turning green—and I was working in the woods around the house, cutting dead branches from trees. I was using an extension ladder, and in pruning one oak tree I went up as far as the ladder would take me, then climbed a good ten feet higher by stepping carefully from limb to limb, until I was almost at the top of the tree. After cutting off a few branches, I sat back on another branch to rest, and, with one arm linked to the tree trunk, looked around. The whole area below me was dappled with sunlight, and my treetop angle of vision gave everything I saw a fresh aspect. I noticed things I had never noticed before: the perfect symmetry of a hemlock I had planted, the way a Japanese black pine twisted toward the light, a robin's nest in a nearby oak, and how the house was dwarfed by the woods that enclosed it. As I perched there, birdlike, the feeling I had experienced twice before came over me, and for ten minutes or more I basked where I was in a beatific glow. Then the feeling waned, and I returned to the ground.

I realized later on that the three situations in which I'd experienced the euphoria had one thing in common. Sunlight. Is there such a thing as rapture of the sun, I wonder. That may be what did Icarus in. Soaring upward in the pure delight of warmth and freedom, bringing his wings closer and closer to the sun in ecstatic flight, until it was too late. Going, going, gone—like the deep-sea diver. No doubt about it, euphoria can be dangerous. Still, it's nice to know it's out there somewhere, waiting to surprise us.



• •

Car Wash

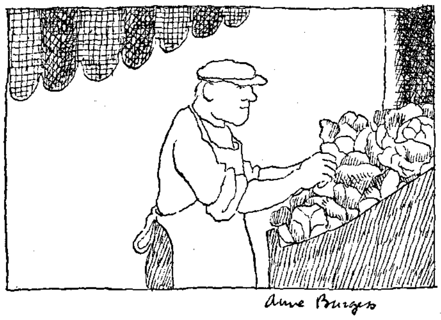
AT the corner of Water Street and Rutgers Slip, in lower Manhattan, there is a fire hydrant that runs almost constantly this time of year, and on good days a number of people who live on the lower East Side and own cars drive them down there and wash them. No one seems to know who turns the hydrant on—it is not the Fire Department—or exactly what its hours are. "I just take my chances," said one man (mustard Datsun with some front-panel rust), "but I've been here all different times and I've only missed it once." Often, as many as five cars are parked there at one time, with their owners in various dancelike attitudes—standing on one foot with the other in the air and leaning over to reach a hubcap, or up on their toes to reach the middle of the roof—but sometimes there are more. "I came by yesterday," said another man (red late-model Cadillac, white vinyl roof), "and there were cars all around the block. I couldn't get a space." Most people bring their own equipment, but there is a friendly spirit to the place, and no one seems to mind sharing a sponge or a chamois he isn't using. There is a common bucket, which stays permanently with the hydrant. The people who haven't brought their own stand in line for it in casual poses that suggest golfers waiting for a tee. While they're waiting, they often admire some aspect of another person's car or talk about some aspect of their own—say, a pair of large, fuzzy dice hanging from a rearview mirror, or a swivel setup on the dashboard for holding hot or cold drinks without spilling them.

Possibly because washing a car is a thoughtful occupation, it is rare to see more than one person working on a car. Using a wide range of automotive and household-care products, the car washers scour and wipe the farthest corners of the trunk and the engine compartment. They scrub their floor rugs and rubber mats and leave them out in the sun to dry. They do the details of the interior. They do the windows and the wheel wells and the mirrors, and they make the chrome bumpers shine. It is not unusual for a person to spend an hour at the job. One woman we saw spent more than an hour with her Mustang, polishing it as carefully as if it were a piece of family silver. Then she drove it to the corner and stopped in front of a large framed mirror someone had discarded there. She took a moment to inspect her work, and herself at the wheel of a clean and shiny machine, then smiled approval, turned on the radio, and went off, happy and flushed with the pride of ownership.

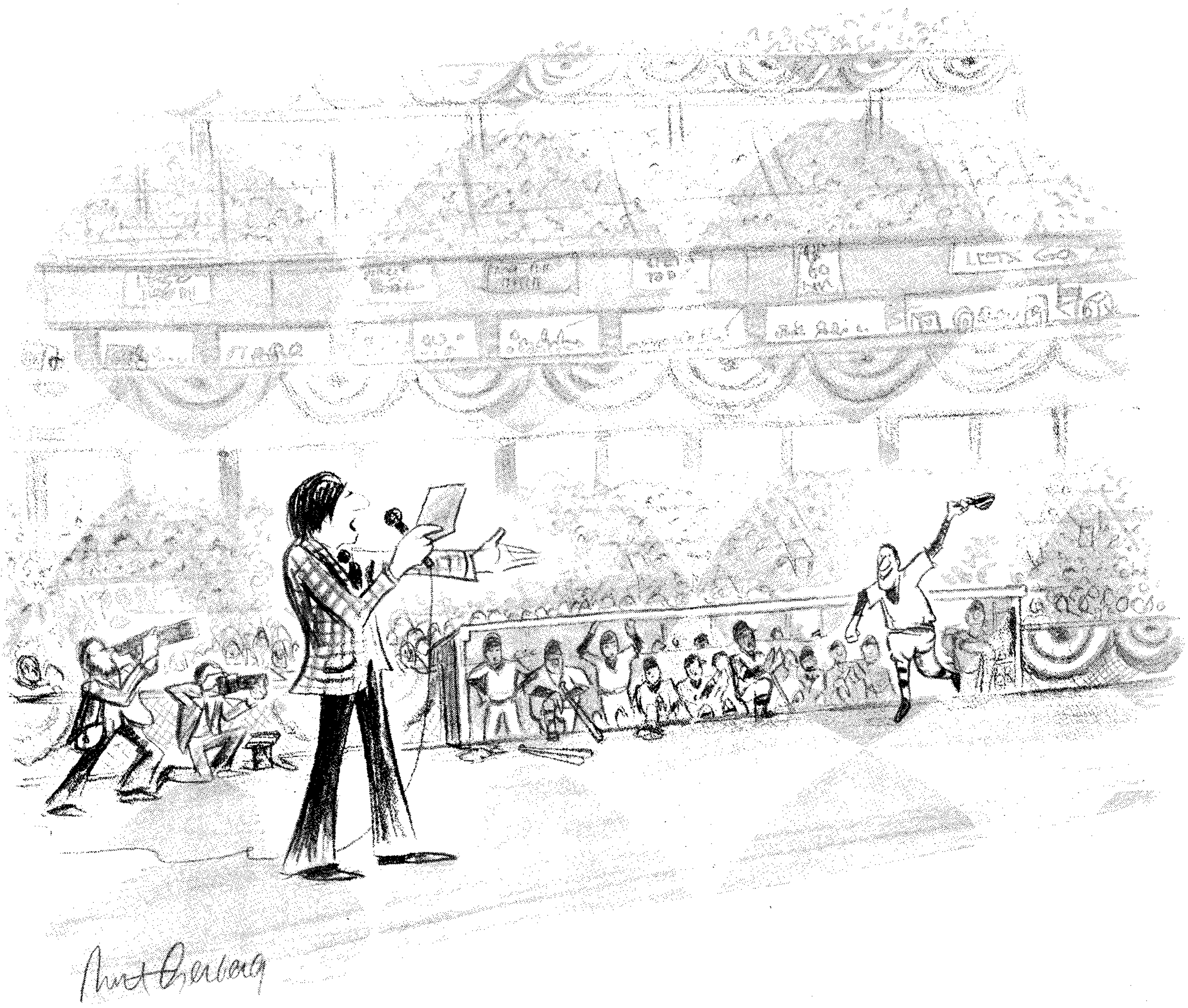
Auction

EAGER, as always, to report momentous events on the English scene, however remote, we recently journeyed to the village of Broad Chalke (pop. 585), in deepest Wiltshire, to attend the two-day auction of the late Sir Cecil Beaton's residence, Reddish House, and of practically everything in it, including the kitchen mop. As a man whose hallmark was style, Sir Cecil would no doubt have given high marks to the impresarios who staged the production. It was presented jointly by Christie's, the London-based auction house, and Knight Frank & Rutley, the London-based real-estate agents, in a setting that could hardly have been improved upon—the spacious and lovely garden of Reddish House, designed by Sir Cecil himself. In his diary, he noted that he had long admired Reddish House and also Broad Chalke, a village he described as having "a delightful Miss Mitford quality," and that he had finally been able to buy the house, in 1947, for ten thousand pounds. According to a handsome brochure, generously illustrated in four colors, that Knight Frank & Rutley issued in advance of the sale, Reddish House consists of nearly six acres, a ten-room red brick Queen Anne house, and various outbuildings, including a studio, garages, and two thatched cottages. The estate agents said they were "looking for offers in excess of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds." Christie's catalogue, which listed the furniture, silver, pictures, and other effects to be sold, was produced with equal splendor, and had a foreword by Richard Buckle—a long-time friend of Sir Cecil, and his chosen biographer—which gave a hint of the range of articles to be knocked down. "Who but Cecil Beaton," Buckle wrote, "would have combined, in the new drawing room he built on, burgundy velvet walls with curtains of rosy chintz, then thrown in a Louis XVI overmantel, Louis XV *fauteuils*, giant Meissen vases, a comfortable sofa, and photographs in silver frames?" Altogether, the catalogue detailed seven hundred and twenty-five lots, which Christie's estimated would realize between two and three hundred thousand pounds.

Since Broad Chalke is the sort of village where one car parked on the main street can create a traffic problem, the auctioneers had forehandedly rented a sizable meadow adjoining the Beaton property, built an access road, and staffed the parking lot with white-coated attendants. When we arrived there, shortly after ten o'clock, or about an hour before the auction was scheduled to begin, the lot was already almost filled—with station wagons and an assortment of other cars, most of them of recent vintage, and including a fair sprinkling of Rolls-Royces and their country counterparts, Range Rovers. Many of the auction-goers, acting as if they were attending horse trials or some other familiar country event, had brought their dogs—predominantly Labradors and terriers—but had left them in the cars. The auction, it appeared, would live up to its advance billing as something of a social occasion. (A cartoon by Marc in the *Times* had a débutante saying to a friend, "Mummy insists I do the whole Season: the Royal Academy, Ascot, the Beaton sale.") Joining the other sale-goers, nearly all of whom were casually but fashionably turned out in country clothes, we strolled toward Reddish House at a leisurely pace. It was a day to savor—slightly overcast, soft, and mild. Birds seemed to be singing in every tree, and not far away a cuckoo repeatedly announced itself.



After passing the Reddish House kitchen garden, neat and thrifty, we made our way down a gently sloping lawn to a large white canvas marquee—as the English prefer to call a tent—where the sale was to be held. The price of admission, according to a sign at the entrance, was the purchase of a Christie's catalogue; it cost five pounds and admitted two. Inside, enough plastic chairs to seat some three hundred had been set up in rows on a wooden floor covered with red carpet. A vase on a table near the auctioneer's rostrum held an enormous bouquet of lilies, snapdragons, and stock from the Reddish House garden, which was tended until his recent retirement by Mr. Jack Smallpeice, with the assistance of his wife. Taking one of the few remaining seats, we soon found ourself chatting, after the English fashion, with the person sitting next to us, a matronly-looking woman in a silk-print dress and matching jacket, who said she had lived in Broad Chalke for nearly forty years. "Of course, we're all very keen to know who will buy the house," she said. "It's geared for a bachelor, not really suitable for a family. I think he went wrong when he mucked about making all those small bedrooms and baths—more like a hotel, really. And I understand the house needs about fifty thousand spent mod-



"Leading off, batting right-handed, playing second base, supporting the E.R.A., opposing wage-price controls, and favoring the windfall-profits tax—Willie Harper!"

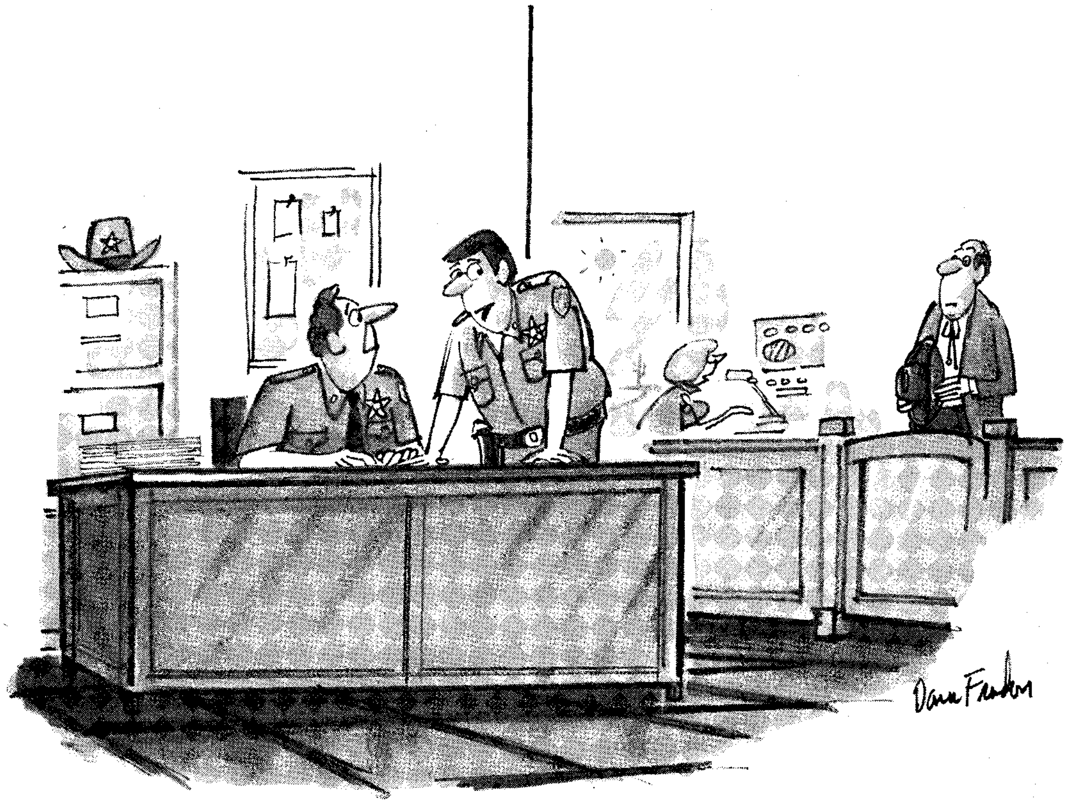
ernizing and doing it up. Still, there have been a great lot of inquiries. In fact, we hear that the agents declined an offer of two hundred and fifty thousand, so they are obviously expecting more. Well, we'll know before long who our new neighbor is going to be."

There was now standing room only in the marquee—people were squeezed two and three deep around the sides and at the rear—and a large side panel had been removed to allow a contingent of potential bidders assembled out on the lawn a view of the proceedings. Several members of the outdoor crowd were perched on shooting sticks. At precisely eleven o'clock, the Knight Frank & Rutley auctioneer mounted the rostrum, and after a few preliminary remarks, mostly laudatory of Reddish House, he declared the bidding open. "May I open it up and say two hundred thousand pounds?" he continued. A man near the front bid two hundred and ten thousand. After what seemed, in the pervading silence, like a long pause, a second man went to two hundred and twenty. After an even longer pause, a third man said two hundred and twenty-five, and that was the final bid. From start to finish, according to our watch, the bidding had taken exactly one minute and forty-four seconds.

"Who is the buyer?" a woman at one side of the marquee called out. "We've heard all these rumors that Mick Jagger and such were interested. We live in the village, and we'd like to know."

All she learned was that the successful bidder was a representative of a local real-estate firm acting for a buyer who wished to remain anonymous. The identity of the mysterious buyer continued to be the subject of lively speculation through the rest of the sale. A few days later, to the relief of the villagers, the new owner of Reddish House was revealed as the Earl of Chichester, who had bought the property for his mother, Ursula, Countess of Chichester. The Earl himself lives, with his wife, about five miles from Broad Chalke, on a nine-hundred-acre estate in Little Durnford (pop. 23).

After a short interval, a Christie's auctioneer opened the sale of the furnishings. From the moment he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I offer you Lot One," it was clear that while the price paid for Sir Cecil's house was less than had been expected, the assemblage of decorators, dealers, and private buyers was in no mood to stint on acquiring his other possessions. Of the first dozen lots, eight reached or exceeded their highest estimate, and the others did very respectably. Lot 13, a set of four Flemish oval white marble medallions of the four seasons, which was es-



"He says he shot J.R."

• •

timated to bring between six and eight thousand pounds, sold for ten thousand. Lot 14, a German Baroque fruitwood statue of a partly draped female figure, estimated at between four and six thousand pounds, fetched five thousand five hundred—a bit below the top but, in the opinion of Richard Buckle, who attended the sale, a fair price, all things considered. "I happen to know," he later told a friend, "that Sir Cecil bought that piece around the mid-nineteen-fifties for about a hundred and thirty pounds."

From time to time as the sale progressed, bidders with more modest aspirations were able to get into the act. For example, an Oriental red-painted model of a tortoise, estimated at between fifty and eighty pounds, went for only one hundred and seventy ("If you saw it in a gift shop, you wouldn't look twice," our neighbor remarked), and three pairs of chintz-covered cushions, estimated at between seventy and a hundred pounds, fetched a mere two hundred and twenty. But it could not be said that the sale ever took on the aspect of Bargain Corner. A Regency mahogany breakfront bookcase sold for thirty-four hundred pounds, a Louis XVI tulipwood-and-parquetry *bureau en pupitre* for seven thousand, a pair of ormolu wall lights of the same period for two thousand, a George III painted side table for thirty-two hundred, and a Louis XVI tulipwood commode for ten thousand. The morning session ended with the sale of nearly three dozen articles from Sir Cecil's bedroom and bathroom. His Georgian beechwood fourposter bed, which produced the most spirited bidding, was bought for two thousand pounds by a Swiss banker with a residence in London, who told us that the bed was to be a gift to his son, aged eleven. Apparently, the boy didn't fancy the beige wolf-fur rug that Sir Cecil used as a cover for the bed. Some lucky bidder took the rug away for eight hundred and fifty pounds.

Within a short time after the start of the lunch break, the lawn of Reddish House had been transformed into a vast picnic ground. Many people had made a quick trip to the parking lot to fetch their picnic hampers, including a few fancy ones from Fortnum & Mason, and were spreading out their lunches on tables with white paper tablecloths which had been set up on the lawn. Others sat on one of the garden benches or stretched out on a grassy knoll. (Many of the salegoers who had brought their dogs dined in the parking lot on the tailgate of their station wagons or on the folding table and chairs that seem to come, like a spare tire, as standard equipment on British cars.) For those, including us, who had come to the sale hamperless, relief was at hand in a refreshments marquee that had been put up near the thatched cottages. At one end, drinks were dispensed at a bar managed by Mr. Roland Elkins, the owner of the Queens Head Inn, which is the only pub in Broad Chalke. "This is the first time we've done a job like this," Mr. Elkins, who, perhaps appropriately for the publican of Broad Chalke, drives a Rolls-Royce (though semi-retired, he is still managing director of an engineering firm that manufactures aircraft components), told us as he opened a bottle of Bollinger for a customer. "The organizers of the sale asked us to help out, so here we are. Along with the beer, cider, and so on, we expect to sell a couple of hundred bottles of champagne." Next to the bar, at a counter run by Pinneys Smokehouses, of Annan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, smoked-salmon sandwiches and plates of smoked salmon were being served by three bonny-looking young people, decoratively turned out in crisp white jackets, black-and-white striped aprons, and green-banded boaters. Their business was brisk. The catering laid on for the salegoers continued at a long counter filled with homemade sandwiches, salads, and desserts, including fresh strawberry tarts, all of which had been prepared and were being served by Mrs. Joyce Dimmer, a jovial Broad Chalke woman, and several of her friends. "They are local housewives who have left their children with their grannies for the day," Mrs. Dimmer said. "I have personally been up since dawn, getting things ready. I cater for weddings and private parties, but I've never done a public thing like this. I was asked to, and I do feel rather at home here. I worked for Sir Cecil as the daily in the house for seven years, until I had to devote all my time to my family. I have happy memories of this place. It's nice to be back." She excused herself to replenish the supply of sandwiches. Selecting a rather splendid lunch for ourself, we joined the picnickers on the lawn.

In atmosphere and in exuberant bidding, the rest of the sale was a repeat performance of the opening session, and it offered the same mixture of scores of valuable pieces and a certain number of dowdy items that some salegoers thought were not quite up to the standard of a thrift shop. A painting by Augustus John of his wife realized twenty thousand pounds, while a much-used kitchen mop and a broom realized six pounds—probably an auction record for a used mop and broom. Spectacularly high prices were also paid for paintings by a great many artists, including Graham Sutherland. His four-and-a-half-inch-square gouache "Bird Against Red Background," estimated at between five and seven hundred pounds, sold for sixteen hundred to a smiling, red-haired woman, who said to her companion, "I think this means that Graham Sutherland has gone up ninety pounds a square inch in the last five years." Prices that surprised even the auctioneers were paid for bronze lamps, chairs, and other pieces of furniture by Giacometti and for a parcel of "various baskets" by unknown manufacturers. Lot 399, identified as "Garbo's Rose," turned out to be a crumpled, faded rose in a frame about three inches square. According to the catalogue, the rose dates from a party in 1932, where Sir Cecil first met Greta Garbo. "A huge vase of yellow roses freshly sprayed with water had been placed on the bar," the catalogue continues, quoting Sir Cecil's diary. "As she looked at it, she intoned, 'A rose that lives and dies and never again returns.' Garbo picked a rose and kissed it, fingered it with an infinite variety of caresses, and raised it above her head." Beaton took the rose home, pressed it between the pages of his diary, and later framed it. Bidding on the rose started at three hundred pounds and went rapidly to seven hundred and fifty, for which the lot was knocked down to a New Zealand photographer; it turned out that the Christie's staff member acting on his behalf had been instructed to bid as high as two thousand pounds for the treasure.

Among the other intimate items offered for sale was Sir Cecil's gray three-piece morning suit. When this was held up on a hanger for inspection, looking rather like a fashionable scarecrow, we were standing next to a man with white hair and a clipped mustache, who muttered, "I say, that's a bit much, flogging the chap's clothing." The morning suit fetched four hundred pounds. Overcoats, tweed suits, dress shirts, and slacks also did very well, as did the wide-brimmed straw hats for which Sir Cecil was well known. An assortment of five straw hats went for two hundred and eighty pounds. "I think what all this means is that Sir Cecil had jolly good taste, and people are just paying tribute to it," an off-duty Christie's auctioneer told us toward mid-afternoon of the second day. "They knew by reading the catalogue that these things were special. As a result, we had more written-in bids for this sale than we've ever had before. Instead of the two to three hundred thousand pounds we thought the goods would fetch, we now know that the total is going over four hundred thousand. Fantastic!"

The sale concluded with the offering of the garden furniture and ornaments, which bidders snapped up feverishly, even when the catalogue noted that the item was "cracked" or "restored." One such item was a Georgian stone urn on a panelled plinth which stood in the garden near the entrance to the marquee. It was clear that the urn needed major restoration, but four people quickly pushed the bidding to two hundred and forty pounds, for which the piece was bought by a middle-aged man who wore glasses and looked like an amiable schoolmaster.

"You knew that the urn contains a nest of blue tits, didn't you, sir?" the auctioneer asked the successful bidder.

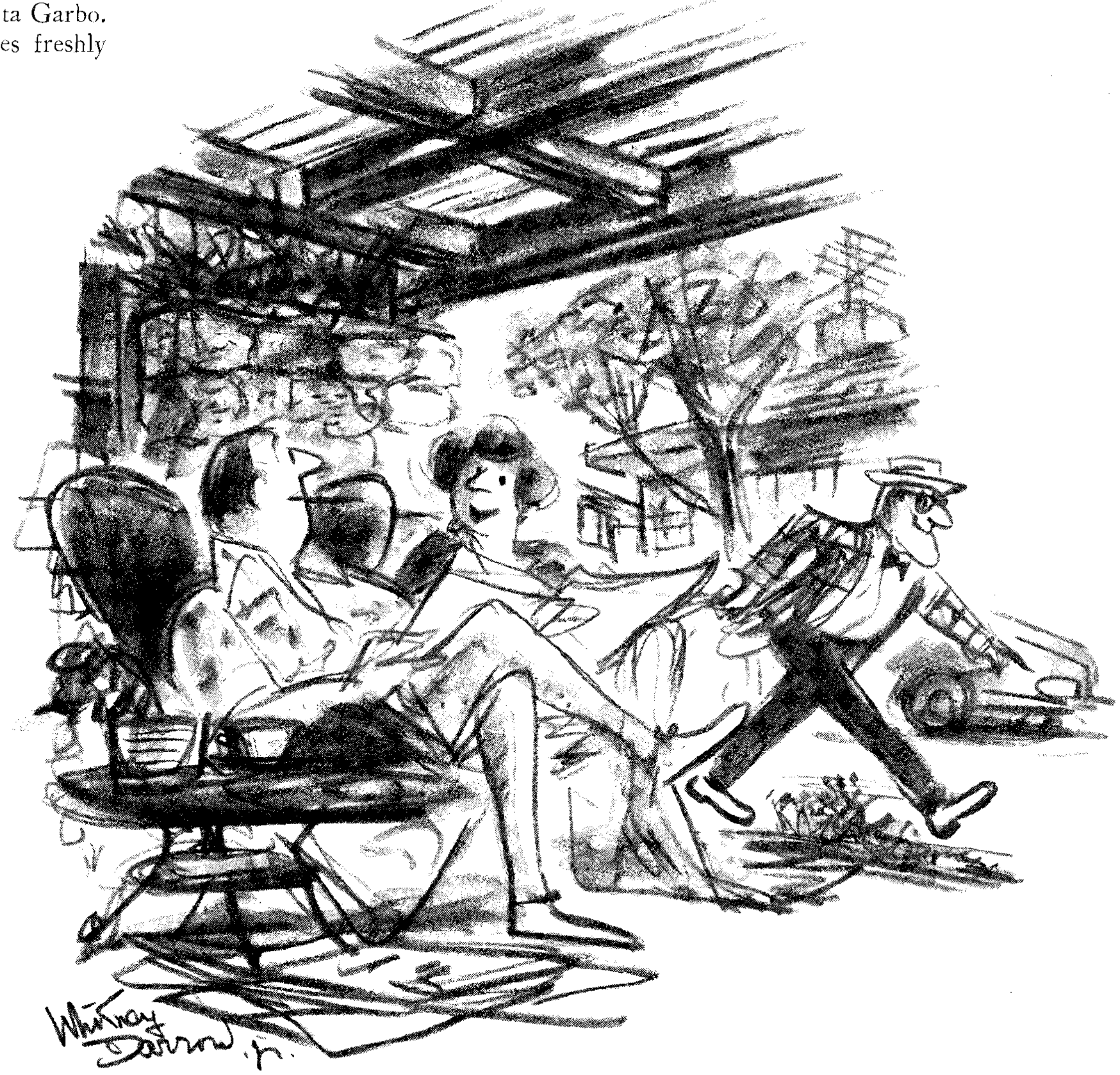
"Yes, I did. I will leave the urn where it is until they've flown."

"Good for you, sir."

A buzz of approval swept the marquee.

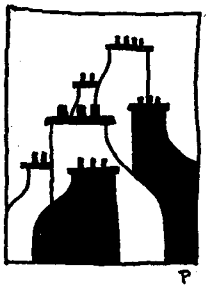
Revival

NOT long afterward, we found ourself at a second bucolic event. In the shade of a large birch



"Well, now summer's really here. There goes old Mr. Tarlton in his white bucks."

tree, a young man was playing Baroque music on a guitar. A woman was lying beside him with a sleeping child stretched across her legs; a blue balloon swayed on a white string near her head. The child wore sneakers and striped overalls. The sky above the balloon—where an American-flag kite was bobbing two hundred feet in the air—was also blue, and beyond the striped overalls, on the smooth green field of Croton Point Park, there were striped canopies, from under which issued many overlapping kinds of music: jangling raga in Area 2; strident salsa in Area 3; urban blues in Area 4. It was Saturday afternoon at the Third Annual Great Hudson River Revival ("Proceeds . . . support the environment & educational programs of the sloop Clearwater," said a sign at the main gate), which had begun that morning and would continue until nine o'clock Sunday night, and which had over one hundred musical events on the schedule, so it was O.K. to sit in the shade from time to time. The crowd was big but not too big: serene, polite, familial (lots of children), and intelligent-looking, a good proportion of it in T-shirts reflecting liberal concerns ("Out of South Africa NOW;" "Question Authority;" "No Nukes/Solar Is Safe;" "The Challenge of Change;" "Don't Sleep with J. P. Stevens: Boycott;" "Indian Point/The Next Three Mile Island") or personal enthusiasms ("Milford Jai Alai;" "Dijon Mustard;" "Sun Records;" "I Eat Breakfast at Wade's in Oswego, N.Y."). The crowd strolled around many booths and displays that were scattered among the music tents and a number of recycling areas, looking at free-form baskets woven from grapevines; pottery; handmade brooms; canoes; hang-gliders; a water pump from New Life Farm; books and pamphlets at Animal Rights Network, Inc.; photographs and maps at Friends of the Shawangunks ("Marriott Files Plans for Mammoth Resort in Shawangunk Mountains," began a handout); photographs and a large banner at Artists for Survival ("No Nukes—Watts or Weapons"); Mountain-Air Hot Tubs (seven small children were splashing around in the demonstration model); and Food for Thought Books and Periodicals. (Here a woman walked away from the exhibit, saying to her companion, "I don't think I can stand any more ranting and railing." Companion: "O.K.")



At the nonprofit Feet Treet Massage center ("Donations to Clearwater"), one person was getting his feet rubbed while another was in pre-soak. Morris dancers in red-and-white costumes were dancing and waving big white handkerchiefs near a display of Hudson River small craft, including a handsome old-fashioned iceboat, gleaming with varnish. Two men chatting in a beer line (forty-seven people long): "Still play the piano?" "A little bit." A parade of country-looking violinists went by, stepping around several people asleep on blankets, one of them a woman whose face was shielded from the sun by a Harper Novel of Suspense. "Ow!" yelled a father carrying a baby as the latter chomped the former's finger. David Gahr, the stocky, white-haired, white-mustached photographer of American musicians (his book "The Face of Folk Music," with text by Robert Shelton, is a classic), was roaming about, sharp eyes darting behind his glasses: swiftly his camera would go up to a position against his nose, directly above his large cigar; a twist of the lens, a flick of the finger, and he would move on, looking this way and that. A blacksmith in a Jackson Browne T-shirt was sweating over hot coals and an anvil, next to a shad-net display (Gus Zahn, Hudson River Shad Fisherman. Scap & Shad Nets, Crab Traps). Homemade Herbal Salves ($3.75) were available at Douglas B. Elliott's booth, along with his illustrated book "Roots: An Underground Botany and Forager's Guide," jars of herbs, and a sign saying "Weed Walks. 11 A.M./1 P.M." Three white goats were muttering in a small pen beside a weaver with a spinning wheel.

Lines began to form at a big blue-and-white striped tent that sold foods of various sorts. The longest line led up to Energy Exchange, which featured the two-dollar Stir-Fry (tofu, mushrooms, zucchini, peppers, celery, scallions, broccoli, carrots, stringbeans, onions, spinach, and alfalfa sprouts, served with rice and ginger-root sauce). A man in a "Palm Springs/P.S. I Love You" golf hat and wearing a button that said, "A man of QUALITY is not threatened by a woman of EQUALITY," murmured to his companion—a woman in a San Francisco cable-car T-shirt—"What's tofu?" Upon hearing the reply, he ambled away. Other popular reasons for standing in line at the tent included Earthlight Food's Fresh Fruit Bowl ($1.50); Irene's Caribbean Kitchen; Ma McClatchy's Homemade Goodies; Smitty's Pirogies; Mahoney's Fresh-Squeezed Orange Juice; Backyard Burgers; Chinese, Indian, Mexican, Puerto Rican, and New Orleans offerings (among the last being assorted gumbos and Creole pralines).

Cheers came from Area 3, where a big crowd was seated on the grass listening to a calypso-reggae group called the Matadors Orchestra while an equal number of spectators danced exuberantly around the periphery. In a secluded hollow (Area 1) down a wooded path by the river, people stood jammed shoulder to shoulder listening to Arlo Guthrie; others had climbed up into the trees for a better view. Toward the end of his performance, Guthrie—who was wearing a plain white T-shirt and white pants—sat down at a piano outside a tent and began playing "Amazing Grace." He sang, and then said, "You know, it's nice to sing along," so the crowd joined in. He helped with the words ("Amazing Grace/ How sweet the sound . . ."), and afterward he told a short anecdote, the point of which was moral courage. He added, "It takes guts to turn things around. There's people here ain't afraid to turn stuff around. . . . Stay strong. Stay real strong." Everybody sang the old hymn again, voices filling the woods, and then everybody went back up the path.

The shadows were getting long now on the grass of the park. We went out the main gate, walking past a gigantic plateau of earth-covered garbage—Croton Point's wild marshes have served for generations as a garbage dump for Westchester County—and down to a beautiful grassy field at the edge of the Hudson. The only people there were a family, fishing, their supper sitting on a picnic table. Standing under a huge old willow tree, we could look both up and down the broad light-brown river for miles and miles. The sun was low over dark-green hills, and a single white sail was moving across their almost black base. Past High Tor, to the southwest, the far shore was a luminous slab of pale blue. Upriver, the low, rumpled mountains were dark blue, then lighter and lighter, intersecting, as the Hudson twisted its way north. The water lapped at the rocks below us, and, behind us, the music came through the trees.

LGA-ORD

Then, Beckett decided to become a commercial pilot. . . .
"I think the next little bit of excitement is flying," he wrote to McGreevy. "I hope I am not too old to take it up seriously nor too stupid about machines to qualify as a commercial pilot."—"*Samuel Beckett,*" *by Deirdre Bair.*

GRAY bleak final afternoon ladies and gentlemen this is your captain your cap welcoming you aboard the continuation of Flyways flight 185 from nothingness to New York's Laguardia non non non non non non nonstop to Chicago's Ohare and on from there in the passing of gray afternoons to empty bleak eternal nothingness again with the Carey bus the credit-card machine the Friskem metal detector the boarding pass the in-flight magazine all returned to tiny bits of grit blowing across the steppe for ever

(*Pause*)

Cruising along nicely now.

(*Pause*)

Yes cruising along very nicely indeed if I do say so myself.

(*Long pause*)

Twenty-two thousand feet.

(*Pause*)

Extinguish the light extinguish the light I have extinguished the No Smoking light so you are free to move about the cabin have a good cry hang yourselves get an erection who knows however we do ask that while you're in your seats you keep your belts lightly fastened in case we encounter any choppy air or the end we've prayed for past time remembering our flying time from New York to Chicago is two hours and fifteen minutes the time of the dark journey of our existence is not revealed, you cry no you *pray* for a flight attendant you pray for a flight attendant a flight attendant comes now cry with reading material if you care to purchase a cocktail

(*Pause*)

A cocktail?

(*Pause*)

If you care to purchase a piece of carrot, a stinking turnip, a bit of grit our flight attendants will be along to see that you know how to move out of this airplane fast and use seat lower back cushion for flotation those of you on the right side of the aircraft ought to be able to see New York's Finger Lakes region that's Lake Canandaigua closest to us those of you on the left side of the aircraft will only see the vastness of eternal emptiness without end

(*Pause*)

(*Long pause*)

(*Very long pause*)

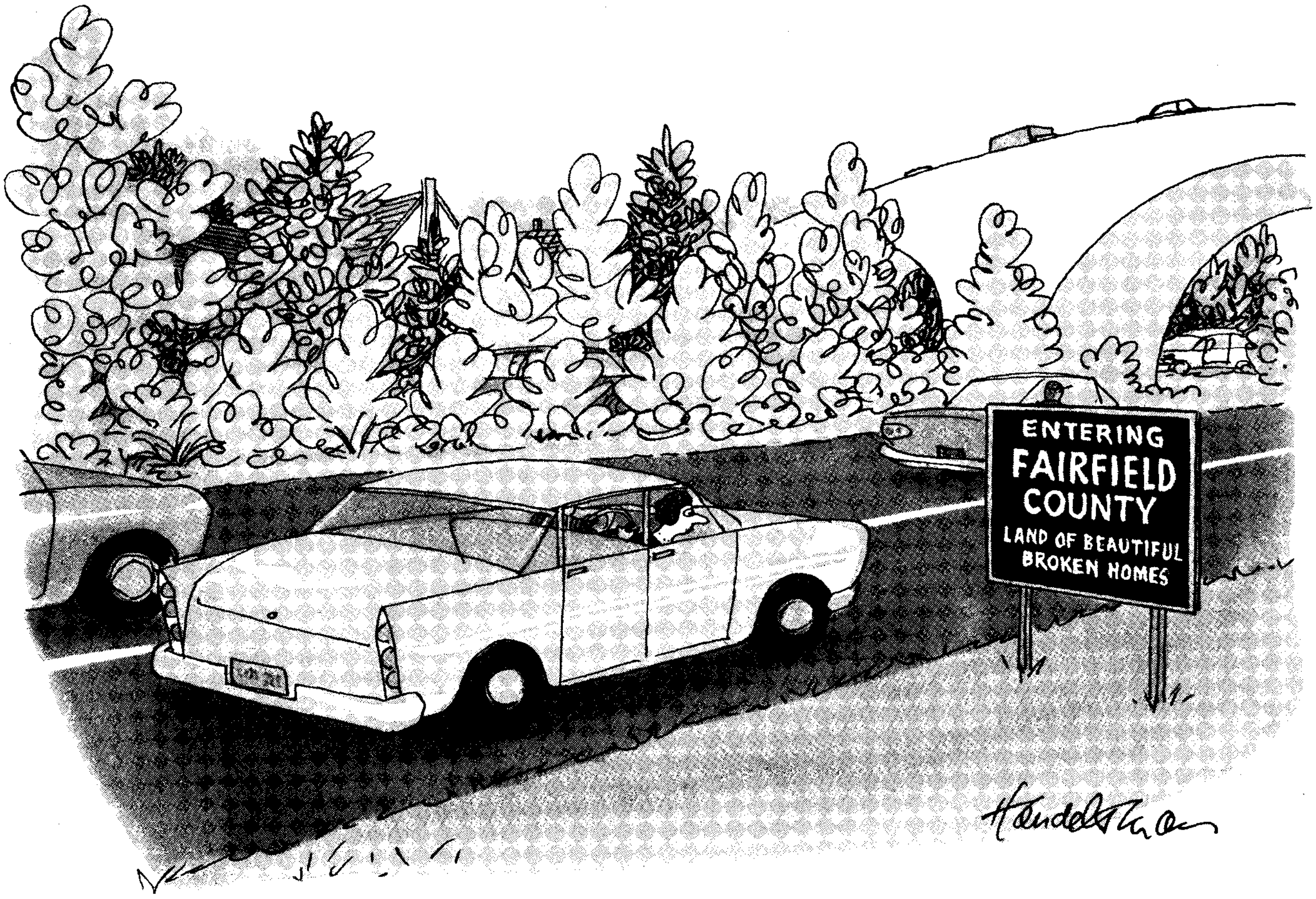
(*Long pause of about an hour*)

We're beginning our descent we're finished nearly finished soon we will be finished we're beginning our descent our long descent ahh descending beautifully to Chicago's Ohare Airport ORD ORD ORD ORD seat backs and tray tables in their full upright position for landing for ending flight attendants prepare for ending it is ending the flight is ending please check the seat pocket in front of you to see if you have all your belongings with you remain seated and motionless until the ending until the finish until the aircraft has come to a complete stop at the gate until the end

(*Pause*)

When we deplane I'll weep for happiness.

—IAN A. FRAZIER



MR. BONITO

THIS morning, as on every morning, it took Stuart Chambers a while to rise above the confusion of his sleepless night. Shaving, dressing, eating breakfast, he had to concentrate on what he was doing. And when, insulated by his heavy G.I. parka, he walked down Joy Street and through the brown, ochre, and gray Common, he looked up at the white winter sun, so as to keep his mind just above his continuing confusion. The language school was on Newbury Street. In the office to pick up the students' attendance book, he turned away from another tutor and left without speaking. As if to let no one else know he was in the building, he quietly climbed the stairs to his classroom and closed the door. He had ten minutes to sit and look at the bare top of the table before his first student arrived. He wondered what he was doing there; if he were not there, he would be in his father's wood-pulping factory in Erving, Massachusetts, which was, he had told his father, to be nowhere. But maybe that's where he should be: nowhere.

The classroom door opened, and in came the student, Mr. Bonito. Mr. Bonito was Venezuelan. He wanted to learn enough English to go to Boston University, though he did not know what he would study there. He smiled as he sat at the table, across from Stuart, and placed his briefcase before him to take out the fifteen sentences he had written for the class. He read them aloud as Stuart listened, leaning with his arms against the table edge, staring, not at the man but at the paper he held in his short fingers.

"He walked to school the last days by himself. He asked his friend if he should have walked with him. He said he should, and that tomorrow he would go to school with him."

Something was always out of whack with the sentences, which made Stuart imagine that there was something out of whack in his mind.

"Did he stayed in Maracaibo?"

The mistake was definite, and Stuart interrupted: "Stay."

Mr. Bonito looked at him, surprised that Stuart had been paying attention, and a little annoyed that he had been stopped. Then he did what he inevitably did: "Stay?"

"Did he *stay* in Maracaibo?"

The Venezuelan continued to look at him. Nothing penetrated, so Stuart repeated the word. Mr. Bonito didn't answer, however; he inclined his head over his paper and continued to read. Stuart let him.

"The wall of Peter's house is which I hit me last Monday."

That did not sound right at all. Stuart touched the corner of the paper to interrupt again. "Something is wrong," he said.

Mr. Bonito gave him the paper so he could look at the sentence more closely.

"Are you sure you mean 'hit'?" Stuart asked. He stared at the Venezuelan for a moment, waiting for a response. "Do you know the meaning of 'hit'?"

"*Sì*," Mr. Bonito said, and he tapped the edge of the table with his knuckles.

"You don't mean 'hide,' do you?" Stuart hunched down a little and hid his face with his hands.

"No," the Venezuelan said. "No hide."

"Hit?"

"Yes. I hit myself the wall."

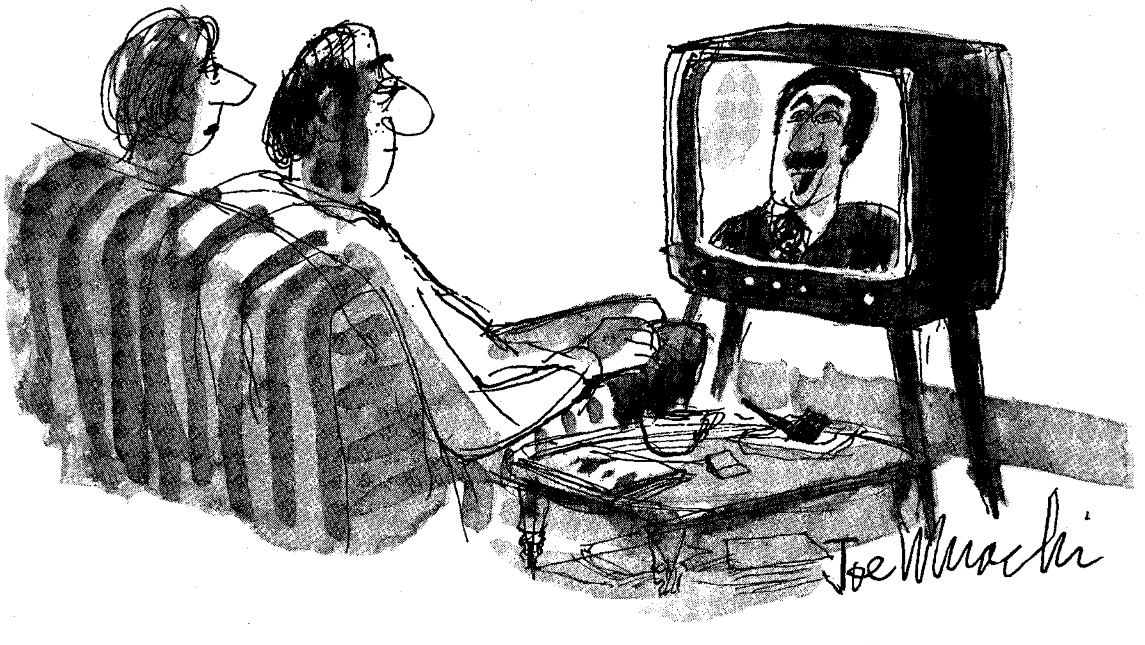
The only possible meaning Stuart could deduce from the sentence was that someone picked up the wall of Peter's house and hit himself with it last Monday. Stuart wrote above Mr. Bonito's sentence: "The wall of Peter's house is the one with which I hit myself last Monday."

He'd have to explain adjective clauses again, he thought. But after the sentences Stuart proposed that they try to strengthen the Venezuelan's vocabulary by conversation. He did not feel up to going into the refined points of grammar. He felt, instead, surrounded by the shadows of sleep he could not shake off. The subject of the conversation always had to do with Venezuela; Mr. Bonito talked about it volubly, if fragmentedly, and Stuart nodded his head.

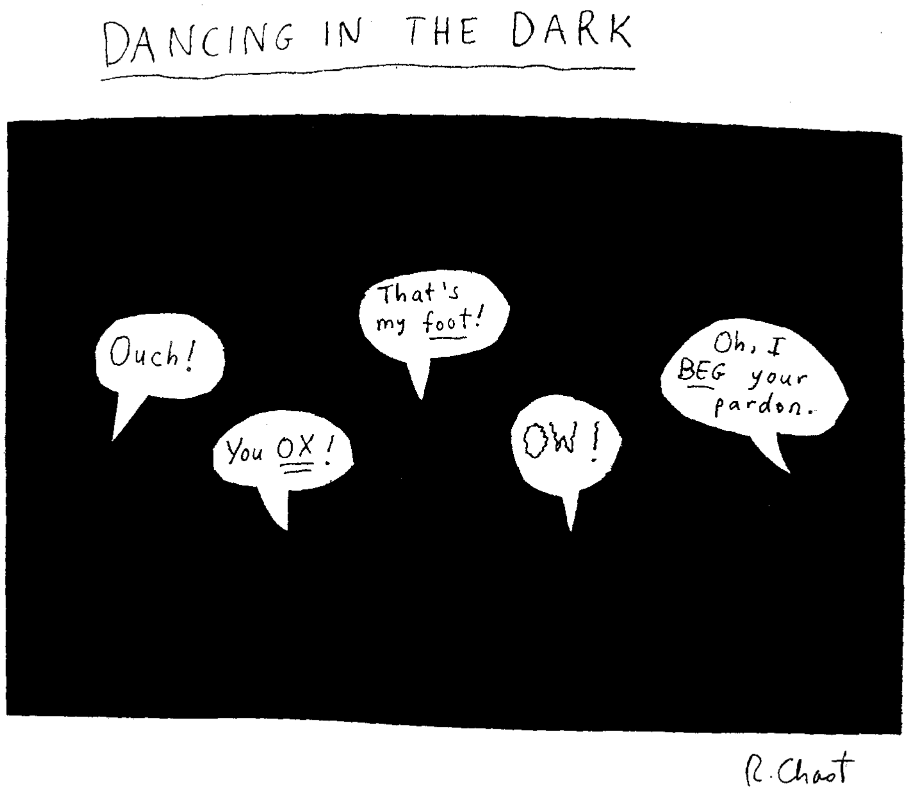
THE other classes of the day were easier; Stuart did not have to struggle as he did with his first. He had a Japanese, a Colombian, a young man from Yemen, an Italian. When he got out at five o'clock, the sun had gone.

He walked slowly through the sea of darkness of the Common and up Beacon Hill. In his small apartment, he quickly ate a sandwich and drank a cup of coffee, then settled at his desk with another cup. He sheaved through a number of loose pages, then put them down. He looked at the heavy cup with its thick rim; the coffee was steaming. He wondered if he could describe that cup. He tried. After four hours, his paragraph read:

> He went into a cafeteria. He stood before the long, gleaming counter. Beneath the glass were cut pies and jello and baked apples. A man slapped a tray down in front of him and asked him what he wanted. He said, "A slice of pumpkin pie and coffee." With that on his tray, he looked for a table. He sat. He looked at the dishes be-



"Good evening, consumers of the news."


DANCING IN THE DARK
Ouch!
You OX!
That's my foot!
OW!
Oh, I BEG your pardon.
R. Chast

• •

fore him. Some of the coffee had sloshed into the saucer. He poured it back into the cup. He lowered a sugar cube by the spoon into the cup and watched it melt. The cup

He threw it away.

THE Venezuelan was five minutes early; there was nothing to do but begin the class. Stuart decided he would let Mr. Bonito talk at length about whatever he wanted.

The Venezuelan sat back, his body loose, his palms resting on the table. He thought for a moment. "I talk about: the farm of my country."

Stuart, too, sat back. How strange it was, he thought, that this man should be talking about his country, his farm, his life there, just so that Stuart could correct him. What he said didn't matter; the important point was how it was said. Unfortunately, it was not said well at all. Stuart did not understand much, but he got a vague notion of a farm cut out of a tropical valley, horses, a combination of wealth and peasant poverty, Indians shooting poisoned arrows at airplanes.

Part of the hour was, as usual, reserved for the sentences. Smiling, expecting Stuart to be enthusiastic about his ingenuity, Mr. Bonito took out a list of translated proverbs. He read: "The river brings stones when it rings. God frees me of the quiet waters, I free of the streams." He tried to explain them, but Stuart had to stop him and tell him his English wasn't good enough to deal with proverbs, which were most likely half untranslatable in any case. But Mr. Bonito went on. "A crazy woman when she was crossing the bridge said, 'Each man love that it touch.' "

A few mornings later, the proverbs were exhausted, and Mr. Bonito, as if exhausted himself, fell back on trying to describe his daily life in Venezuela. He brought in his family. His parents appeared, two huge, dark people in a huge, dark house; and there appeared a sister in the garden who energetically shot pottery with a rifle. Mr. Bonito was lost in the talk. Stuart listened closely.

STUART found it more and more difficult to write in his room, as if all the sentences he had written there were tangled in the air. So after classes one day he went to a restaurant on Copley Square, had a hamburger and a frappé, then went into the public library. The main reading room of the library was large and nearly empty. The table lamps threw pools of light on the books and papers, but the cavernous ceiling was dim, and the highest bookshelves were lined with stark white busts illuminated by spotlights under their chins. He took a seat at the very end of one of the oak tables and pulled out some sheets from his briefcase. He looked at the few people about him, sitting, rising, walking about, talking in whispers, glancing at one another over the tops of their books and leaning toward one another. Then he looked quickly down at his papers.

He became restless. Part of his mind kept thinking of the glass cases out in the foyer in which were exhibited delicately engraved bookplates. He was trying to make his writing as clear as a pane of glass through which one could see, precisely: *an orange*, *an arm*, *a gear*. The pages glowed in the vivid blue light. It was almost impossible to get his pen in direct contact with the paper. He slid down into his seat. If only he could put his ball-point pen to the paper and let it go, and everything, all the details, would come out. He shifted his weight. If only he could pour out feathers, mounds of wet grass and leaves, clouds, baskets of fish and crabs, phials of blood, machine parts, great locks of hair, cupboardloads of china, silver, linen, cigar boxes of coins— Stuart quickly put the pages into the briefcase, pushed his chair back, and got up.

The air was cold and dark outside. He walked fast, but slowed down as he crossed the Common. He breathed in deeply to try to get the air up into his brain.

He took off his parka, jacket, tie, and shoes, once he got into his room, and sat in the lumpy overstuffed chair. He wouldn't do any writing. He stretched out his feet, and the distance from his feet to his head was vast.

HE began to find Mr. Bonito annoying, though he could not say why. In those gray mornings, the Venezuelan would, while talking, gesture as if he were struggling against rigor mortis.

"No," Stuart said. "Not 'Snows in the mountains.' '*It* snows in the mountains.' "

"Yes: *ikth* snows."

"It."

"Ikth."

This kind of thing continued until the entire lesson was brought to the extremest abstractions of pronunciation.

"Writhe."

"Widse."

"Tithe."

"Ties."

Mr. Bonito was a small, angular man, not good-looking, with tinted eyeglasses; the glasses were dark around the rims of the lenses and faded into peepholes right in the center of each lens, so his eyes appeared small and always staring. He stared a great deal, especially at Stuart's mouth. Sometimes, if the light from overhead caught him at the right angle, his face took on the stark, skull-like, Asiatic look that Stuart had learned to associate with South Americans. There was, at times, something a little frightening about Mr. Bonito's stare.

Mr. Bonito came in one morning prepared to talk about what he must have thought more topical than remote Venezuela. He had been to a football game at Boston University the Saturday before, and he described it with an enthusiasm with which Stuart did not know how to deal. Though he could do nothing to correct Mr. Bonito's gestural descriptions, Stuart had to be—there was nothing else he could be—very strict in correcting Mr. Bonito's verbal descriptions.

Mr. Bonito held his hands open, as if he had just received a pass; he crouched down, his body a little in torsion, one shoulder lowered for the crash through the line. "The balloon—"

"The football."

"The football here. He run, run, put down the people. Over the line."

"The goal line."

Mr. Bonito gave him a flickering look. "Yes." There was a moment's pause. "Well, over. The people is—"

"Are."

"The peoples are going crazy." He put his hands on his head. "Beautifully."

It was safer not to ask if the people were going crazy beautifully or if the whole spectacle was simply beautiful; he'd never get it.

"You like football?" Mr. Bonito asked.

"'*Do* you like football?' 'Yes, I *do* like football': emphatic. 'No, I *do not* like football': negative."

"Yes," the Venezuelan said. "Do you not like football?"

There was no way of knowing if Mr. Bonito knew what he was doing in using that construction; Stuart would have to let that go, too.

"Yes," Stuart said, "I do."

"Nice, eh?"

"Very nice."

Stuart got out of school just after the sun set. He crossed Arlington Street and went into the Public Garden. He had not been going to the library for a number of days. A light sea fog seemed to rise in the gray dusk from the dead leaves and the empty flower beds. Through the bare trees he saw lights of cars along Beacon Street. On the bridge he looked down to his left at the pond, on which ducks were landing and causing swishing, cold wakes. Then he saw the pagoda-like stone lantern on the curving brink of the pond, and suddenly the entire garden seemed to fade to a thin grayness about him. He hurriedly skirted the people along the paths of the garden, along Charles Street, and the wet brick sidewalks of Beacon Hill.

MR. BONITO did not come in the next two mornings. Stuart sat in the classroom, waiting.

When he did come in, Mr. Bonito excused himself for the previous mornings, and, a little guiltily, presented Stuart with thirty written sentences. Stuart tore into them. He explained his corrections with difficult references to tenses (past-perfect subjunctive) and parts of speech (intransitive verb). Mr. Bonito stared, listening. There were times when Stuart, getting up to cover the blackboard with diagrammed sentences, would turn back and imagine that Mr. Bonito, sitting still, his hands folded at the edge of the table, looked helpless.

At the end of the lesson, there was a pause. Mr. Bonito avoided Stuart's look. He glanced down at the violently corrected paper. Then, with a suddenness that was startling, he got up, he breathed deeply, he smiled at Stuart. He said, "I have party Sunday. You come?"

Stuart tried to return his stare. "No, I can't."

Mr. Bonito insisted. "Sunday after-

UNTIL THE SEA IS DEAD

What the night prepares
Day gives: this cool
Green weave to the light
Shading the darker emeralds
Of each branch as they descend
The narrow trunks of pine
And Douglas fir along the steep
Uneven slope of the hill,
Its jagged sockets of rock
And sudden gullies. Every amber
Bridge light fades at dawn,
A few redwoods cluster
By the pitted highway
At each bend, and, beyond,
Those white hummocks rise shagged
With ice plant and wiry scrub
Half a mile or so
Before they flatten at the sea.
There the shore cuts like a thin
Sickle at the fields
Of black waves. On a rise above
These dunes, I watch the wild oats
Leaning with the wind as I try
To imagine what I could
Write to you beyond these few
Details of a scene, or promises
You already know. Perhaps
I'll draw myself into the landscape
To hold you closer to it
Than I could alone. Below, the dunes
Grow dark even in this harsh
A light; the sand burns
With the same erratic white
Within a negative held up
Against the sun. These dunes—
The Dunes of Abraham—were named
For the story of a Russian
Trader who stayed
To live in the hills above Fort Ross
Long after his fur company
And its hundred soldiers sailed home
To Alaska. In the spring
His Spanish wife left him, leaving
Also the clothes and books brought
From Madrid, and her small son,
Almost two. Late one night, he took
The boy down to the dunes
And tied him against the bent
Skeleton of an overturned skiff;
In the moonlight, the child
Shone blue and flat, like the fresco
Of a cherub painted high
Across the dome of a cathedral ceiling.
The Russian took his curved fishing
Knife, then hooked
Its point into the skin below
His chin's cleft and yanked the blade
Along the fraying vein of his
Own windpipe. At dawn, a woman driving
A drag of timbers
From the mill down to the harbor
Found the boy, alive, his skin laced
By welts where the taut ropes
Webbed his body. In towns along
The coast, they said
It was a miracle the way God
Had turned the hand of Abraham away
From the son, against the father. Some
Nights, in the pockets of these dunes,
A gull or bat will sweep up
In an ashen light, startled by the whisk
Of my pants in the stiff grass;
I'll stop until the urgent flapping
Dies, until both the body

And its shadow enter the fog beginning
Its nightly burning of the shore.
As the horns sound, a beacon
From the jetty skims the vague sands
Of the reefs. From here,
I can see the husk of the De Soto
Someone pushed, last summer, off
the cliff.
If I'm tired, sometimes
I'll sit awhile in its back seat—
In the mixed scent of salt, dead mollusks,
Moldering leather, and rust. The rear axle
Caught on the last low rocks
Of the cliff, the hood nosed dead-on
Into the tentative waves of a high tide,
The odd angle of the car
Make it seem at any moment the rocks
Might give way, sending me adrift.
And I know I'll bring you here
If only to let you
Face those dreams you woke me from
One night as the shore broke; I want
You to stand *here*—
Or, if you're bored with me,
We can walk up to the Whalers' Cove
Where a few old shacks are left
By a single room-sized caldron
Blackened by its years
Of fires melting acres of fat,
A pot too huge for even the scavengers
To think of carting it away. A local
Fisherman told me it was here
The Russian and his wife
Traded those first hard vows
Made to last longer than a double
Lifetime. Some
Should know better than to promise
Time, or their bodies, even if
Trust lives first in the body
Before rising like an ether
Into the mind. Tonight, waking alone,
I'll walk out into the cold mists
Up to the circular groves
High above the cabin, where the wild
Peacocks primp by the meadows or cry
From their invisible balconies
In the trees, their screams
Those of a child. And
From a prospect
Higher still, where the trees
Begin to grow more sparse and the rocks
More bare, I can look down
Onto the whole of the small harbor,
The bridge lights swaying
Once again, the jetty warning lamps
Blinking along the tower of the unlit
Beacon. The dunes rise and fall
Like shadows of waves down to the bay.
If you had been beside me, sleepless
Or chilled by the sudden violence
Of the winds, maybe you'd have walked
Here with me, or come after
To see what kept me standing in
the night—
You'd see nothing. Only, what
Dissolves: dark to dawn, shore to wave,
Wings to fog, a branch to light—
The vague design that doesn't come
From me, yet holds me
To it, just as you might, another time.
And just as the Russian paced here
Rehearsing these lines, looking
Down onto the cove and whalers' shacks,
Where she waited, drawing a black
Comb out of her hair, I'll
Say for both of us the small prayer
Sworn to live beyond the night:
Until the stars run to milk,
Until the earth divides, until these waves
No longer rake the headland sands,
Until the sea is dead. . . .

—David St. John

• •

noon. You come." He made a paternal beckoning gesture with both hands raised. "Yes?"

"No," Stuart heard himself say. "No, thank you, I can't."

He slept late on Saturday, then took his time getting up, eating, and half dressing in chinos and a T-shirt—all to put off having to sit at his desk.

As it got late, the house about him echoed with running showers, voices, footsteps of people preparing to go out. The whole Saturday night, like a great restless dark body about his own, seemed to Stuart to itch for something to happen.

By Sunday, he was feverish. He felt he could not leave his room, where everything was disordered. He must concentrate, he thought, on small actions. Perhaps he should wash the dishes. Touching his chin, he decided he would shave. In the bathroom, he lingered over shaving, and felt briefly contained by the steam, the soap, the hot water. Drying his face and emerging into the small room, however, he realized that the following day was Monday, a class day, and that he had stacks of papers to correct. He approached the papers, glanced at the top sheet—a composition by Mr. Bonito on the first page of which, in big letters, he had written his address. Stuart thought, reaching for his clothes, that he must get out.

He stared at dress dummies in a sunny window on Charles Street, magazines in racks behind the locked glass door of a newspaper shop, plastic flowers in the window of a deserted restaurant. He went into a drugstore, and at the soda fountain ordered a cup of coffee. He listened to a man and woman, a few stools down from him at the fountain, talk.

A half hour later, helpless, he took the trolley to Mr. Bonito's house, in Brookline. A woman wearing a small white apron showed him through a hall with gilded chairs, large framed pictures, a rug patterned with pink roses into a room filled with what appeared to Stuart enormous people, standing about, motionless, looking at him with expansive smiles.

When Mr. Bonito came toward him, his hands out, Stuart took a step back. Mr. Bonito grabbed his elbows. He said, "I happy you come there."

Stuart said nothing.

Mr. Bonito seemed to study his face as if for an expression of why he had come. "You drink?"

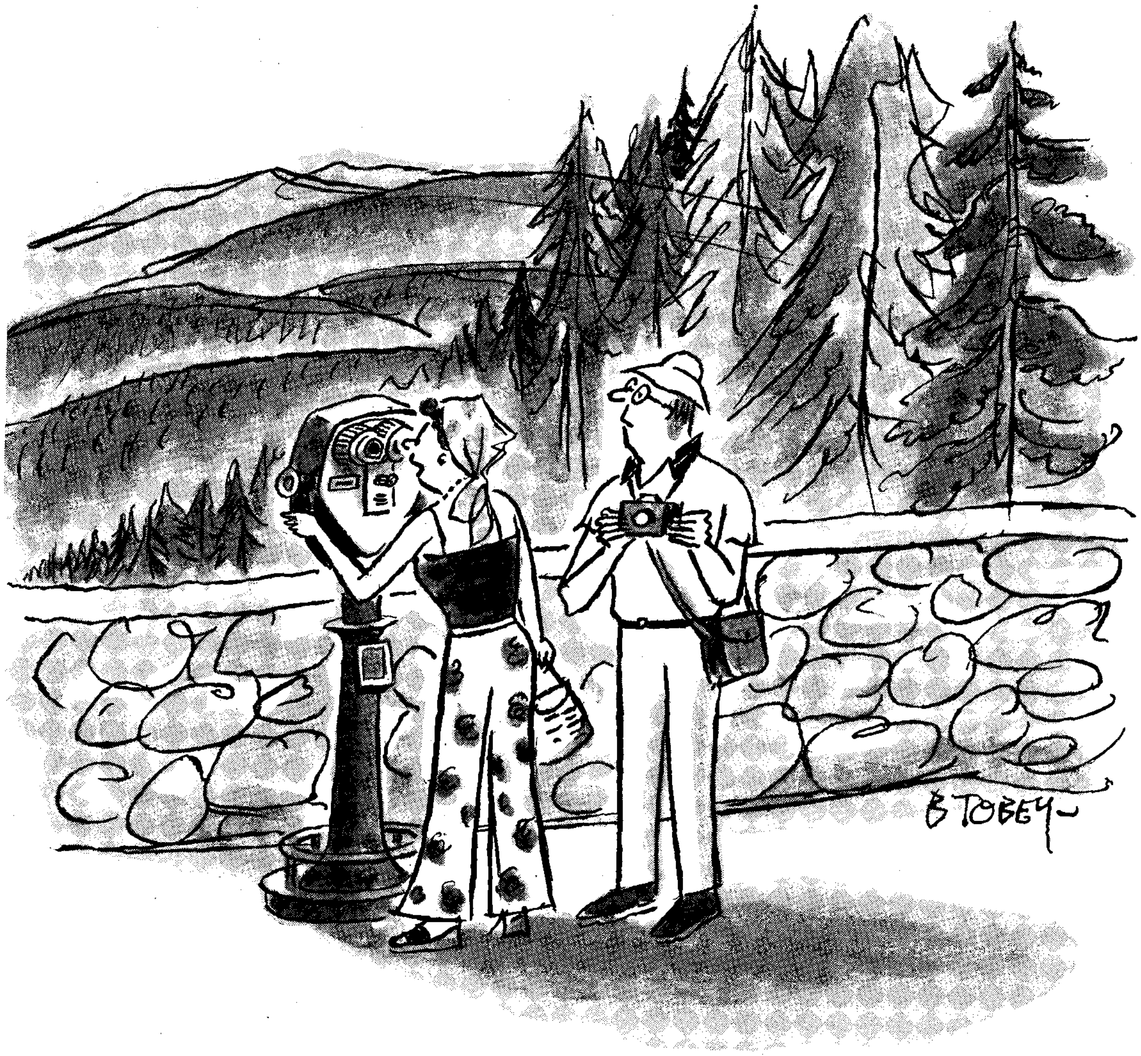
"A Scotch-and-soda," Stuart said.

The Venezuelan got him the drink, and they stood together, silent, just inside the room. Mr. Bonito's guests stepped about carefully and spoke softly, all the while, Stuart knew, conscious of him. Holding his drink, he turned away and looked at a dark painting of a jungle; the canvas, behind glass, was torn. He wondered what the people were thinking and saying about him. Seeing himself reflected in the glass of the picture, he felt a shiver run through his body, and he turned back to Mr. Bonito and said, smiling, "You have a lovely home."

"Yes, a lovely home."

Mr. Bonito reached out his hand to a couple, a fat man and woman, who were standing nearby, and he said something to them in Spanish; they stepped forward and Mr. Bonito introduced them to Stuart. Stuart raised his glass to them and said, "*Salud.*" They laughed. Mr. Bonito, his eyes wide, said to Stuart, "You speak Spanish?" "No," Stuart said. Mr. Bonito patted his shoulder. "You speak Spanish." He waved toward others to come to be introduced. Someone touched him on the shoulder.

The afternoon deepened, and, drinking more and more, Stuart tried to speak, in very garbled English, to Mr. Bonito's friends and relatives. The setting sun cast great glowing squares on



"All I see is more trees."

• •

the walls. French doors were opened, and Stuart saw a vast, illuminated table in another room piled with dishes, silver, flowers, platters of food, and he followed the others in, where dishes were pushed at him from all sides.

With food and more drink, the talk and laughter swelled. Stuart, talking to Mr. Bonito, was not at all sure what he himself was saying. In the midst of the talk, Mr. Bonito's face beaming close to him, it occurred to him he had never before spoken to any of the students outside the school; for a second he stared hard at Mr. Bonito, and then said he had to go.

But Mr. Bonito refused to let him go before he saw the baby. He brought him to a dim room, where Stuart stood above the crib, in which the baby was a warm blur. Stuart whispered, "How old?"

Mr. Bonito held up four fingers.

"Four months?"

"Yes." He paused. "Four monds." And then he turned away. "Ah, I never learn." It was as if he had been waiting for hours to say just this.

Stuart hesitated. "Don't worry," he said.

Mr. Bonito looked back at him. "But I never go B.U."

Stuart looked into his eyes. "Perhaps not."

Mr. Bonito sighed deeply. "Is a big deception for me."

"Not going to B.U.?"

"So"—he wriggled his fingers—"is the language."

Stuart said nothing; his head was expanding with all he had drunk.

Mr. Bonito sighed again. "Are aware of but a great confusion, no?" He looked down, then up, and it occurred to Stuart that he was pleading with him to agree. "No?"

"Yes," Stuart said.

It took Mr. Bonito a moment to react; when he did, it was with passionate commiseration in shaking Stuart's hand. "Anyway, I see you tomorrow."

"Yes," Stuart said. He had tears in his eyes.

FROM the M.T.A. station at Massachusetts Avenue he walked home slowly, through the late night. The gusts of wind rushing down Newbury Street pulled at him from all directions, so his coat flapped, and he had to lower his head to catch his breath. Everything about him was agitated, dark yet vivid. He did not know why, but he felt that anything could happen in the night. The wind shook the bare trees, and shadows thrashed against the sidewalks and housefronts. At times, he thought it was about to take him off his feet. Shapes seemed to be blown about and over him. He saw the trumpeting angels around the bell tower of the First Baptist Church soar out, trailing the church and the attached buildings after them. He saw shapes of roofs and chimneys fly off, and the contents of buildings spill out: tables, chairs, refrigerators, rugs, sinks, beds, and twisting blankets and sheets. He crossed Arlington Street, seemed to glide over the Public Garden, shapes of trees and statues and canvas-covered swan boats rising and swirling about him, then passed into the Common, where he stopped and, as from a great height, saw wharves, office buildings, overpasses, factories, bridges, houses, theatres, bars. And the shapes of people rose from them; masses and masses of people rose. Oh, the shapes rose!

—DAVID PLANTE

•

GINGER CRACKLE TOPS . . . two cups sifted all purpose flour, two tsp. cinnamon, one-and-a-half tsp. baking soda, one-half tsp. salt, three-quarters cup shortening, one cup sugar, one uneaten egg, one-quarter cup molasses. And granulated sugar to roll cookie balls in.—*Victoria (B.C.) Colonist.*

Stop staring at that egg!

HUNTER OUT OF SEASON

THEY know who it is. Jamie Topher from over the ridge in Chamberton has always poached on Worton. From the time he was a boy he's had slingshots for the street lamp, hoses for the gas tanks, and fishing rods for Mary's pond, which he knows is posted. There have been bad checks for Mrs. Presnell at the store, bushel baskets for Granger's cornfields—tools, Mary says, for flouting civilization and taking what isn't his. He's drilled holes in the stop sign from a hundred yards in broad daylight and taken frogs by night with flashlight and gigging pole.

In recent years Jamie has said he'd like a place of his own in Worton—a farm to work. The dream of a wastrel; no one believes it. His father and brothers are stonemasons, known through this side of the county for chimneys that draw and a day's work for the wage. Wanting him to come up the hard way, carrying stone and mixing mortar as they had, they couldn't bring Jamie into the trade.

Looking down at things from the ridge, Jamie has never doubted which way to go. The view of Worton in the valley has been on postcards—a checkerboard of corn, alfalfa, soybeans, and rye; the squares outlined in gray stone and the house lots in picket fence. He spies with admiration on the game below, deciding which squares to hop across and which to land on. Now there are two widows living right next to each other down there. Mary's place sits on the edge of the village, and behind her, at the foot of the ridge, is Mrs. Hope's house. Before his accident Mr. Hope helped in Mary's fields, which run over to Granger's big dairy. Beyond that, you can see the Warren farm, where so many acres are being wasted—running to ragweed and thistle.

Jamie is a hunter out of season, a tall strider with a handsome face. He's a noisy one, with his yahooing and rifle reports from the hills, calling down rude challenges and announcing his success with the game. They know he's also been successful with Mary's daughter Vivian, who, when asked a direct question, won't deny she thinks he's cute. And if enough people would get their stories straight about what they saw the night of the tragedy, they should have him dead to rights. Jamie Topher is wanted for questioning in Worton.

The time to catch him is the odd day he comes by the store for a slab of cheddar off the wheel and a box of salt crackers. When Mary sees him slipping into the village one July morning, she calls Nell Cooley, who stops for Walter Short on her way to the store. As county bailiff, Mr. Short was in a courtroom maybe thousands of times, and is acquainted with the various ways of taking evidence and getting down to the truth of a thing, though he's older now and does not care for a fight.

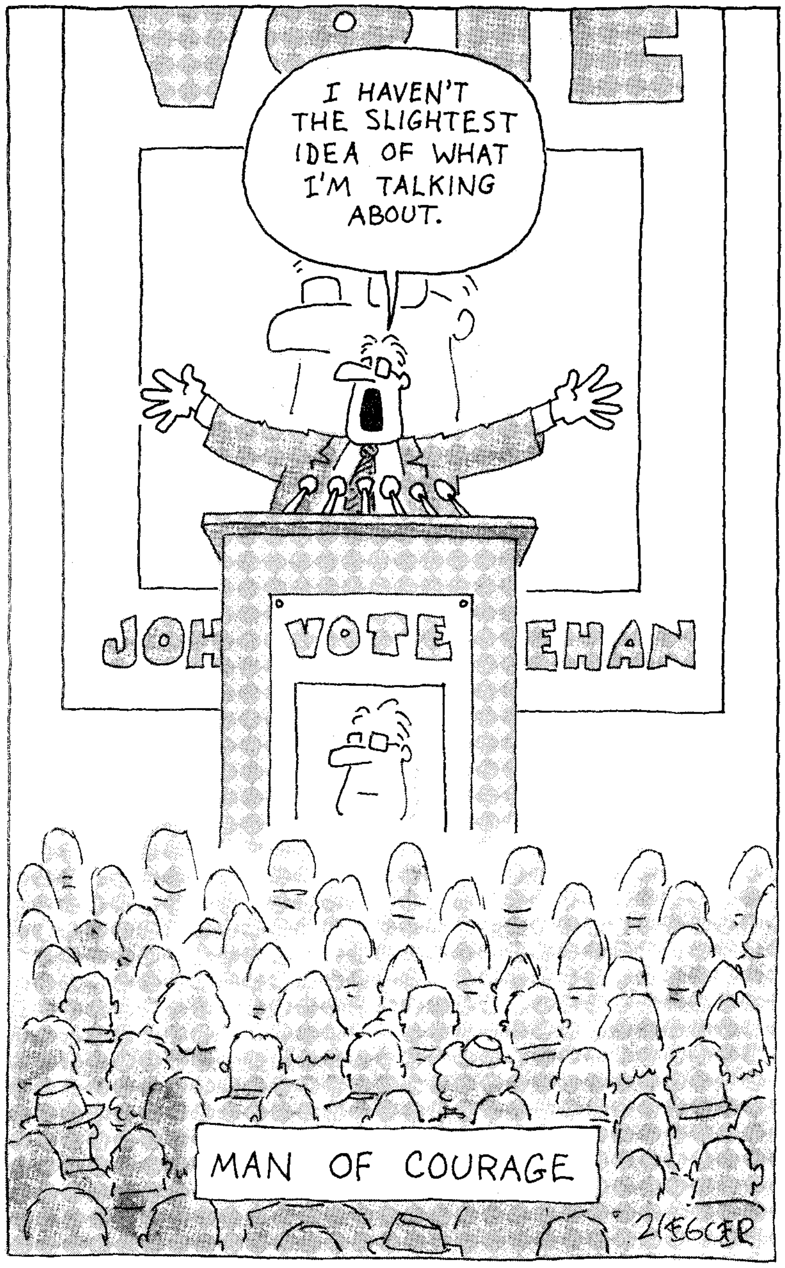
When they reach the store, Mother Crider is already there. She's been missing watermelons from her patch. They are the smaller, round kind of melon—the same kind Jamie Topher has been seen slicing and then pinching the seeds of at Mrs. Presnell's dog.

Mr. Short is asked to begin, but he's watching his shoes. Maybe Mary. She's had talks with Jamie before, asking doesn't he think he's old at twenty-three to be seeing her daughter Vivian, hardly sixteen. Trying to be just friends, Mary offered him the fruit of her orchard, eggs, garden vegetables, and more. But what use when Jamie had long since solved the tricky latch on her henhouse and had already taken a proprietary interest in her trees and garden. "Sevin is the thing," he told her once. "It kills your whole line of pests."

"Well, Jamie," says Mother Crider. "You never went to the funeral, did you?"

"I'm afraid of things that sad," says Jamie. "I've never seen earth shovelled over man. I didn't even go to my mother's funeral." Anyone can chat him up while he slices his cheese and washes his gums with a cherry soda. "I'm blocking trade," he says, stepping back from the counter.

Vivian enters the store and tries to pull Jamie away. She's whispering new information in his ear. It's no use Mary telling her, "Go home, dear." Mother Crider


VOTE
I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA OF WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.
JOH
VOTE
EHAN
MAN OF COURAGE
ZIEGLER

"It's a completely unspoiled country. You don't even see any jogging."

• •

says, "Vivian, do as your mother tells you," but Vivian stares needles at her and asks how could they arrange an ambush like this.

From twelve through fifteen, Vivian experienced loneliness and dejection. Trysting with Jamie has brightened her. She has stopped shirking house chores and Mary is pleased with her attitude on language and the church. But how many times has the orchard grass of Mary's fifteen unmown acres taken the warm print of Vivian and Jamie? And how many times has Vivian held the screen door back from slapping the jamb at a small hour of the morning—sneaking home with a happy guilt, so willing to help with tomorrow's canning or the next church supper?

"You didn't like Mr. Hope, did you, Jamie?" Nell Cooley says. "Not since he surprised you with the electric wire on his rabbit hutch."

"Only a six-volt system," Jamie says. "More than that, a rabbit would twitch and not perform its multiplications."

"Or a man his subtractions," Mary says.

Mr. Short asks, "Would you tell us where you were the night of June eleven?"

"I'm no good on month numbers," Jamie says.

"The night Mary saw you," Nell Cooley helps him. "Carrying Mr. Hope's overalls out of her barn and she called for you to bring them back but you kept on down the path." Jamie has a way of cocking his head and grinning when someone has the drop on him.

"Hearsay," Mr. Short warns. "Jamie, did you take his overalls?"

"They were torn in one leg," Jamie says.

"He doesn't deny it," Mother Crider notices. "He hasn't denied a thing." She remembers Jamie as a small boy and the summer she hired him to keep her yard tidy. He "lost" her pruning shears, stepladder, and tomato wire all in the same week, and she had to let him go.

Jamie is always blamed, Vivian thinks, even when he couldn't have been responsible. For instance, last summer when the twin walnut trees disappeared from behind Granger's house, the week Granger went to Ohio. Jamie has just a chain saw and a pickup. Not a logging truck. But Vivian doesn't want to get them started on that again.

Mr. Short is almost complaining when he asks, "Why can't you leave us alone, Jamie?" His question conceals another: Why come from Chamberton all the way to Worton, which is two miles up and down, hiking cross-country, or six miles over switchback washboard in the pickup? After all, three miles in the other direction is Mercer, with a movie and girls who wear halters in the drugstore.

"Jamie, we're not accusing you," Mary says. "We're only asking. You knew Mr. Hope couldn't swim, didn't you?"

"I've seen him do the dog paddle."

"Yes," Nell Cooley whispers to Mr. Short, "and now the dead man's float." Mother Crider is right about Jamie. He hasn't denied a thing. If his answers seem defiant, they are delivered softly, after reflection.

Jamie belongs to Worton by forced adoption. They have never been scared of him, regardless of the deer rifle or chain saw. It's only when he's at a distance that he seems menacing. Like the times he's cutting wood on the ridge, his voice riding down to the village on the saw's motor: "Not my land, not my wood, come and catch me if you could." Or when he stands two fields away with his rifle and tries to dot the "I" on the NEHI sign across the road.

"Isn't it a fact, Jamie," asks Mr. Short, "that Mr. Hope told you not to cut cordwood off his place?"

"I told him I wouldn't take any locust straight enough for fence posts."

"Tell us what you saw, Jamie," Short says, "the night of the tragedy."

"I saw Vivian for a while, until her mother rang the bell for her to come up to the house."

"He tried to disguise himself in the overalls," Mother Crider says. "Mary saw him."

But Mary isn't certain now that it was Jamie. He helps her through uncomfortable testimony. He wasn't wearing the overalls, he wants them to know. He was carrying them, because Vivian liked something to sit on by the pond.

"Ah." Mr. Short is ready this time. "But she was already home." When they all turn on Vivian, she says she only went out again to tell Jamie he'd have to leave.

It's always been said of Jamie that he has a lot of native intelligence. Nell Cooley believes what they mean to say is that he's a born confidence man. But he has his warm side, Mary thinks, and this is the side to approach him from. She knows Jamie grieved over Mr. Hope's passing. Hope made the village a challenge—always up and watching for the boy's night sporting around the fields and barns. And when Jamie brought Hope's hat up to the widow's door, Mary happens to know he cried. Mrs. Hope told her so.

"What have you got there?" Mrs. Hope had asked him.

And Jamie had said, "Maybe you recognize it."

"It's my husband's hat."

"Yes," Jamie said. "But we can't find him. He went in the pond and now we can't see him."

Mrs. Hope shrieked and Jamie stood away from her waving arms, backing across the yard, just out of reach.

After the funeral, Mrs. Hope went South to visit a sister, and Jamie went to work on her woodpile—adding, not subtracting. They heard his saw every day until he had five cords cut and stacked by the back door. "So she won't have winter worry when she gets back," he told Vivian. The others think it's the least he could have done under the circumstances, which, weeks later, they are still trying to confirm.

Of course Jamie has told his story many times to the authorities. But Worton wants the details. For instance, Nell Cooley has always wondered how the overalls alone could have provoked Hope into the water, and Mary is confused about the timing. Was Jamie holding the overalls at his side like a red cape to a bull? Or was he trying to put them on when Hope grabbed for them and fell in?

Jamie recalls the evening started with Granger's dog. The shepherd was barking. A dog like that doesn't belong on a friendly farm. Being so mean, it could get shot. Jamie crossed to the Warren place, the shame of the community. Something should be done about Warren, who lives in another state and hasn't paid attention to his land since he lost his man two years ago.

He is said to hold the property as a real-estate investment. Still, he should be a better neighbor than to let thistle go to seed. A year ago Jamie offered to work the farm, but Warren wouldn't have him. Jamie's reputation went against him. Machinery is rusting, although there's a tractor that will start. Jamie keeps it gassed up for night riding. Vivian, afraid of what could happen, made him promise that evening not to use it.

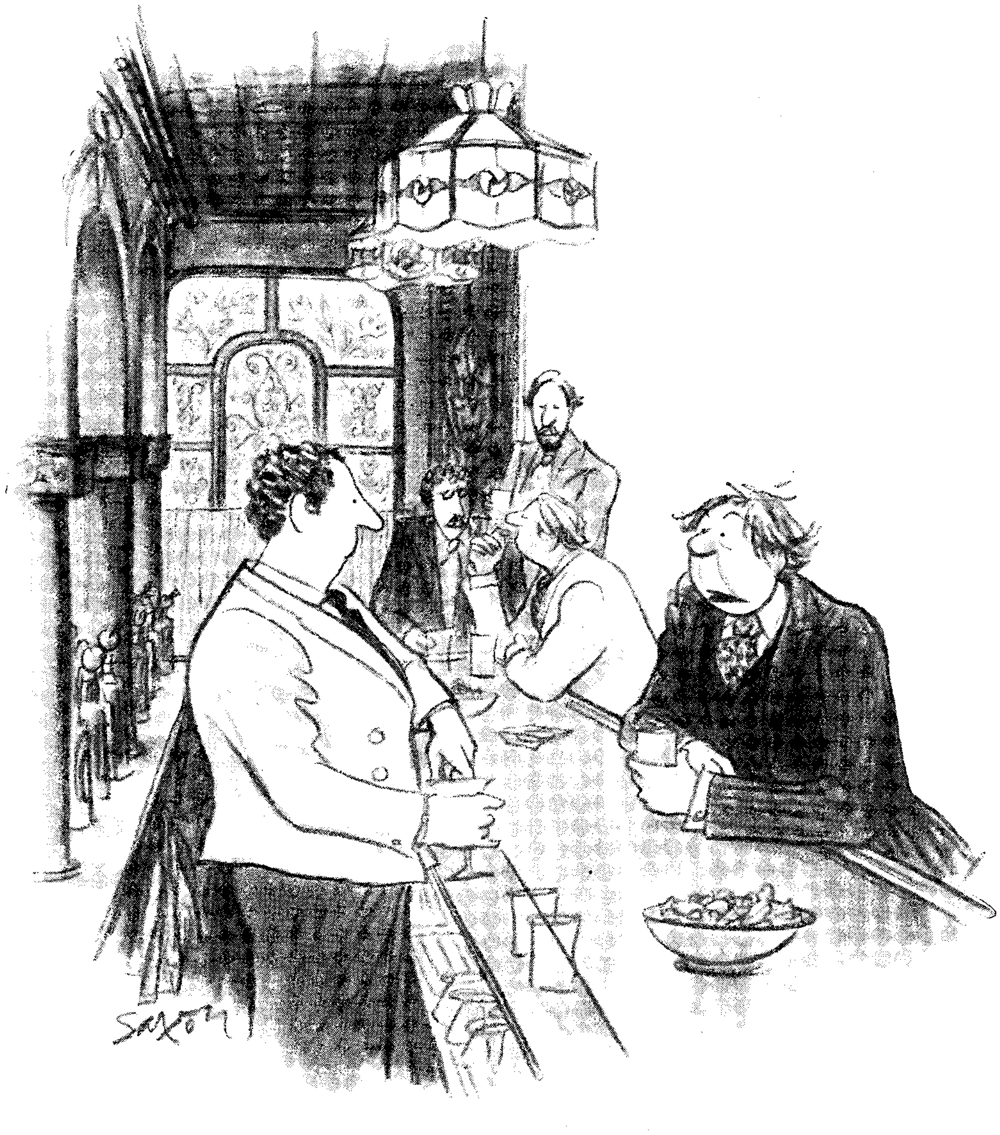
For a moment the memory comes back sweetly. Vivian had been waiting for him at the pond. Then she was naked in the grass and Jamie down to his shorts. They heard Hope's whistling. Jamie grabbed the overalls and started toward the pond, making as much noise as he could, until the beam of Hope's flashlight caught him on the dock. Hope and he were not exactly arguing, just talking, when Jamie started backing out over the water. That's all Vivian saw, because by then she was dressed and heading for the house.

Jamie remembers moving backward as Hope advanced. Some planks were loose, but Hope moved easily on the dock. They talked amiably of fish and the chance of rain. The struggle came after Hope recognized the flecks of paint on a buckle of his overalls. "Give them," he said, and acted as if he were being mocked when Jamie answered, "Remember your palpitations."

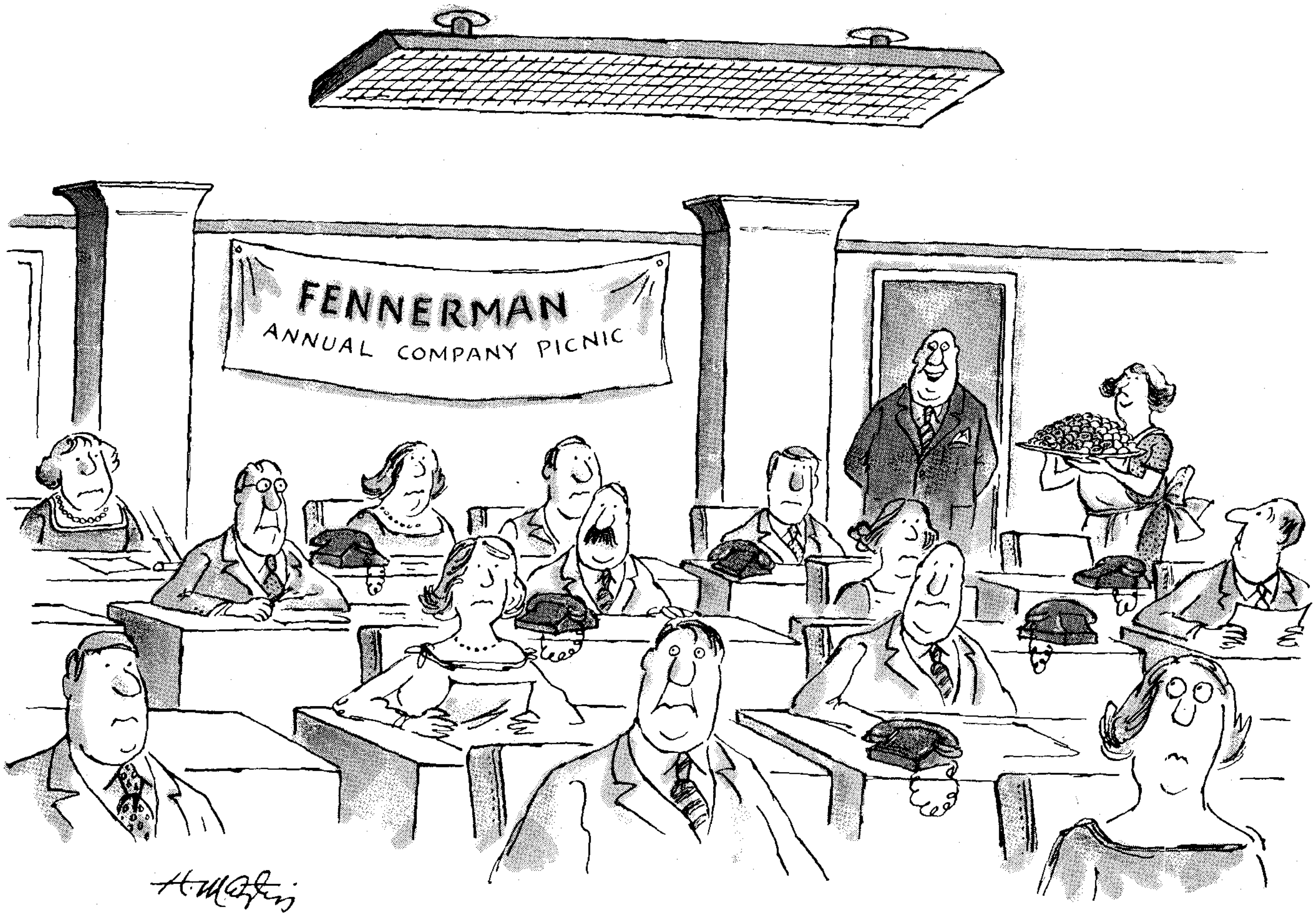
"One thing is this," Jamie tells his audience in the store. "The water at the end of the dock wasn't that deep." Hope must have got out over his head with his thrashing around.

But why couldn't the boy pull him to safety, Mary wonders.

The question in Mr. Short's mind is why haven't they all been more wary of Jamie. Don't they know he's capable of anything? Like the time he made Mrs. Presnell's son David play jump rope over the turning blade of a scythe, and after David passed the test took him to the store for a Creamsicle. Jamie said they were friends now and



"Just once I'd like somebody to walk up to me and say, 'I read your latest ad, and I enjoyed it very much.' Is that too much to ask?"



"It is my pleasure to welcome you all to the annual company picnic! Mrs. Mallory will get things started by passing around the devilled eggs."

• •

could go to the carnival together. It was exciting to be on the warm side of Jamie. The boy begged so hard that Mrs. Presnell let him go.

Questioning finished for this time, Jamie backs out the door. He's promised Mother Crider he'll work her garden next season and has told them how he's doing all Mrs. Hope's chores without pay. That's the way it is with him.

FROM the ridge, Jamie looks down on his favorite village and fields. The pattern of crops below is spoiled only by the yellow tops of ragweed in Mr. Warren's squares. Jamie's going down there tonight, but not to see Vivian. He told her to stay out of his way this once.

He isn't even taking his rifle. If Granger's dog bothers him, he'll just bend over as if he means to pick up a stone. No one sees him as Jamie moves behind Warren's machinery shed. Single-handed it's tricky to maneuver the tractor's tow bar over the plow hitch, but he gets the pins in place and then waits for dark.

The tractor's headlamps give enough light for his work. Jamie doesn't need to see behind him. He can feel the drag as the ground rolls out in three brown curls. He's made several passes across the field when he sees Vivian in front, signalling him. She could get run over that way.

There's no stopping. And she's trying to run ahead of him. The weeds are as tall as she is as she crosses in front, and the wheel is past her when he hears her scream to stop. The plowing will take a long time to finish—maybe all night. They'll be coming to look for Vivian if she doesn't get up and go home. He hopes she'll hide and wait for him somewhere.

Before dawn, neighbors are hunting in pairs for Vivian—walking along the stone walls and hedgerows, calling into the fields. Working systematically, according to the plan devised by Mr. Short, they move across the valley toward the mountain, checking back periodically with the search car on the road. Mary has been told to stay in her kitchen and keep coffee ready.

No one suggests the pond may have to be dragged again, but Mary knows that Mr. Presnell has been sent for a stronger light that will penetrate to the bottom of wells, and Mother Crider is trying the doors of two abandoned refrigerators. People are telling Mary perfectly stupid things, like no news is good news.

It's a quiet morning on the ridge—the distant voices still calling "Vivian" hardly audible. At gray light Jamie is thinking of a future. A reasonable mortgage. Plowing on contours, like the extension agent says. Crop rotation. He has no argument with government or science.

From where she lies curled and comfortable on the warm side of Jamie, Vivian wishes that there were more night, that he would stop mumbling and fall asleep again. But he's soon up and waiting for the sun to strike his altered patch of the landscape. Even from cars coming through the gap on the state route they'll be able to see it—the yellow square turned brown. And Jamie will always know where to find seed.

—JOHN ROLFE GARDINER

PROFILES

A MOMENT

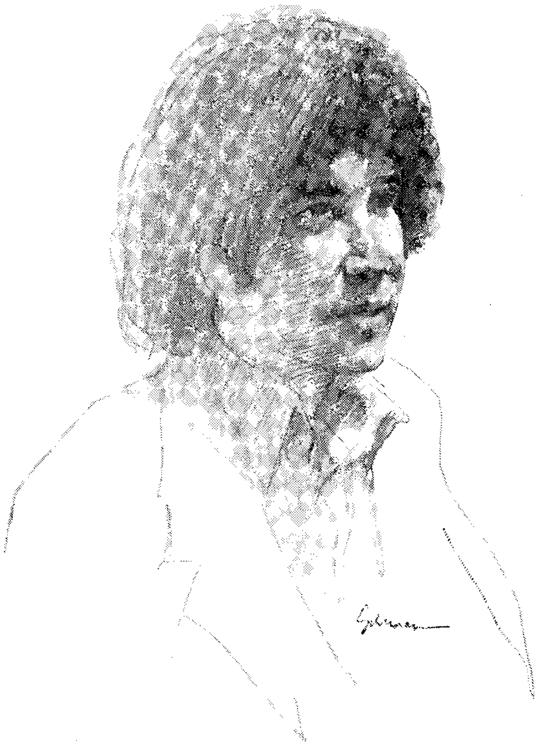
All my dreams, for years afterward, always took place at Ackerman's.—*Robert Allan Ackerman.*

A QUARTER of a mile down Calais Road from a village called Mount Freedom, on a chilly autumn day, there are piles of earth and rubble on the left. Dump trucks and bulldozers have come to rest there at the end of their own tracks. Nothing moves except a thin column of smoke—white against the lumpy red-brown New Jersey hills, then vanishing in the clear sky. Two large one-story buildings—white stucco, flat-roofed—still stand. Between them are a concrete slab with the faded outline of a shuffleboard court; an empty blue swimming pool; some rusted chairs. There is also a small, high storage building; one wall is marked for handball, but a big hole has been knocked through it. A rusted metal sign leans there: "RENT A CHAISE. SPECIAL MONTHLY & SEASONAL RATES." A picture of a chaise longue is vaguely discernible, although the paint has blistered. The rest of the area is mostly bulldozed earth, dead wild flowers, bare woods. In the shelter of one of the large white buildings, a group of men are warming themselves around an outdoor fire of scrap lumber heaped on what was once a picnic grill: the source of the smoke. They are workers who, under a program set up by the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act, are using the buildings to learn construction (and demolition) skills. The building that shelters them is open to the weather, its windows long gone. There is a vast dining room with a floral carpet—once red, now pink. Dozens of radiators are stacked on it. In the middle is a rectangle of tiles sticking up every which way—a dance floor. Behind swinging doors lies an enormous kitchen, with wooden freezers and with seven black stoves, side by side.

The other large building has a terrace with an iron railing, and above the front doors is painted:

Coffee Shoppe
ACKERMAN'S
Cocktail Lounge

Inside, to the right, is a dark room with a bar in the shadows; to the left is another room—the coffee shop. A hall leads between the two rooms to a much bigger room—a long, wide, pine-panelled room with many small chandeliers. For some reason, all the lights are on. It is startling; unsettling. The bright room in the dark building in the bulldozed landscape is like the vivid center of a dream whose edges blur. Time has snaked its way around, and twenty years have dropped away. At the end of the room is the single thing that matters in this dream, preserved as in a dream: a simple wooden stage—no wings or flies or backstage space, but of ample size—with a curved apron and, from its low proscenium, a fancy curtain looping, set with sparkles.



Robert Allan Ackerman

•

A play is a moment . . . but you have to write a whole play to make that moment happen.—*Thomas Babe.*

AT a quarter past eleven on a gray, uncertain autumn morning, a man is walking east on Forty-third Street, moving through the squalid blocks—Tenth Avenue, Ninth Avenue, Eighth Avenue—past winos and scavengers, shabby hotels: a neighborhood of painful circumstances and limited anticipations. For him, however, it is the opposite. There is a spring to his step, a briskness, because he is approaching a moment that he has looked forward to for much of his life. In a few minutes, it will occur. It can happen only once; it will be specific, simple, and brief. He hurries along. Of all the people on this grim street this morning, he is surely the most expectant.

He is a lean, good-looking, youthful man of thirty-five, with a mane of frizzy hair. He has a long, ski-jump nose—a Modigliani nose—and an open, receptive expression. His eyes are responsive, warm. He smiles easily. He wears old jeans and has a scarf on over his coat, although it is not very cold: it could *get* cold. Perhaps the scarf is ceremonial. He is not an imposing figure. In other places, at other times, he will seem to drift—a genial, almost passive presence. When he is at work, he can appear aimless, floating with the current. This is deceptive. Gradually, it becomes apparent that he *is* the current—a gentle one that proceeds with hardly a ripple, but one that goes exactly where it wants to go, and carries everybody with it.

The clock on the Times Building, across Forty-third Street, says eleven-twenty-nine as he reaches his destination. Two hours earlier, a big truck was parked here. "MARTY OTTONE, INC.—SIGN ERECTORS" was painted on the doors of its cab. Several men were standing next to it, drinking coffee from cardboard containers, and on the truck's flatbed, beneath a hoist, was visible half of a large sign. It said:

RICH
GE
i
BE

Now the truck is gone, and the signs it carried are in place. A ladder still leans against the marquee of the theatre—the New Apollo. From the west, where the man is approaching, the marquee says:

RICHARD
GERE
in
BENT

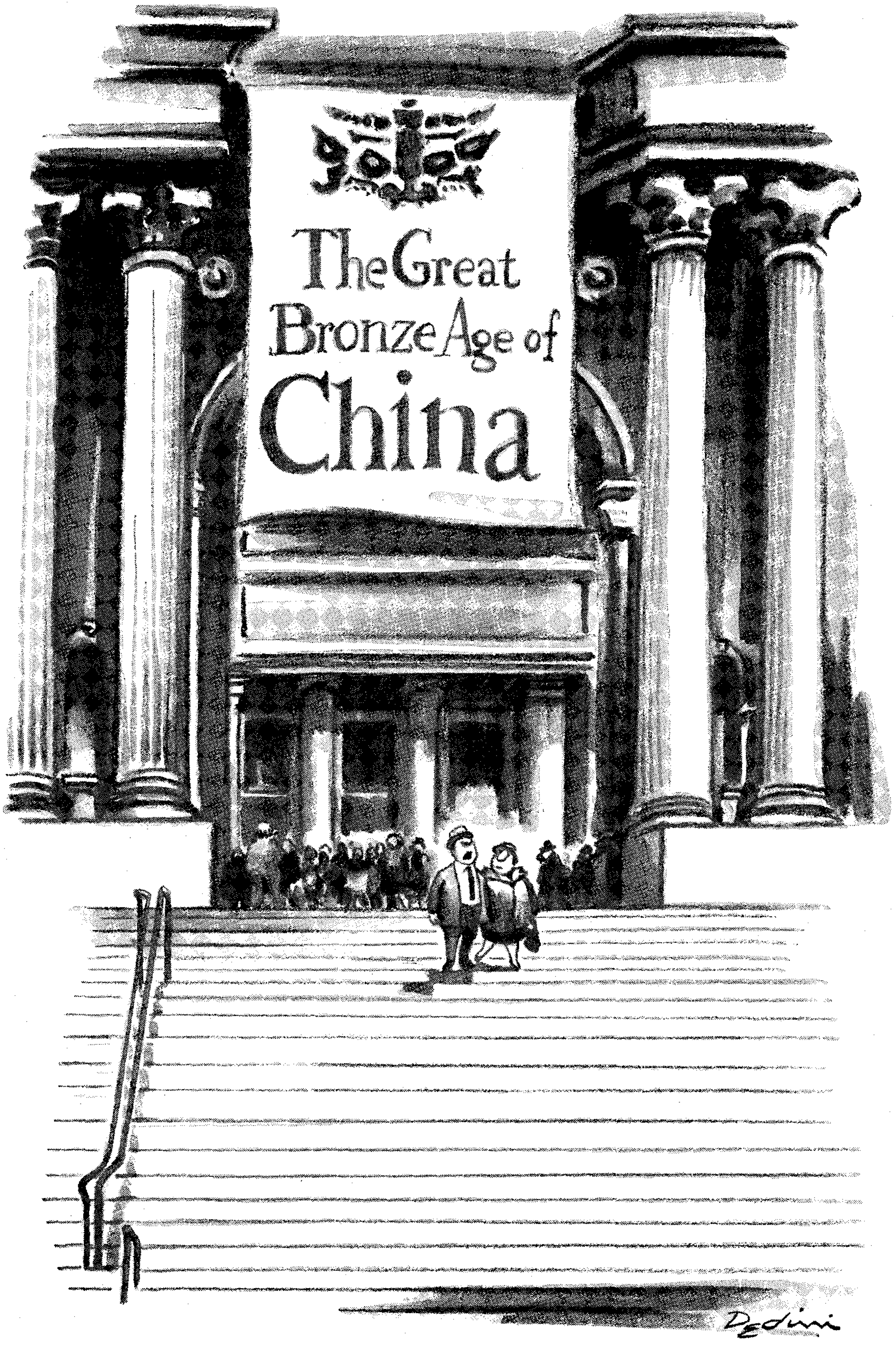
The young man begins to smile, but he walks straight on, under the marquee, past the doors, and goes perhaps twenty paces beyond without looking back. Then he stops, and slowly turns around. He does not hurry. This is, for him, a drama—and drama is his profession. Even though this moment is only a one-man show, he is nevertheless directing it, and it must have timing and pace. After all, it is one performance only; then it will lodge itself in his memory, and when he plucks it out, years from now, it should look *right.*

Taking his time, he raises his head. He looks at the east side of the marquee. The big letters announce, on separate lines, the star of the play; the play; the playwright; a supporting actor; and then—the two last lines—

DIRECTED BY
ROBERT ALLAN ACKERMAN

Ackerman smiles. Then he beams. "It feels good," he murmurs. Then he bursts into laughter. "It feels *great!*" he exclaims. He moves here and there, as pedestrians go by around him, his gaze never leaving the marquee.

ACKERMAN: My father was a furrier. His place—Marty Ackerman's—was in a loft on Twenty-seventh Street. It was a small business, with just a few employees. When he died, there was nothing left. From the time I was about fourteen until I was seventeen, I'd work for him during school vacations and on Jewish holidays. I'd go up in an elevator to the loft. There was the steady sound of sewing machines, and my nose always itched from the fur flying around. At the end of the day, they picked up all the pins from the floor with a big magnet. My father and his employees did finishing—pockets and linings. I used to cut linings, and I hated it. There were piles of folded material, and you'd make a layer of folded silk, a layer of folded padding, another layer of folded silk, and so on. Then you'd put paper over the pile and trace the pattern with chalk. Then you'd take a cutter with a wheel, sort of like a jigsaw, and cut out twenty-five or thirty linings at once. Before you cut, though, you'd take a huge pair of scissors and slice the folded edges of the silk and of the padding to separate them—a big swoop with the scissors. It was a nice feeling—the only pleasurable part. I also used to "turn strings"—which I never quite understood, and which is almost impossible to explain. Inside a stole, there are "strings"—silk tails. I don't know their function. But they had to be made inside out, with the stitches showing, and my job was to turn them outside in, so that the stitches wouldn't show, and then cut them into lengths. I also made deliveries around the garment area with a hand truck. I could never reconcile the image of my father sitting at a sewing machine in that dingy place with the person I knew outside. With


The Great Bronze Age of China
Dedini

"Now I'm in the mood for a cheap thrill."

JUSTERINI & BROOKS Founded 1749

Once in a great while, something comes along that exceeds your expectations.

It's truly rare.

RARE
SCOTCH

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1979 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

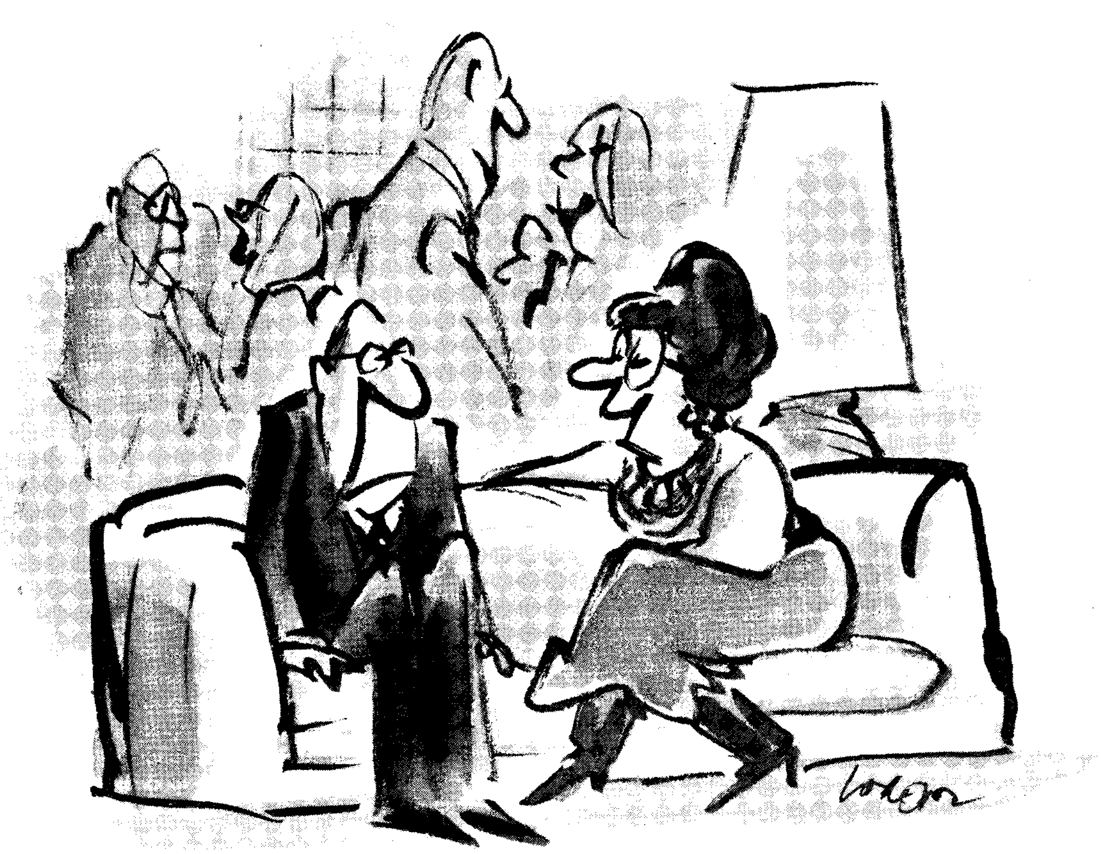
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

"Mom said it was from my fairy godmother. I thought, 'Could it be?' Oh yes! I love 'em. I've been begging for heels just forever. Yes. Yes. They fit. They're just like the ones I wanted. Oh, Mom told you, didn't she? They'll really go with my new dress for the dance. I feel like Cinderella already! Thanks, Aunt Connie."

Though family and friends move far apart, you can continue to grow together. Just reach out and walk back into each other's lives.

Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.



"*Aw, c'mon, Mr. Tyson—let your little boy come out and play.*"

friends, he was always well dressed, very good-looking, and he was funny and sociable. At work, he always seemed reduced, and it made me uncomfortable to see him there.

There was a tremendous clash of cultures in my family. It was confusing, but later it served me well. Both sets of grandparents were immigrants—from Russia or Poland. My father's family lived in Brooklyn, and they were warm and fun-loving—not intellectual, but attractive to me because of their general humanity. When my father was with them, he was comparatively quiet and distant—he never seemed very happy with his family. Among his friends, though, he was extremely outgoing. My mother's family were all incredibly bright, intellectual, bohemian, and articulate. They lived in places like Greenwich Village, and went to Provincetown in the summer. A lot of them were in therapy. My mother was the only one who didn't go to college. They wore sandals and silver jewelry and had metal furniture. I remember visiting one of their houses when I was a kid, and seeing straw mats on the floor. I immediately assumed they were poor. Later on, I felt inadequate around my mother's relatives, and thought they didn't like me. They were intellectuals; I was a crass, vulgar kid. I felt I couldn't live up to their standards. And if I couldn't be accepted by them, how could I be accepted by the world of professional people? The arts seemed to be an environment where you had to be well educated, and I never felt I was. My mother would have liked me to be a dentist or a lawyer. When I began to be interested in the theatre, my father was supportive, in a way—he'd help me get the costumes for a show when I was a kid, and he'd bring his friends to see the show—but he resented my interest, and he never encouraged me professionally. I didn't get along with him well until just before he died.

I thought I knew what I wanted to do, but if I expressed a desire to do it, it met with terrible discouragement. The truth is, I don't blame my parents. If I had really wanted that approval, I could have got it. It was my own lack of aggression and ambition. I enrolled in a theatre course, then dropped it within a week and ran the other way.

At ten o'clock that morning, the cast of "Bent" assembled at King Rehearsal Studios, at 550 West Forty-third Street, for the last rehearsal before the play moved to the New Apollo, where previews would begin four days later. In the big rehearsal room, the floor, of brown linoleum, was marked by tapes of various colors—blue, red, yellow, black—representing the outlines of the play's sets, and there was a daybed, a table, a lamp, and a few other props that would be used in the first scene. The rear wall of the room—a wall of mirrors, for dance rehearsals—was covered with brown paper to prevent reflections. David Marshall Grant, one of the principal actors, stood in a corner making hoarse noises, trying to get his voice back; he had strained it two days before, recording a variety of screams for the play. That day, Grant, Ackerman, and Martin Sherman, the author of "Bent," had been part of a group sitting in the control room of JAC Recording Studios, on the seventh floor of 45 West Fifty-seventh Street, listening to the playback, eating takeout sandwiches (chicken salad for Sherman; roast beef for Ackerman; Grant taking bites where he could) as the shrieks shivered the loudspeakers. "Some of them terminate," Ackerman had said. "They should be open-ended. Would you mind doing a couple more, David?"

In the rehearsal studio, Ackerman inquired after Grant's throat, and said, "Do you know Dr. Gould? He's a great throat doctor. You know what's good? Goldenseal. It really works." Then he moved to a long table that faced the marked-out stage. There was a wrinkled, battered blue-bound script on the table—Ackerman's script. It was stuffed with papers, but its pages were unmarked. "I used to think I wasn't doing my job unless I'd written notes all over the script," Ackerman said to a visitor. "Now I don't even look at it during rehearsals. I read it and read it and read it before rehearsals begin; I've memorized it, and I can give the actors their lines. The only reason I carry it around is that I've got all my stuff in it—messages, phone numbers . . ."

From across the hall came the sound of a chorus singing; a company was rehearsing a production of "A Christmas Carol."

"Reading plays is work for me," Ackerman went on. "Every time I have to read a script, it's a battle to pick it up and *read*. My whole orientation is toward seeing. When I begin to read a play, my response is always purely visual. If I can picture it, I can start to hear it. The staging of a play is a visual metaphor for the script. I've always understood the use of space on a stage—the physical aspect of it. I'm looking at an empty space, and then all the visual relationships say something to me. I just look at something and know that it should be a certain way. At the beginning of the second act of Tom Babe's 'Taken in Marriage,' Meryl Streep and Dixie Carter have a long scene together. Meryl is sitting in an armchair by a potbellied stove; Dixie sits in another chair. They are trying to understand each other, but there are many obstacles. The scene is very static, and the actors may have felt at first that I wasn't staging it enough. They wanted to get up and move. But I kept saying no. Before we started, I turned Meryl's chair slightly toward the stove, away from Dixie's chair. The slight angle of the chair gave Meryl and Dixie an obstacle to fight; this small physical obstacle made it work. The scene was riveting. One night, the scene didn't work. Somebody had moved the chair; it wasn't at the right angle. I used to think directing was sort of like taking a test. You had to lecture, and be well prepared for questions. Teacher-and-student, very academic. I felt responsible for asking and answering the right questions the first day, and I had tons of notes. The whole play was staged in my head. Now I go into rehearsal with no principles I have to adhere to. I've developed enough confidence to say, 'I don't know all the answers—we'll find out together.' "

An actor playing a Nazi S.A. officer who is murdered in the first scene by a Gestapo officer approached Ackerman and asked him about the murderer. "Do I know him?"

"I don't know," said Ackerman. "Do you?"

"Well, he's S.S. and I'm S.A." The actor paused. "I have probably seen him, but we're not in the same circles."

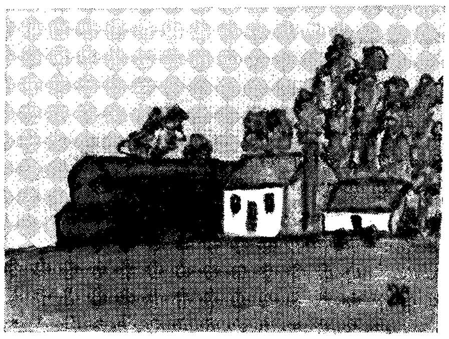
"Does it help you if you feel you know him? Tell me your feelings about it."

They discussed the question, and then Ackerman said, "There's no value in it—other than to you. Whatever you need, I'll agree to." The actor went off to think it over and decide what he needed.

"Actors are the most adventurous, the richest commodity you have as a director," Ackerman continued. "You must be careful not to cut off their impulses. I think actors are incredibly brave to be willing and able to reveal themselves. I don't talk to them a lot—I feel I can talk to them through the way I choose to stage the play. If the staging is correct, they'll know what I want. I rely on actors a great deal. I trust actors; I love actors. Good actors are a great source of intelligence; they are like sensitivity detectors—they just pick up everything. I work from their impulses all the time. Rehearsal is partly defining those early impulses of the actors. It can be scary, because you find things right away and then you lose them and have to discover a way of getting them back. I give the actors the structure, but a great deal of the detail comes from them. I try to get them to feel safe and comfortable and trusting. I used to read books on directing that said, 'Don't tell the actors too much,' but I tell them everything. I get emptied—I don't keep any secrets. That's one reason they don't keep secrets from me."

Word came that Richard Gere was sick. Since Gere appears in every scene of "Bent," Ackerman had to decide whether or not to cancel the rehearsal. He said that the rehearsal should proceed, and that they would work out details of the murder. He talked to the stage manager for a few moments about certain points, such as the degree of bounciness of the daybed (too bouncy); discussed with Mary-Ann Monforton, his assistant, what kind of sound he wanted for a scene in a railroad boxcar, and the particular quality of a train whistle as the train enters a tunnel; answered a question about how many tickets he would need for opening night ("Gilda Radner—two. My mother—three"); and told the two Nazi officers to start practicing their fight, which did not involve Gere.

"Richard Gere is one of the most extraordinary actors I've ever seen," said Ackerman. "His sensitivity and intelligence are amazing to watch; nothing goes by. Everything gets incorporated, in the most interesting ways—always truth, and always surprising. In the beginning of rehearsals for 'Bent,' he and I didn't talk much; we knew we agreed. He had very difficult places to reach in this play. He said, 'Do you want to talk about it?' I said, 'Not if you don't.' He said he'd rather try to find it as he worked, and he was wonderful from the first day. I sort of designed a lot of the staging around what he was doing. Every performance was as if it were the first time—so alive. Then, a few days ago, I lost interest in what he was doing. I assumed that one of us was tired. Then it happened two days in a row. I couldn't locate what was different. I realized I had to define what it was that had been exciting in the first place—I had to put into words why it was working for me. At some point, you always have to do that. There's no way of getting around the process of eventually defining what it is you're doing. We sat down, and he understood right away, and got back what it was I wanted to see. And he added to it. Yesterday, he was more extraordinary than ever. If the direction is logical, the actor is moving through the play the way the character is moving through his life, and if the reality is strong enough it will happen to the actor the same way it happens to the character. When the great emotional moments come, the actor will be in the correct state to feel it, and to communicate it."



The actors ran through the fight, part of which was offstage. Ackerman, his head turned away, listened to determine if the sounds were right. "Good," he said. Then the S.A. officer staggered on, pursued by the S.S. officer. With a dagger that extruded stage blood, the S.S. officer cut the S.A. officer's throat. The loud chorus across the hall swelled with "The Twelve Days of Christmas."

ACKERMAN: I was born on June 30, 1944, in the East New York section of Brooklyn, on Van Siclen Avenue. I remember learning how to ride a bicycle on the sidewalk there, and calling up to my mother to watch from the window. There was a park around the corner, and my grandmother lived nearby. Her apartment smelled of camphor. When I was five, we moved to Kew Gardens, to a nice big apartment in a new building. A man was painting a mural in the lobby. It was a scene of Paris, I think, and was probably awful, but I thought it was beautiful, and every day I watched it develop. I was a quiet, shy, non-athletic kid, not sociable, and I never had many friends—not in the city, that is. Around the corner was the

"Last year I switched to rum. This year I graduated to Myers's Rum."

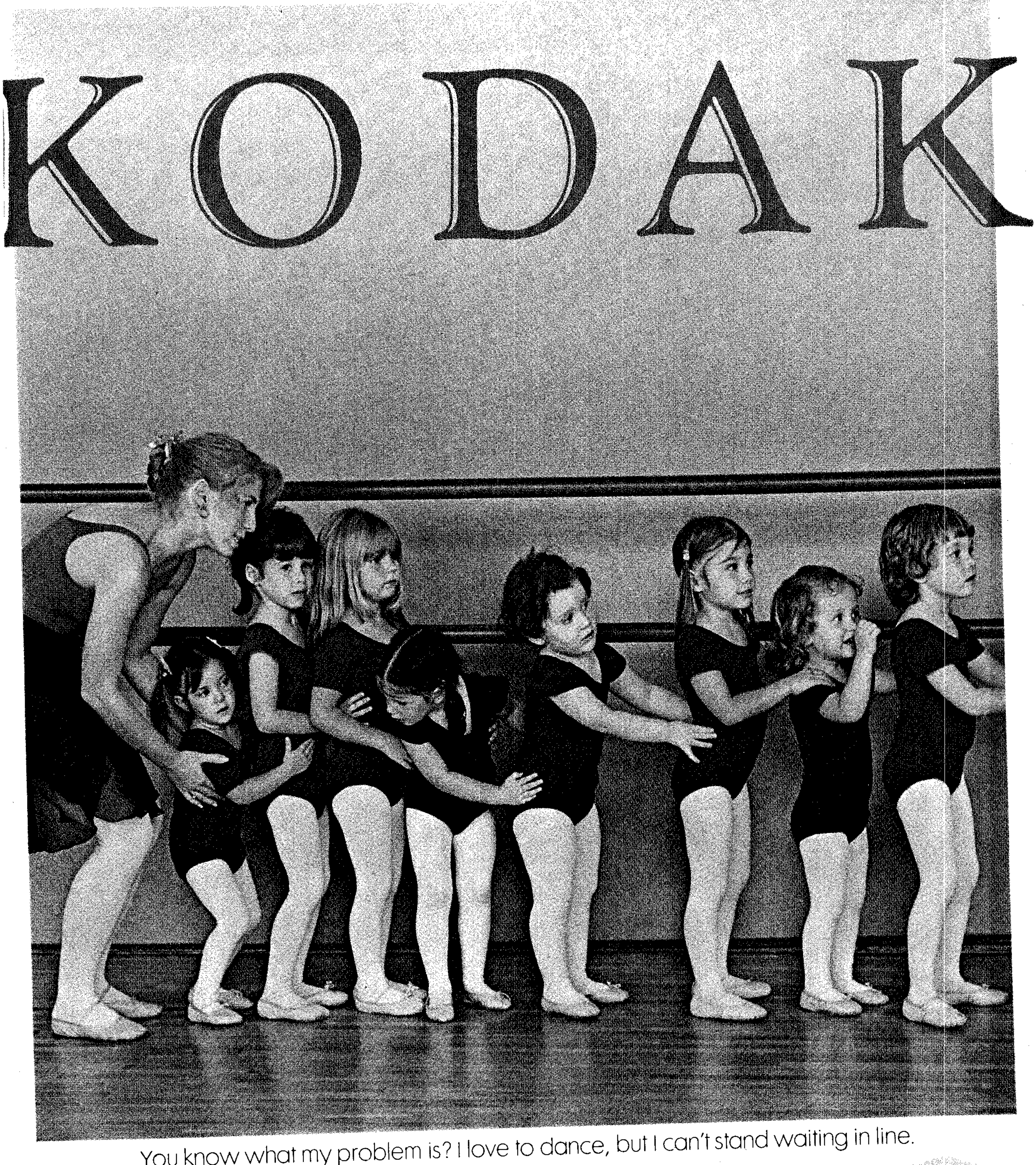
White rums may be what you learn on. But Myers's dark rum will advance your education. It will teach you just how good tasting rum can be. Because with Myers's Rum you get a smoother, softer taste that comes from master-blending.

What makes Myers's precious imported rum cost more, makes Myers's taste better. In cola, soda, fruit juice or any of your favorite mixers.

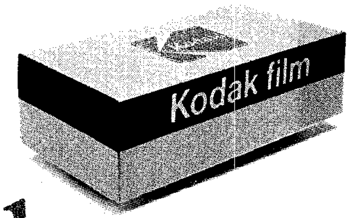
MYERS'S
WORLD FAMOUS
• IMPORTED •
MYERS'S
RUM
Original Dark
THE PLANTERS' PUNCH BRAND
100% FINE JAMAICA RUM
DISTILLED IN JAMAICA UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION FOR MYERS RUM COMPANY LTD. NASSAU, BAHAMAS, SUCCESSORS TO
FRED L. MYERS & SON
FOUNDED 1879
KINGSTON, JAMAICA
WEST INDIES
750 ML (25.4 FL.OZ.) 80 PROOF
GOLD MEDAL
GOLD MEDAL

IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

MYERS'S MAKES IT BETTER. Taste how Myers's improves on cola, soda, tonic, fruit juice. Free Recipe Book: Myers's Rum Recipe Book, Dept. NY, P.O. Box 4605, Westbury, New York 11590. Offer expires December 31, 1980.



You know what my problem is? I love to dance, but I can't stand waiting in line.



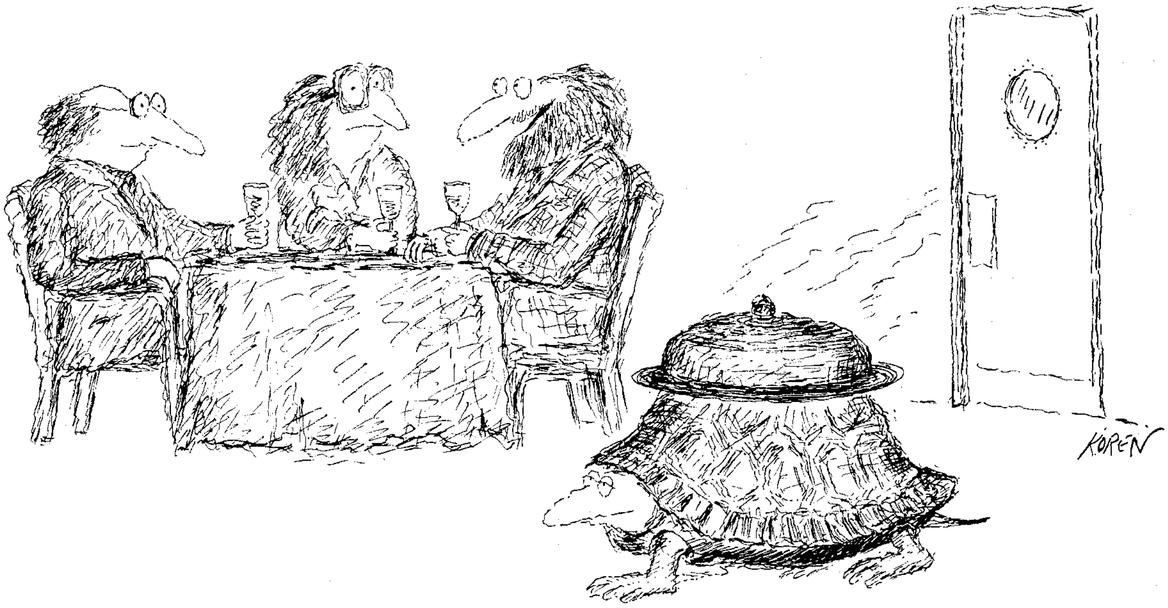
America's Storyteller 1880 1980

Shouldn't you trust your story to Kodak film?

©Eastman Kodak Company, 1980

Austin movie theatre—an art house—and every afternoon on the way home from school I'd stand outside the theatre and wait for somebody to come out, because when the doors opened you could actually see the movie on the screen for a moment. When I got older, I went inside. It cost thirty cents for a double feature. There was a matron in a white uniform who made you leave by six o'clock if you were under twelve. Since school got out at three, I never got to see the beginning of the first movie or the end of the second. Now I see on television the movies I saw only part of when I was a kid in Queens, and I find out what they were all about. The first movie I saw was "The Three Musketeers," with Gene Kelly. At the movies, I always thought, I want to do hat! But it was acting I was thinking about—I was never aware of a direcor. Sometimes my sister—she was four years older—would take me over to one of the big movie palaces, like R.K.O. Keith's; they were terrific. If you said "movies" to me, my whole metabolism would change.

Some nights, my parents would go o the theatre in New York, and the next morning I'd get up while they were still asleep and I'd go into the hall, where there was a table. On the able they'd have left me the *Playbill*. can still remember the smell of those *Playbills*—the most exciting aroma! 'd pore over the *Playbills*, and keep hem, and send away for more. I still ave them all. When I was about ight, my parents took me to a revival f "Charley's Aunt," with José Ferrer. I don't remember being terribly xcited by it. Theatre, when I actually aw it, was not as exciting to me then as movies; occasionally in the next few ears I would see something that interested me, but in general I was more xcited at that time by watching films. Then, when I was twelve or so, they ook me to "Pajama Game," and here I was much more conscious of what was going on. It was very colorul, full of dancing and music, and I oved it. I knew that had to be what I would do. By the time I was thirteen, 'd started going to the theatre with a friend my age, Arthur Waldman, and we saw nearly everything there was. If I knew I was going to a play, I couldn't sleep the night before.



"The service is polite and well meaning, if a little slow."

• •

IT is very dark inside the New Apollo Theatre. There is a work light on the stage—a single bulb on a stand—but it creates only a small island of light. Cables and ropes ascend from the stage and disappear in the blackness of the flies forty feet above. Ackerman, Martin Sherman, Richard Gere, and David Dukes, Gere's co-star, move hesitantly, shadowy figures groping around among spotlights and huge coils of wire that sit like jagged boulders on the floor. The stage is so vast and empty in the dimness that it seems unlikely that anything these people might do could ever animate it; now, walking on this stage for the first time, they must feel its oppressive hugeness. And, further, despite three weeks of rehearsal, the play itself is an uncertainty: Can it be lifted out of the coziness of the rehearsal studio and retain its life and vigor in this cold, hollow canyon of a place?

Abruptly, the house lights go on. Rows and rows and rows of red plush seats leap into view, and red-carpeted aisles, cream-colored walls, curtained boxes, two balconies soaring away—with more red seats—and fancy chandeliers. Opulence unfolding everywhere. The owner of the theatre, Martin Levine, is standing halfway down one aisle. "George White did his 'Scandals' on that stage!" he cries cheerfully. "A lot of great careers were made here!"

No one replies. Gere and Dukes pace back and forth on the stage; in less than a week, they will be walking here as two homosexuals in a yard at Dachau. Will those expensive red seats fill up for such a play? Is there an audience waiting? Or would people rather see George White's "Scandals"? Much of the burden of the answer now lies on Ackerman's shoulders. He climbs down into the orchestra and sits in one of the red plush seats; Sherman joins him. Dukes and Gere remain onstage, preoccupied. From time to time, they ask Ackerman about the position of certain things. Is this where the open grave will be? Where is the fence? Ackerman tells them, and adds, reassuringly, "It's a comfortable house. The fact that we're speaking out loud here shows that. Usually, when you come into a theatre for the first time you *whisper*."

Presently, they all leave, going up the long aisle, out the doors of the lobby, past the box office (some people are buying tickets), and onto Forty-third Street. A ragged-looking drunk lurches by, shouting abusive obscenities. "Our first critic," says Ackerman, and everybody laughs.

ACKERMAN: I never raised my hand in school. I hated being called on in any way. I could act in a play, even though I couldn't speak as myself. And yet when I was in high school and went to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts on Saturdays to study acting, I hated it. I think I was afraid. I dropped out and used the tuition money to buy tickets to every show on

Broadway. I don't know if my parents were fooled or not.

•

AT 6:50 P.M. at the Public Theatre, on Lafayette Street, two actresses are sitting on folding chairs outside a locked door to the Old Prop Shop Theatre, at the top of a tall flight of stairs. They have brought their eight-by-ten glossies and their résumés; they have filled out small pink index cards about themselves, and now they sit quietly, making a last-minute study of the script of "Salt Lake City Skyline," by Thomas Babe. The play has been mostly cast, but there are still several parts open, and the two actresses are among those who have been invited to read tonight. They sit patiently. Actors have to get used to steep stairs, locked doors, folding chairs, and waiting—often with only pictures of themselves for company, and a script they will probably never have to memorize.

The play will be directed by Robert Ackerman—the fourth Babe play he has directed for Joseph Papp at the Public Theatre. Ackerman won an Obie Award for his direction of Babe's "A Prayer for My Daughter," and he also directed "Fathers and Sons" and "Taken in Marriage." Rehearsals will begin here the day after "Bent" opens on Broadway.

Just before seven, Ackerman and Mary-Ann Monforton come into the lobby of the Public, with Jim Nicola, who will be the casting director of the new Babe play. Ackerman is wearing old jeans again and a blue sweater and the familiar scarf; he has just come from a rehearsal of "Bent."

"Now to make the transition from Dachau to Salt Lake City," he says, heading for an elevator behind the lobby. "The rehearsals of 'Bent' are agonizing for the actors. They were doing the last scene again and again. Then I have to be the one to say, 'Let's do it again.' "

He and the two others ride up in the elevator and enter the Old Prop Shop Theatre by a side door. It is a big, plain room, with a high ceiling supported by large pillars; there is a bleacherlike arrangement of seats, and a table and a few chairs face a marked-off stage on the floor. They sit down at the table to wait for Thomas Babe.

"What I look for in an actor is honesty—even when the acting is broad or stylized," says Ackerman. "He must be truthful and, beyond that, imaginative. It's particularly exciting when an actor reads something and illuminates it in a way you never thought of. I may learn something that's different from what I've heard in my own head. If they get off on the wrong track, I'll give them some direction, but in a first reading I usually like to just listen. My responsibility is to make the actors as comfortable as possible under what are difficult—even horrendous—circumstances. I tend to say very little at auditions. I have to listen to hear what they feel that the character or the play is about. I don't want to get in the way of what an actor is working on—just understand what he is trying to do. Then I feel I can collaborate, or enter into his process. The danger is in cutting off or blocking his creative impulses prematurely, before he or you know what might have come from them."

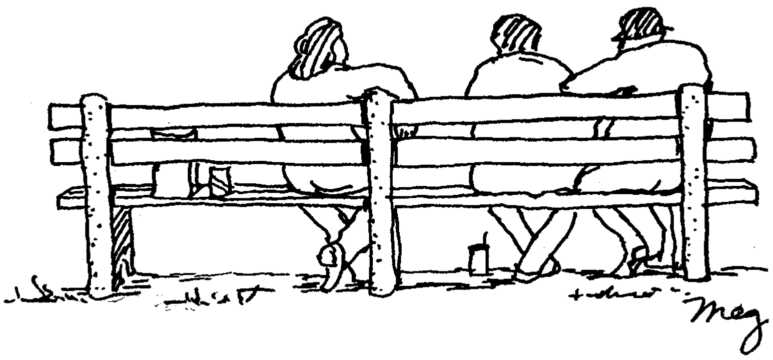
Thomas Babe arrives. He is a lanky, rangy, affable young man with shaggy hair; he wears jeans, a sweater, and cowboy boots. There are affectionate greetings all around. Then Babe sits at the table with the others and lights a cigarette, and the auditions begin.

"I have several approaches in mind," the first actress says, putting her picture and her résumé on the table. "I'll start one, and if you don't like it, stop me, and I'll try one of the others." She begins to read; Nicola takes the other parts, feeding her cues. Babe and Ackerman listen intently. Babe sits twisted all around, curled up, legs crossed; he changes position frequently—hunches forward, leans back. Ackerman is totally still. He sits erect, his hands folded in front of him. The only motion is one thumbnail pushing, from time to time, against the other.

When the actress is finished, Ackerman tells her that the approach was "a good choice." She leaves.

A burly actor enters next. Ackerman gets up and gives him a big hug. "How ya been?" he asks.

The actor reads; departs.



"I like to see the way an actor fits into the world of the play," says Ackerman. "The actors should seem to be part of Salt Lake City in 1915."

He tells a woman, "Very nice. *Very* nice." She goes out.

Babe says, "I like her."

"She's very musical-comedy," Ackerman says, having second thoughts. "Something about her face, her voice . . ."

One actress accidentally hands them a photograph of herself when she was much younger; laughing in embarrassment, she gives them a more recent picture. She begins to read, and presently Ackerman stops her. He gets up and leads her to one side of the room, where he speaks to her very softly. She listens, chewing on the earpiece of her glasses. They return. "Da capo?" she says. Her performance becomes softer, warmer, less strident—more appealing.

The next actress reads and departs.

"I don't like her," Ackerman says mildly. "There's something phony . . ."

"Quite frankly, she's not good-looking enough," says Babe. "She should be a real beauty."

A heavyset actor comes in. Babe knows him. "How's it going?" asks Babe.

"It's been a good year," replies the actor. "I did a soap for six months; three commercials; and two movies."

The next actor wants to discuss his role. He says, "I want to get this straight. . . ."

Babe explains.

"Ahh," says the actor. He reads.

"That was good," says Ackerman. "Very nice."

"Should I try it again, the other way?" the man asks.

"Would you like to?" says Ackerman. "Go ahead. I'd like to hear it that way."

When the actor has gone out, Ackerman says, "He's a good actor, but not right."

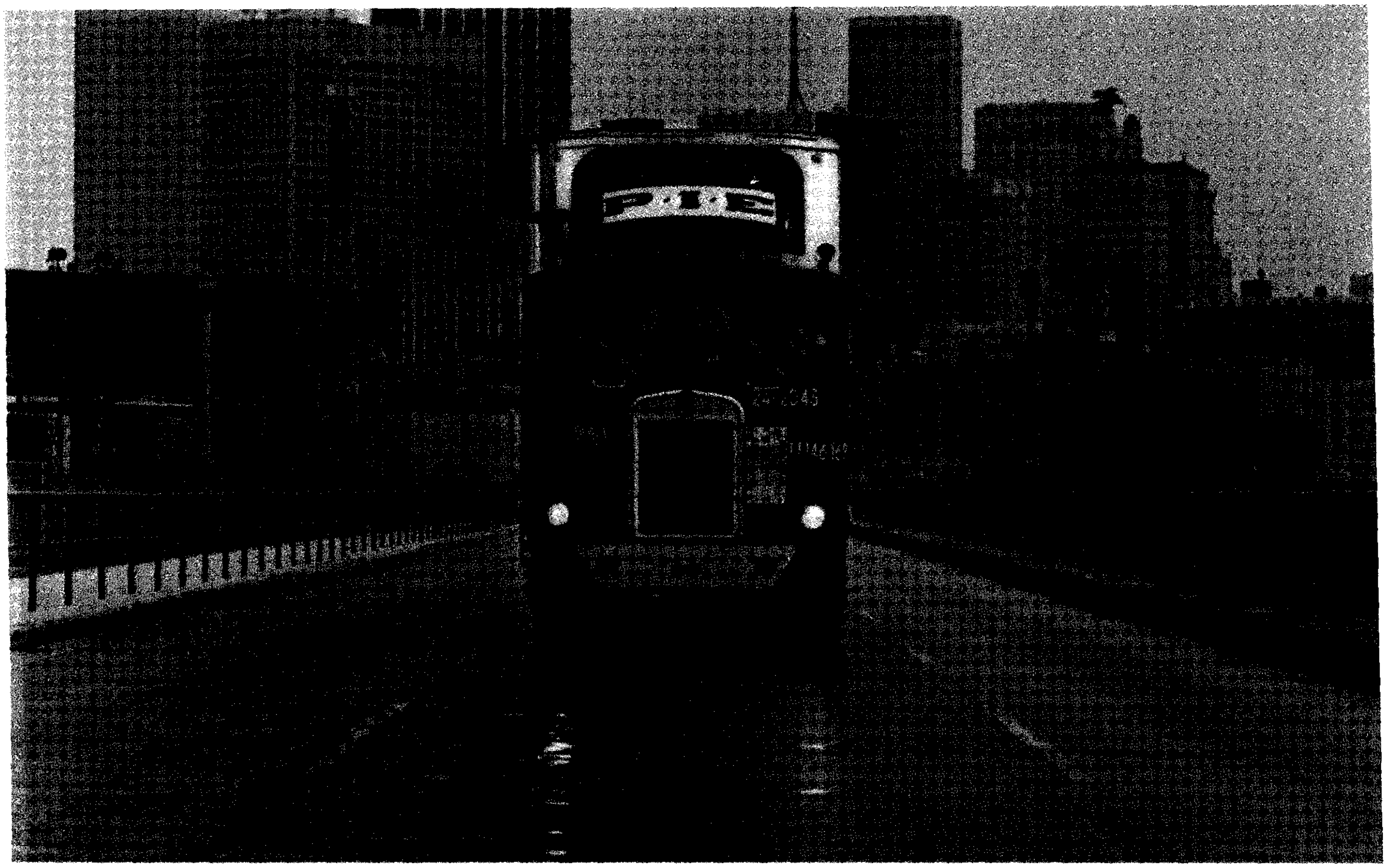
He and Babe spend quite a while talking to an actor who has just produced a movie with some friends. He talks about the difficulties of selling the film, of trying to find an audience. Then he reads.

"I like him," Ackerman says when the actor has left. "I don't think we'll do better."

Babe nods. "He has an aura of decency, and yet an angularity," he says.

The last actor reads and departs. Two

From Oakland to Dallas to New York or 10,000 points in between...



IU's P-I-E is the first choice for the long haul.

Pacific Intermountain Express serves almost every business center in the nation. Its terminals and routes stretch from California across the Rockies to Texas and the Great Lakes, and from the Northeast to the Pacific Northwest.

This broad network enables P-I-E to provide shippers of all sizes with direct service to more than 10,000 cities and towns. And direct service means speed and efficiency.

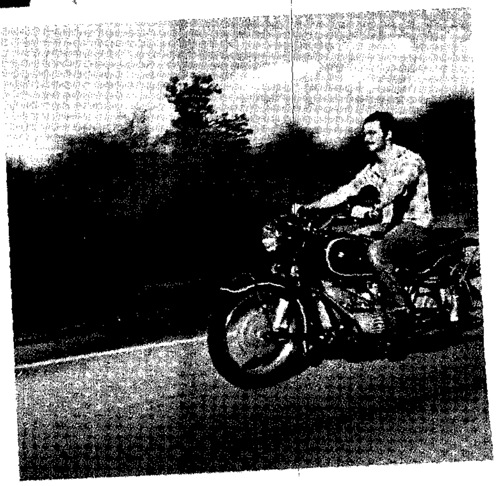
The truck line's on-time performance record is one of the best. A Dallas shipper says he uses P-I-E because "they can deliver in days, not weeks. And in my business, time is definitely money."

P-I-E pioneered the use of computer technology to improve service for shippers. This means monitoring every truck and every shipment day and night – to ensure that freight is picked up and delivered on schedule. That's another reason why P-I-E is currently the fastest growing of the country's top 20 carriers.

P-I-E is an important part of IU International, a company with interests in transportation services, industrial, utility, distribution and agribusiness markets that add up to annual revenues of more than $2.6 billion.

For more information on P-I-E, write Doyle Beatenbough, President, Pacific Intermountain Express, P.O. Box 8004, Walnut Creek, CA 94596. To learn more about IU, write IU Corporate Affairs, 1500 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

IU International



The 25-year-old who is programming the future with personal computers.

In 1975, a revolution began in the computer industry. Working in a garage, Steven Jobs and his partner, Stephen Wozniak, produced by hand the prototype for a remarkable new kind of computer that, today, is on the verge of changing the way America does business, the way it goes to school and, most likely, the way America thinks.

The computer created was the first true personal computer: a small, personally affordable and easy-to-operate computer capable of solving serious problems. Apple Computer's revenues now exceed $100 million a year. Jobs is vice-chairman and a marketing vice-president.

"In the past, computers have been designed for *groups* of people, for corporations, for entities. Our company is organized around one key principle—one person, one computer."

Apple has demystified the computer, and simplified computer languages, introducing software that is friendly, and easily understood. The average American now has access to what may be this century's most potent technological advance.

In addition to improving the professional's productivity, Apples are helping farmers analyze soil compositions and commodity futures. Physicians keep abreast of new developments by responding to Apple as it poses diagnostic questions. Apple-based systems have been placed in truckstops, giving truckers instant access to available hauling jobs, routes and schedules. Health organizations use Apples in underdeveloped countries to conduct medical surveys and treatment programs. "They can go where the problems are. In a medical context, that saves lives. Personal computers are saving small businesses, giving them vital management information." The interaction between man and his computer will fundamentally change the future.

Steven Jobs is also a manager. He spends much of his time "just talking to people, keeping them excite and on track. At its best, business is creative. That's the kind of atmosphere we try to maintain at Apple; one in which personal goals remain aligned with corporate goals."

There is a wholeness to Steven Jobs: designer, engineer, entrepreneur, manager, and corporation head. He also reads SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

"It helps me make connections with a range of disciplines. Computers are relevant to virtually all of them. I like the off-beat too. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN seduces me into subjects I'd never even thought of before. I learn when I read SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."

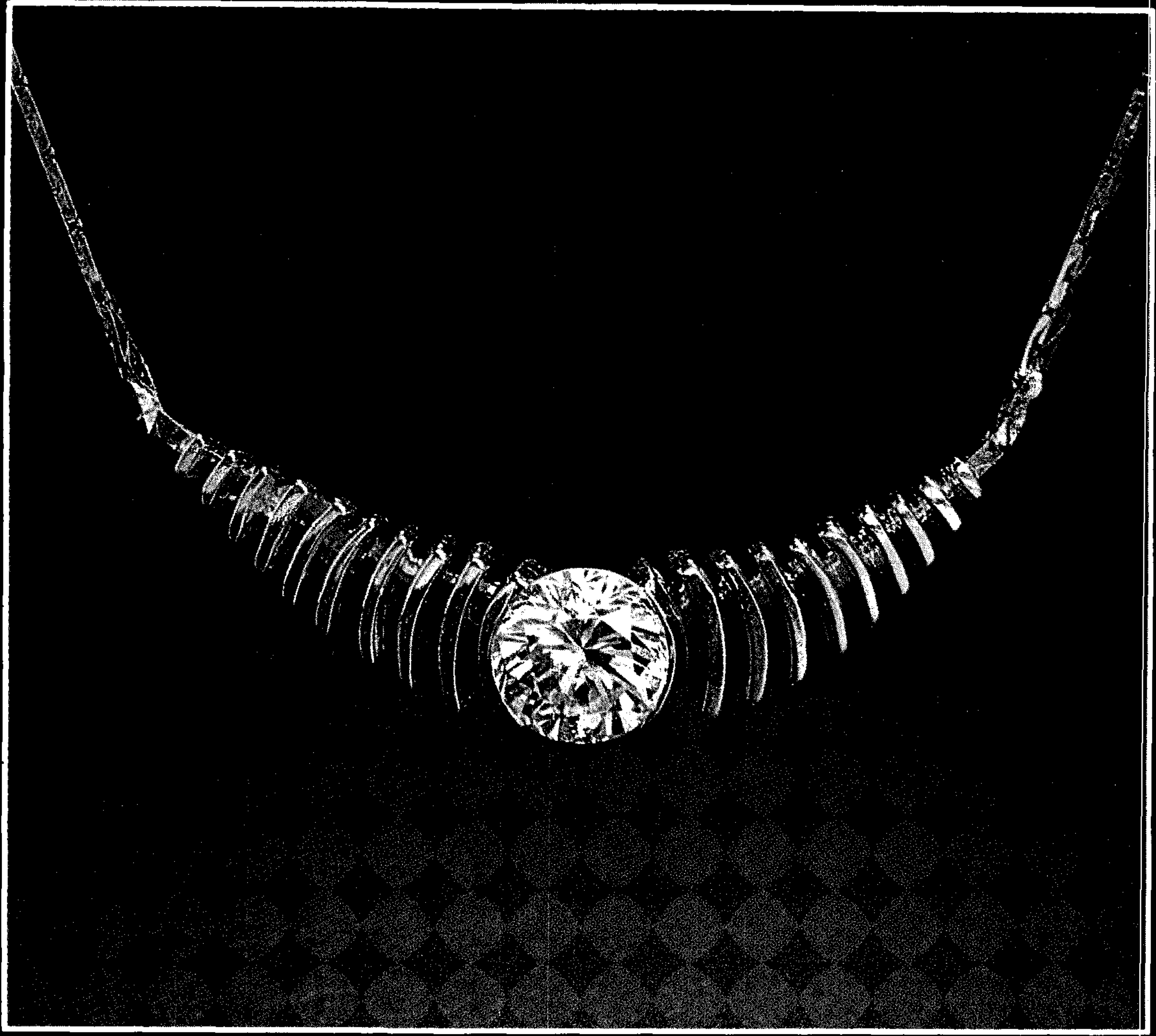
A growing number of newsstand buyers and subscribers join Steven Jobs every month. Each issue of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN reaches more than two million people who make the future happen.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. 415 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017; 54 Pall Mall, London, SW1Y5JH, England; 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60601; 235 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94104.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

We reach the people who make the future happen.

The diamond solitaire.



A rare gift.

One single diamond.
Set simply and elegantly, to sparkle on its own.
The diamond solitaire.
A jewel that becomes more precious with
every passing year.
The gift that makes a rare and beautiful
moment last a lifetime.

A diamond is forever.

The 1¼ carat diamond shown is enlarged for detail. De Beers.

hours and fifteen minutes have elapsed since the auditions began; Babe and Ackerman may have cast one part, possibly two, or they may have cast none. More actors will be heard on a later occasion. As Ackerman and the others get into the elevator, they come face to face with a huge cart on wheels containing the leftovers from some large dinner just concluded somewhere in the building. Ackerman gazes at it. "All I've had today is some yogurt," he remarks.

They go out to find food. The next rehearsal of "Bent" is tomorrow morning at ten.

THOMAS BABE: There are only four or five directors in New York that anyone really respects, and Bob is one of the best. His special function is to allow, in his way, everybody to do the best he or she can. He's a "gentle genius." He doesn't threaten or twist arms or carry on. He does the one thing a good director should: encourage the good, discourage the inappropriate. He has been a surprising find in my life. When I first met him—at the Eugene O'Neill Playwrights Conference in 1977—I didn't know what to make of him. He had a huge beard; he looked like a rabbi—very stern. But after we got together a number of times and talked about my play, I realized he really understood what I was after. He served the spirit of my work, approaching it in a bold and clear way. With Bob, we can get to the serious stuff right away. It's like a marriage. It can be hard: we must be tough on each other (like a marriage), and sometimes it's hammer-and-tongs, but there's no substitute for the kind of candor he has and elicits. If I wrote something he didn't like, he'd tell me up front. I expect to be honest with him, and I expect him to be honest with me. There's trust. If there's a problem, he can say, "I don't know." And I can say, "I don't know." What we've done together has been done without reservation. He makes no pretense of being a writer, but he has a wonderful sense of craft. Ultimately, in the play, his vision *and* mine are there, and both are enriched.

Bob is a genius in the rehearsal process. He gets actors who are gifted but scared, and he gives them the liberty to take chances. He inspires people to do their best. He's absolutely calm. I watched him during a reading once when he never moved. He had a cigarette, and I watched it burn right down to his fingers. We don't have self-congratulatory conversations. I think he's good enough not to have to be told he's good. He's got a quiet pride. It's not really self-effacing so much as it is his knowing what's the best way of doing something. I don't believe for a moment that he's humble. His virtues are quiet but real. Not flagrant, not self-aggrandizing—they're more profound. He's learned what he knows by doing it, with no recognition and no pay. He's refined his values. He knows what he thinks is good, and worth doing. He understands the tension between what he'd like to do and what he could do for advantage and money. We always hope we can pay the rent; but not to lose that childlike delight in the work is a great virtue. I love the theatre, too—that's why we're both here. That's why Meryl Streep will act at the Public Theatre even though she's a top movie star now. John Cazale loved the theatre; he was a star, but he came down here one night to be in a reading of a play of mine. Love of the theatre is a very special perversion, and you have to think of ways to support your habit.

A play is a moment—or several moments. You want to get that moment, make that one thing happen, but you have to write a whole play to make that moment happen. Bob knows that. He gets the moment. You don't have to tell him. The best directors are bold, even if they're fundamentally calm. I like Bob's boldness, and his delight. He's a gentle man, in the nineteenth-century sense. He's not sentimental; he has a tough sensibility. There's a tension in him between a murderous imagination and good manners.

ACKERMAN: Every summer, the night before my birthday my mother would pack the car, and the next day my mother, my sister, and I would drive into New York, pick up my father at his business, and drive out through the Lincoln Tunnel to Route 46, then take Route 10 toward Dover, and go on to Mount Freedom. I loved that ride: getting closer and closer, with the city getting farther and farther behind; seeing all the familiar landmarks. My father was so excited he couldn't wait. At Mount Freedom, we'd go past the post office and the general store, and a restaurant called Wildhorn's, and Young's miniature-golf course, and then up a winding, hilly road to Ackerman's.

My Grandfather Isadore had bought the place the year I was born. It was a resort hotel with room for about a hundred and fifty guests; eventually he built it up to accommodate five hundred. Mount Freedom was a popular area for Jewish hotels and bungalow colonies—though never on the scale of the Catskills. Ackerman's was a complex of buildings, mostly white, with no consistent architectural style. The new buildings were stucco; the older buildings were wood, and had huge verandas. There was a big swimming pool, lots of sports, a day camp with counsellors—all kinds of activities. The main building was right on the road—no driveway. In the lobby was a huge planter that was meant to be a fountain but never was. It was full of plastic plants. One of my aunts had done the decorating, and she had picked a sea motif, so there were fishnets hanging on the walls, and starfish and seashells all around. The furniture was mostly aqua Naugahyde. On one wall was a big portrait of my grandfather.

Behind the desk where guests registered stood my Aunt Donna. My cousin Joanne or my cousin Holly would be helping her. Uncle Cully ran the business office; he was the big cheese. The bellboys were my cousins Stevie and Joel. The hostess in the dining room was my cousin Phyllis, and Grandmother Sadie ran the kitchen. She was a tough Russian peasant, and she kept an eye on everything. Uncle Sol was the head chef. Uncle Albert ran the laundry. Aunt Gloria and Aunt Yettie were in charge of the chambermaids and the rooms.

Grandfather Izzy smoked a big cigar, and he was a funny, sociable man. He'd go from table to table in the dining room charming everybody. I don't think I ever spoke to him; he never knew who any of us were. He didn't understand English well—or, at least, he pretended not to when it was convenient. He bought the hotel just before the war ended, and a lot of my uncles went to work at Ackerman's when they got out of the Army. My grandfather was a furrier, but he had always wanted to own a hotel; I think he had an image of himself as a lord, with people all around. And for me being an Ackerman was like being part of the royal family.

The place engendered a sense of freedom in me, and I felt a lot of support. There were so many people I had known for so many years. The whole place was like a huge family, and they liked me. I had a big group of friends, and we were together from morning till night; we became incredibly close—closer than I've ever been to people since. Those kinds of bondings seem stronger and more special. At the end of each summer, all the kids called each other up and said how depressed they were to be back in the city.

I loved the sounds of Ackerman's, and it's sounds that bring it back to me. There was always a lot of noise: kids splashing in the swimming pool; the lifeguard's whistle blowing; the screen door of the coffee shop constantly slamming; kids running in to buy candy; people around the pool playing gin rummy and mah-jongg while they got suntanned.

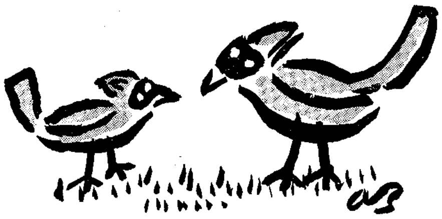
I lived all summer with Aunt Gloria and Uncle Albert and their children—four of them at that time, finally five—in the upstairs of a small house they called Tobacco Road. I slept in the kitchen. My parents slept downstairs, in Aunt Yettie's kitchen. She had three children. At night, Aunt Gloria would come into her kitchen to make formula, and I'd wake up and watch her feed the baby, and we'd talk for a long time. She was the first adult I felt really close to.

There was a building called the Casino. It had a bar and the coffee shop in it, and there was a big room with a stage at one end, and on Saturday night there were shows and dancing. Joel Grey performed there, and Morey Amsterdam, and the Barry Sisters. I remember a band called the Hal Darnell Orchestra. After the Saturday-night show was over, my father would get up on the stage and m.c. an off-color amateur hour he called "The Lucky Acky Late Show." He loved to sing and tell jokes. Kids were not allowed in, but when I finally got old enough to see it, it was incredible. Some people did Ernie Kovacs' Nairobi Trio routine in gorilla masks. Regular guests, like Sammy Ginsberg—a sweet man I like very much, a lovely man—would do routines, mostly in Yiddish. Gertie Tavin used to sing the same dirty song every Saturday night.

The summer I was eleven, they had a drama counsellor, and she put on "South Pacific." I was in it. Then we did "Death of a Salesman." I played Willy Loman, and everybody came up afterward and said I was *just* as good as Lee J. Cobb. The next summer, there was no drama counsellor, so Arthur Waldman—whose family went to Ackerman's—and I decided to put on shows ourselves, and we did them every year after that. They were the most makeshift productions you ever saw, but people got a tremendous kick out of them. The music was mostly records, and casting was whoever said yes. I always played the lead—that's why I *did* them. We rehearsed for four weeks, all day long; nobody ever got outdoors. You could tell which kids were in the show because they were so pale. We'd put up a poster in the lobby that was a copy of what the Broadway poster had been. We did "Oliver!," "Gypsy," "Oklahoma!," "The Tender Trap," "Li'l Abner," "Peter Pan," "Guys and Dolls," and lots more. We solved all kinds of staging problems; learned how to pace a show and make things move with some fluidity; learned how to improvise. I became very aware of the mechanics. We'd paint a backdrop, use soda cartons to represent things. I had a sense of how to make things come together stylistically—if I used soda cartons, I used *only* soda cartons. For the flying in "Peter Pan," we unrolled a sheet that had a view of London painted on the bottom. We lit it from behind, and used tiny cutout figures on knitting needles to make a shadow show of people flying over the city.

I loved putting on the shows. I was so special there—I got total love and support for what I was doing. And I think that also set me back, in a way. Later, I would probably fear getting into the arena and competing.

AT the New Apollo, Ackerman is standing backstage, saying to one of the actors, "I'll give you notes at half hour." The actor nods, and goes off to the dressing room. The last run-through has just ended. It is six o'clock; in two hours, the first preview will be performed for a paying audience. "I like to give actors my notes on their performances individually," says Ackerman. "It's much better that way. Some directors like to call everybody together on the stage and give notes there, but I think that can be humiliating for an actor." He talks to Arden Fingerhut, the lighting designer, and she assures him that everything will go smoothly tonight; she is an old friend, and comforting. Then she goes out. "We've had technical problems this week," says Ackerman. "I *hate* this time, when everything you've done starts to fall apart. But it will all come together."



ACKERMAN: I went to Adelphi, and I was a rotten student. I had no interest at all. I spent most of my time in the college cafeteria, talking to friends. The only reason I stayed in college was that I didn't know what else to do, and I didn't want to go to Vietnam. I never bought books; I took the money and bought records—mostly folk music then, like Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, Judy Collins, Buffy Sainte-Marie—or I'd go to the Bitter End, in New York, or the Café au Go Go, to hear the Blues Project, or go to hear the Fugs at Astor Place. I've always liked to listen to music, and I use music a lot in productions. Sometimes I've wanted to do certain plays because I knew a piece of music that would be organic and good; I never use music just for mood.

During my college years, I didn't know what to do with my life. My passion for the theatre had subsided. I suffered from a failure of imagination. I was a lump. The last year in college, I got friendly with people in the directing class—fourth-year hotshots. They wanted to do a musical, and because I had directed all those shows at Ackerman's they asked me to direct. I was shocked, but I said yes. We did "Once Upon a Mattress," and it was a big success. The head of the Drama Department took me out to lunch and told me she had made it a rule never to tell anybody to go into the theatre, but this time she was making an exception. "I'm saying you should go into the profession," she said. It scared the hell out of me. I just thought, I fooled them all and got away with murder. It terrified me. I didn't direct anything again for years.

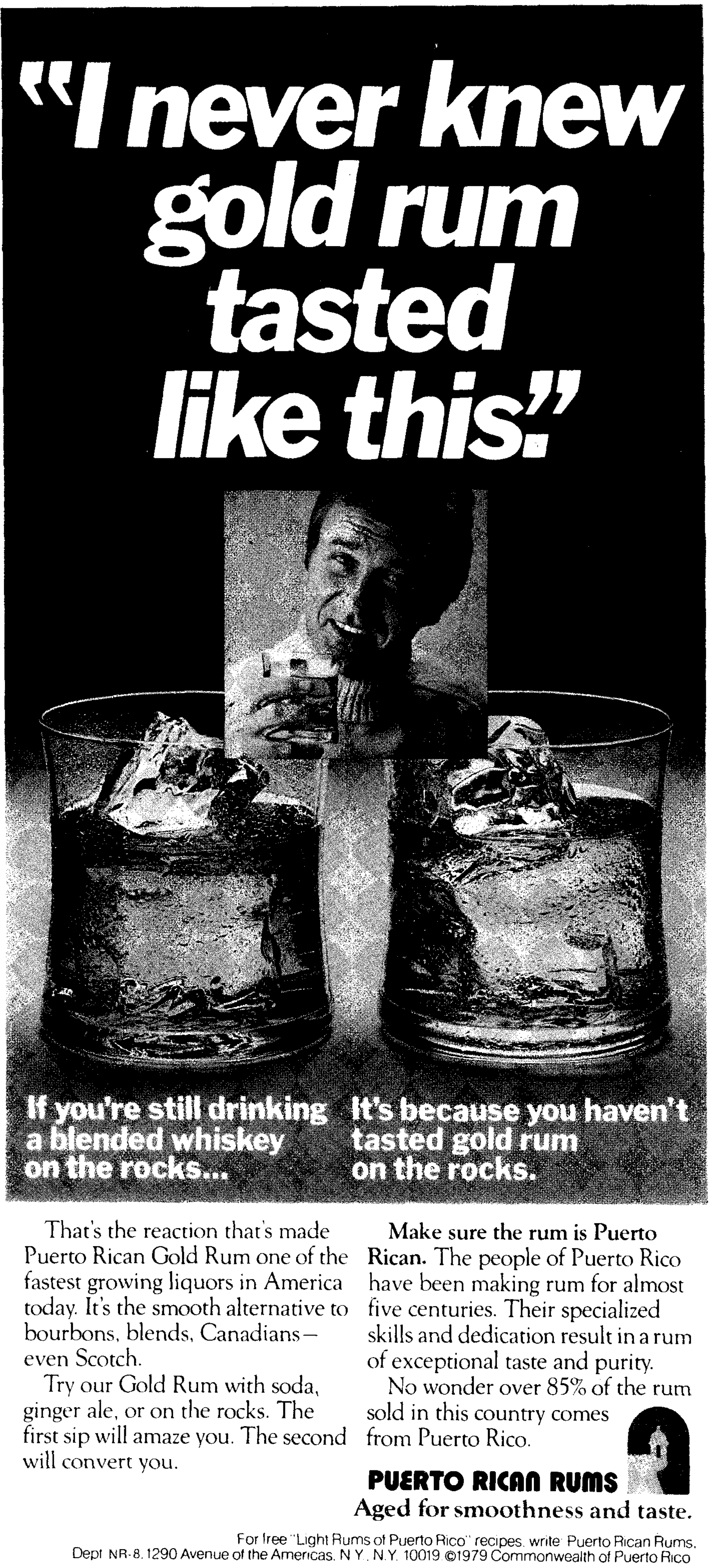
AT the preview, the audience is delighted with certain comic parts of the first scene. Its attention and sympathy seem to be engaged, and it responds with spontaneous applause to the key moment of the final scene. There are slow spots, and the scenery seems hesitant at times about where it's supposed to be, but after the curtain calls Ackerman is pleased. As he goes out through the crowd in the lobby, he says, "I think it was very good for a first preview. The audience is a little show-bizzy—here to be seen. But it went well. The actors are going to have to speak louder, and pick it up. When they speak softly, it makes it seem slow."

ACKERMAN: When I got out of college, I got a teaching job on Staten Island, and I stayed in teaching for the next seven years. I got married to Judy, the woman who had choreographed "Once Upon a Mattress" at Adelphi. She was a teacher, too. We became a middle-class, upper-West Side couple. We had people for dinner on Saturday nights.

I went around to different schools teaching elementary- and high-school kids creative dramatics. I taught in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Harlem, and other places. The course was designed to give the culturally deprived the chance to express themselves and a tool for it. Of course, these kids were expressing themselves all the time, but not in ways that were acceptable to the Board of Education. Basically, I'd go into a classroom to give a teacher a forty-five-minute break. The kids would play verbal games or do dramatic skits. All you were really asked to do was keep the kids from killing themselves and each other, and maintain some kind of quiet. Beyond that, I don't think anybody cared what you did. Many of the kids were very expressive, very energetic, but I never saw that put to use. I enjoyed the kids, and I think I was good at teaching them, but I wasn't around them enough to develop a lasting relationship. I was in each class once a week for forty-five minutes. I don't know if I did anything for them. I hoped so at the time, but it was very frustrating, both for me and for a lot of the kids. The rage of children is frightening beyond anything. I remember the frustration of the kids in those schools who wanted to play a game, or have a good time, or see a movie and be able to hear it, or sit in a class and learn something—but the rage around them was so great they couldn't do it. Finally, I was just glad to get out.

When I was twenty-six, I went into adult education, teaching English in Manhattan to foreign adults who were on welfare. I enjoyed it, and it was from nine to twelve in the morning, so I had a lot of free time. I began to pursue theatre again.

IN a big meadow overlooking Long Island Sound at Waterford, Connecticut, are a large red barn, some


"I never knew gold rum tasted like this."
If you're still drinking a blended whiskey on the rocks...
It's because you haven't tasted gold rum on the rocks.

That's the reaction that's made Puerto Rican Gold Rum one of the fastest growing liquors in America today. It's the smooth alternative to bourbons, blends, Canadians—even Scotch.

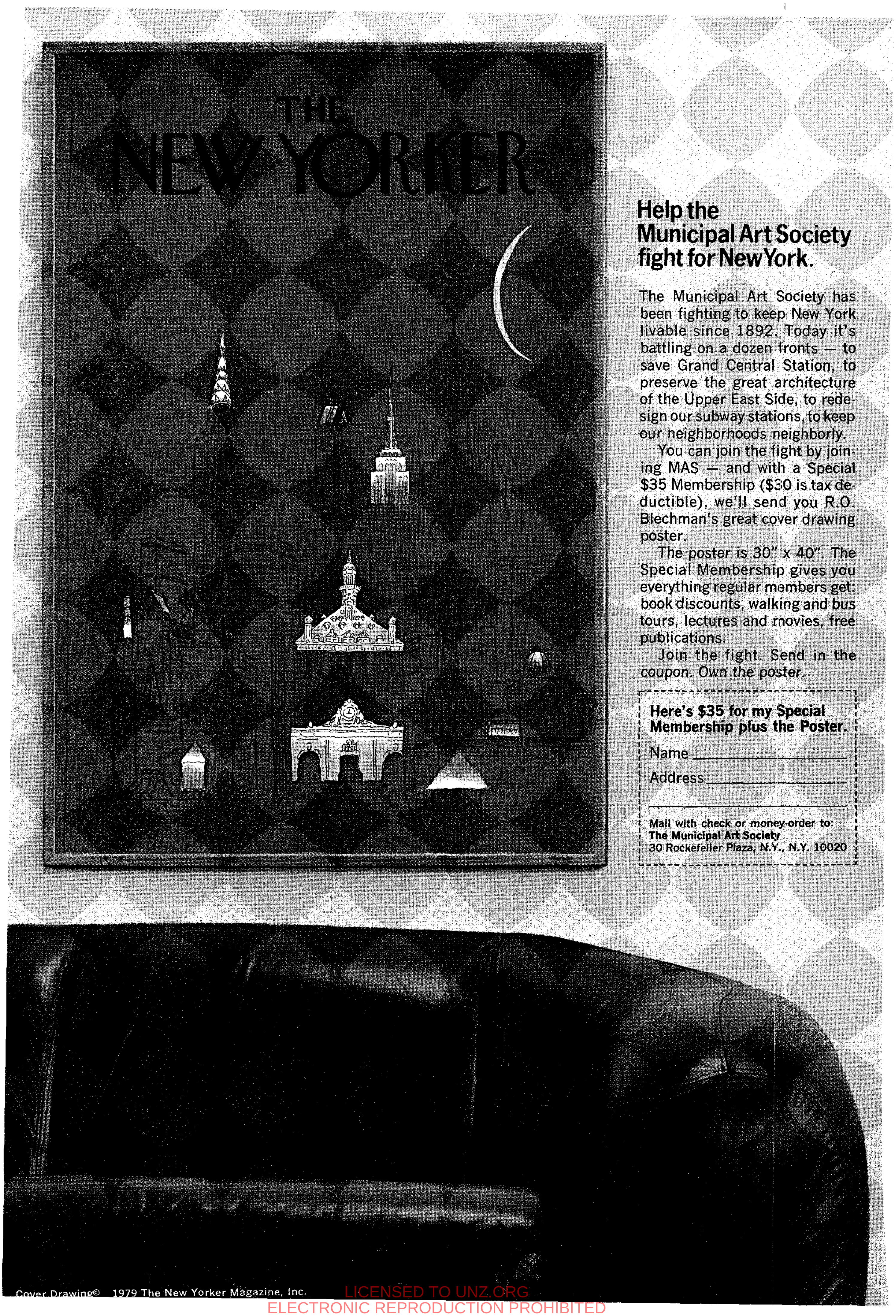
Try our Gold Rum with soda, ginger ale, or on the rocks. The first sip will amaze you. The second will convert you.

Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican. The people of Puerto Rico have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept NR-8, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019 ©1979 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico



Help the Municipal Art Society fight for New York.

The Municipal Art Society has been fighting to keep New York livable since 1892. Today it's battling on a dozen fronts — to save Grand Central Station, to preserve the great architecture of the Upper East Side, to redesign our subway stations, to keep our neighborhoods neighborly.

You can join the fight by joining MAS — and with a Special $35 Membership ($30 is tax deductible), we'll send you R.O. Blechman's great cover drawing poster.

The poster is 30" x 40". The Special Membership gives you everything regular members get: book discounts, walking and bus tours, lectures and movies, free publications.

Join the fight. Send in the coupon. Own the poster.

Here's $35 for my Special Membership plus the Poster.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____

Mail with check or money order to:
The Municipal Art Society
30 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10020

Cover Drawing© 1979 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

farmhouses, and an old gray mansion. From a distance, the place might still appear to be a farm. In the last decade, however, it has become a primary force—possibly *the* primary force—in the development of American theatre. It is the home of the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theatre Center, founded by George C. White, where every summer since 1966 there has been held a National Playwrights Conference and National Critics Institute—a four-week program in which around sixteen playwrights see plays of theirs rehearsed, performed by professional actors, and criticized. In 1977, three events changed Ackerman's life: Lloyd Richards, the artistic director, hired Ackerman as a conference director; Thomas Babe was one of the young playwrights, and Ackerman directed his play; Joseph Papp saw the production and hired Ackerman to direct Babe's play at the Public Theatre.

It was all in the nick of time. For the past two and a half years, Ackerman had been basically unemployed. Having decided, on the basis of some success with Off Broadway repertory companies, to become a full-time director, he had stopped teaching, and everything else had stopped, too. "I wrote to every regional theatre in the country, sending them my reviews, but nobody even wanted to see me," Ackerman says. "Projects would begin and die. I went to lots of meetings, but nothing ever got off the ground. Judy was supporting me. I felt humiliated and embarrassed. It was not a happy time. At one point, I was asked to direct a student production at the University of Texas. I didn't want to go, but they were going to pay me fifteen hundred dollars for four weeks' work, and I couldn't not do it. Ironically, that job started my whole career—although I didn't know it at the time—because Lloyd Richards, who was observing regional theatre for the National Endowment for the Arts, came down and saw the production. Two years later, he invited me to the O'Neill."

AT six o'clock on a chilly Sunday night, the flags on the front of the Times Building are thrashing in the wind. A crowd of people are pushing their way into the New Apollo, across the street; it is the opening night of "Bent." Inside the lobby, Mary-Ann says, "It's been a rough week. Last night was a technical disaster—sets crashing into sets. And Richard and David accidentally put on each other's costumes."

Ackerman, wearing a suit and tie and with a flower in his buttonhole, is surrounded by loved ones: his mother, his sister, an aunt, and Judy. They are all in high spirits. The lights signal curtain time, and he kisses his mother goodbye. "Enjoy it," he says.

Two hours later, the curtain falls on the last scene, and as it rises again, the audience rises, too, clapping and cheering: a prolonged ovation. Ackerman, who has been sitting on the stairs to the balcony ("I wasn't really watching; I was just listening, waiting for something bad to happen"), comes down. "A *standing ovation?*" he says, with amazement and delight. Then he is caught up in a crowd of people who are congratulating him. Out on the street as he makes his way toward the stage door, he says, "I don't dare get excited. I can't let myself go, because the critics might not like it and then it will all come to nothing." There is a large, jubilant crowd trying to get through the stage door; Ackerman finally makes it. Halfway up the stairs to the dressing rooms, the press agent gets him to pose for a picture with Martin Sherman and the producers of the play. They stand there beaming. "Say 'Walter Kerr'!" cries the press agent, and the picture is snapped. Upstairs, Ackerman embraces the actors and, sitting with Judy in Richard Gere's dressing room, opens a stack of telegrams. One is from Joseph Papp; it sends best wishes and goes on to say, "Let's get started on 'Salt Lake City Skyline'!" Everybody laughs. He opens the next one and breaks into a huge smile. "Ohhh," he says, holding it up. "It's from Aunt Yettie and Uncle Sol."

Presently, they are all out on the sidewalk, and somebody has a copy of Walter Kerr's review. They bunch together, peering over each other's shoulders, trying to see in the dim light of the street. Ackerman reads certain sentences aloud. It is an admiring review, and when Ackerman reads its last words—"There are a good many futures on view at the New Apollo"—they are greeted with shrieks and cheers. Then everybody starts down the street, heading for Sardi's.

—JAMES STEVENSON

•

Hoge sees himself as one of a vanishing breed.

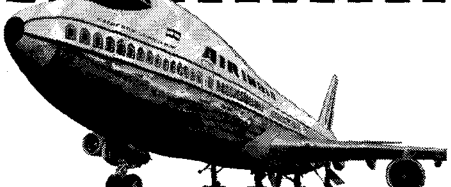
"There really aren't but five bear hunters I can think of in the whole of Bland County," he says sadly as he fills his gun with chewing tobacco.—*Charlottesville (Va.) Daily Progress.*

Anybody seen Hoge recently?

THE AIRLINE THAT GIVES YOU THE BEST TOURS TO BRITAIN ISN'T BRITISH. EXTRAORDINARY.

It's Indian. Air-India.
Our tours beat their tours flat.
Both we and they use many of the same excellent hotels in London to make you comfortable. But we charge a lot less than they do. Often for the same hotel.
That's only the beginning of the differences. And if you compare their tours with our tours, you'll take our tours.
See your travel agent or fill out the coupon.

Air-India
400 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022
Send me information on Air-India's London 1980.
Name
Address
City
State, Zip
My Travel Agent
NYR77



AIR-INDIA
THE AIRLINE THAT'S DIFFERENT. AND BETTER.
400 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.
Toll-free numbers: Continental U.S. 800-223-7776;
N.Y. State: 800-442-8115; in N.Y. City: (212) 751-6200

THE THEATRE

New Jersey Nero

A REVIVAL of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, has opened at the Circle in the Square and should provide a good deal of merriment to audiences throughout the long, hot summer. The play is just over forty years old, and it passes the test of time with welcome ease. Kaufman and Hart regarded the manufacture of comedy as a form of high-class carpentry, and part of the pleasure one takes in their handiwork is observing the neatness and frequency of the joins; whenever our interest threatens to flag, a new character comes dashing onstage to offer needed refreshment. A large cast is a necessity in this method of composition; "The Man Who Came to Dinner" has a total of something like thirty roles, played by a couple of dozen energetic actors and actresses, including George Spelvin twice. It is often the case in this production that a character has only to cross the stage at a certain velocity to induce a smile; the utterance of a single not very funny line in the course of the journey will suffice to induce roars of laughter, and if two or three characters crisscross the stage at the same time, exchanging one-liners, it brings down the house. Kaufman, who directed the original production, knew that the plot of a farce must simulate the dizzying tirelessness of some ideal, unattainable perpetual-motion machine, and the present director, Stephen Porter, has followed ably in Kaufman's footsteps.

The situation on which the plot of "The Man Who Came to Dinner" is constructed could scarcely be simpler: Sheridan Whiteside, an international celebrity, is stopping overnight in a small town in Ohio. He has granted a local couple the inestimable privilege of having him to dinner; by ill luck, he slips on the ice outside the couple's house and remains their guest throughout the period of his recuperation. During this stay, his inveterate tyranny reduces everyone within sight and hearing of him to a state of abject slavery; he is a monster, and it appears that the benign citizens of Ohio are not accustomed to monsters.

Whiteside is based on the journalist Alexander Woollcott—a figure probably little known today by anyone under fifty. I had occasion once to write of him:

> Everything that one reads about Alexander Woollcott (1887-1943) makes him seem a waspish, self-promoting little second-rater, but since he had many discerning friends the chances are that he possessed some eerie charm that has eluded history. Edna Ferber said of him that he was a New Jersey Nero who had mistaken his pinafore for a toga, and Howard Dietz gave an indirect critique of the quality of his writing by referring to him as Louisa M. Woollcott. Through some unfortunate glandular misadventure in youth, he grew up to be a fat, sexless pasha, and his persistent verbal abuse of his friends may well have been based on a defensive need to strike the first blow. "Hello, repulsive," was a favorite greeting of his, and when he wished to dismiss someone after a pleasant enough encounter, he would say, "I find you are beginning to disgust me, puss." Wolcott Gibbs wrote a three-part Profile of him in *The New Yorker* that caused Woollcott great pain by telling the truth about him. He was a poor critic, an execrable actor, and a successful "personality" on radio, where he peddled with breezy unction pipe tobacco and breakfast food.

Nearly all of the real-life Woollcott turns up in Whiteside, including the "Hello, repulsive" and the breakfast food, which Kaufman and Hart defined as Cream of Mush.

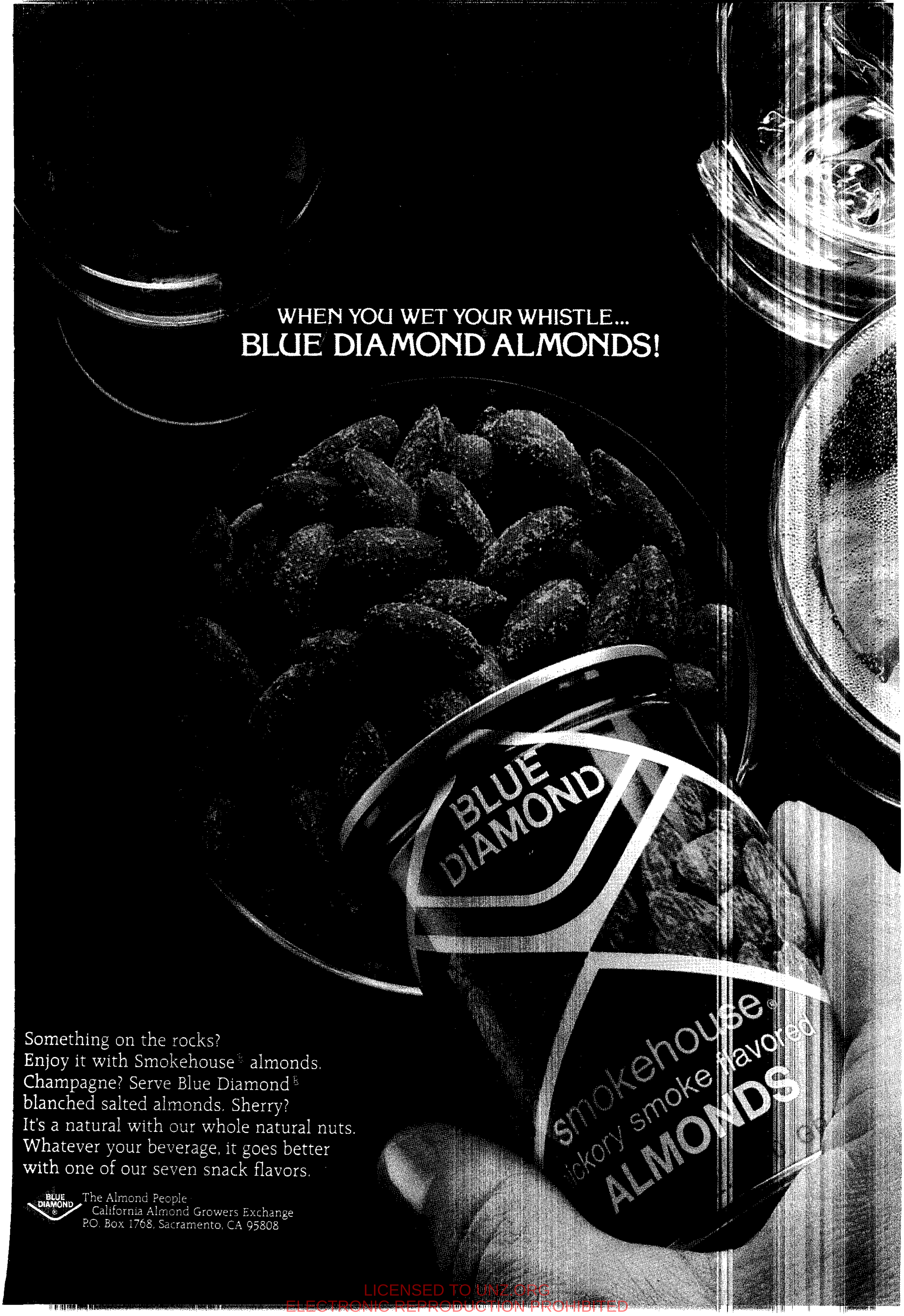
Ellis Rabb plays Whiteside, and I fear that he lacks the venom appropriate to the role, as he lacks also the appropriate embonpoint. He seems a mock viper instead of an authentic one; it is Christmastime in the play, and we tremble lest Rabb's Whiteside reveal at the final curtain a touch of the reformed Scrooge, or even of Santa Claus, instead of remaining the unalterably selfish and perfidious creature that the authors intended to present to us. (Orson Welles once played the part splendidly on TV; I can imagine Jackie Gleason doing it justice.) Roderick Cook plays to perfection the role of Beverly Carlton, accurately based upon Noël Coward, and Leonard Frey is hardworking but less successful as Banjo, for whom read Harpo. The aging actress and man-eater Lorraine Sheldon (Woollcott's friend Tallulah Bankhead?) is played by Carrie Nye, with a relish that made my blood run cold, and Maureen Anderman and Peter Coffield are charming as the young lovers whom Whiteside wickedly seeks to separate. Students of New York life in the thirties will recognize innumerable in-jokes, mostly related to famous names. On opening night, even an exceedingly arcane reference to Judge Crater drew a hearty laugh; the Judge disappeared forever back in 1930. The scenery and costumes are by Zack Brown, and the lighting is by Jeff Davis.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

(16) Ch. 16 Temporarily Off the Air Due to Technical Improvements.—*TV listing in the Sarasota Herald-Tribune.*

Let's keep 'em coming!


WHEN YOU WET YOUR WHISTLE...
BLUE DIAMOND® ALMONDS!
BLUE DIAMOND
Smokehouse®
hickory smoke flavored
ALMONDS

Something on the rocks?
Enjoy it with Smokehouse® almonds.
Champagne? Serve Blue Diamond®
blanched salted almonds. Sherry?
It's a natural with our whole natural nuts.
Whatever your beverage, it goes better
with one of our seven snack flavors.

BLUE DIAMOND ® The Almond People
California Almond Growers Exchange
P.O. Box 1768, Sacramento, CA 95808

ATLANTA

Even the cuisine has a special accent at Hyatt.
Discover magnificent Peachtree Center. Savor beef and duck specialties at Clock of Fives. Enjoy spectacular drinks and views at revolving rooftop Polaris® Lounge.

CHICAGO

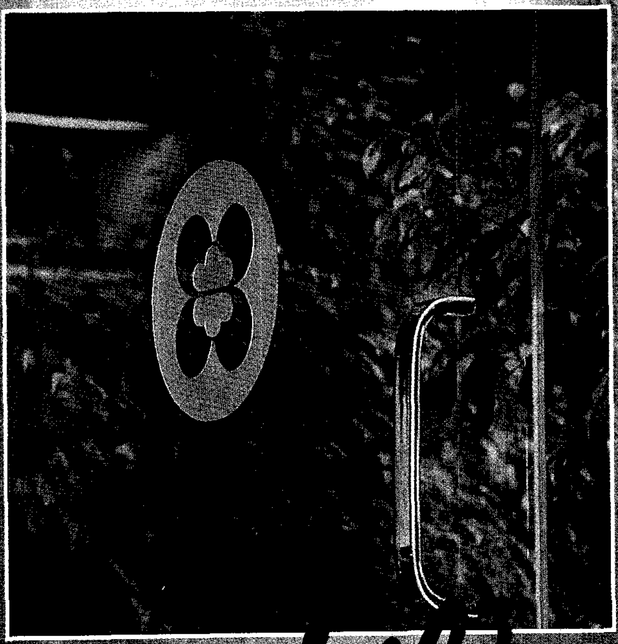
The Magnificent Mile begins at Hyatt Regency.
Enter a dazzling hotel of reflecting mirrors, beams of light, cascading water, and a sparkling lagoon. Explore Chicago's finest shopping along Michigan Avenue.

DEARBORN

Hyatt is at the hub of Detroit.
Step aboard a "People Mover" to Fairlane Town Center. Enjoy name entertainment at db's. Explore Henry Ford Museum, Greenfield Village, and Detroit.

ORLANDO

Hyatt lets the sun shine in.
Explore the "Vacation Capital of the World." Enjoy dining at a variety of restaurants. Discover Walt Disney World, Sea World, Circus World, Kennedy Space Center.



arrive

CAPTURE THE SPIRIT℠ WORLDWIDE

HYATT HOTELS

The splendor of natural greenery is a special *touch of Hyatt.*®
For reservations at 83 hotels worldwide call your travel planner or 800 228 9000.

U.S. JOURNAL: OCOEE, FLA.

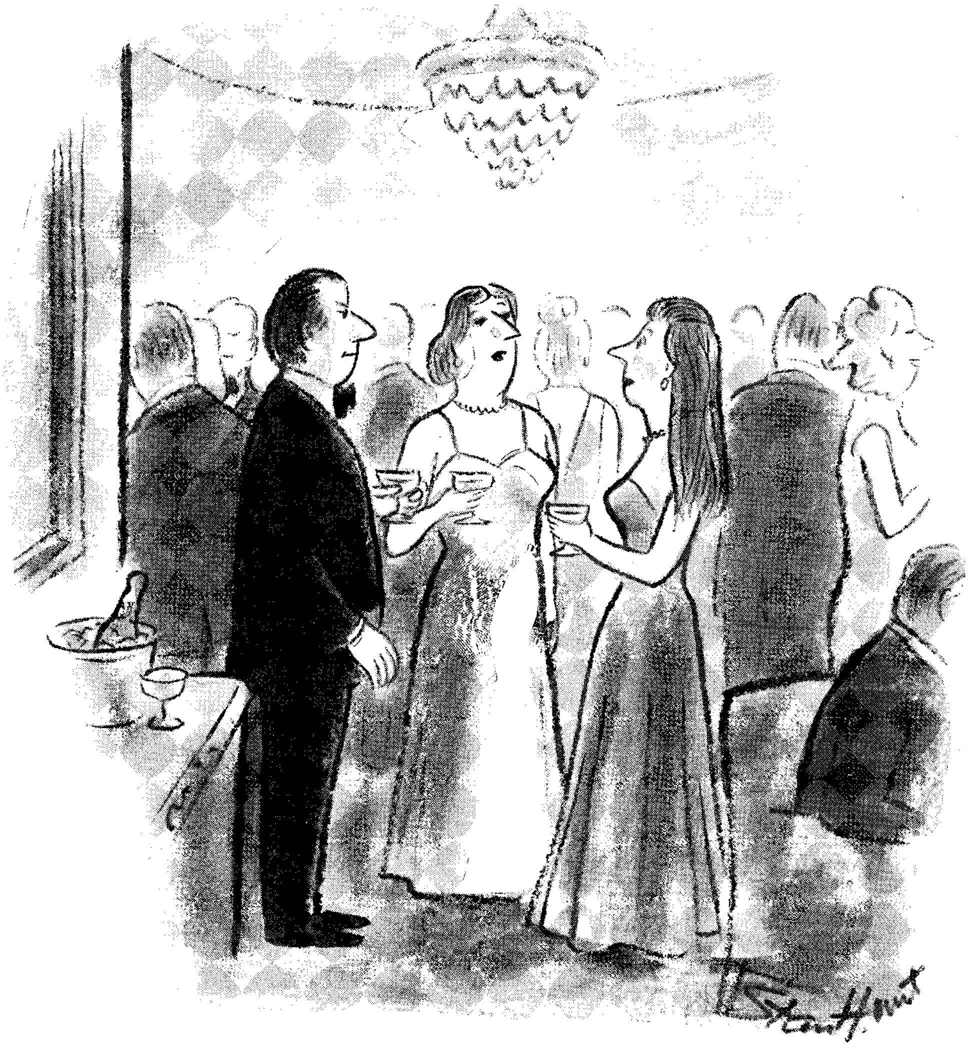
A SHORT HISTORY OF THE OCOEE SECESSION MOVEMENT, SO FAR

IF any city in Orange County threatened to secede, it was bound to be Ocoee. When Ocoee is mentioned to residents of Orlando, the seat of Orange County, they are likely to roll their eyes toward heaven, or smile and shake their heads in wonderment. Around Orlando, Ocoee is often described as "a little Southern town" or even "a little redneck town"—an unreconstructed, ingrown, narrow-minded place where bullheadedness is widely admired and some people remember when there were signs warning black people not to be caught within the city limits after sundown. When someone in Orlando wants to tell a joke that takes place in the boondocks, he sets it in Ocoee. People in Orlando say that Ocoee is so small that it has to share a town drunk with Winter Garden. They say that an outsider can be spotted easily in Ocoee because he's the one wearing shoes. When a reporter from the Orlando *Sentinel Star* was sent to Ocoee to gather the citizens' response to the secession movement, he conducted his interviews around the pool table at a barroom called the Philadelphian—taking down the comments of a truck driver wearing a feed-company cap and of a citrus-field worker drinking Boone's Farm Wild Mountain wine, and noting the background jukebox music of John Anderson singing "Your lyin' blue eyes just told on you." The Philadelphian occupies premises that used to belong to Sonny's Country Kitchen, whose proprietress was noted for promising customers that she would "put some South in your mouth." Throughout Orange County, Ocoee has come to stand for what central Florida was like in the old days—before Orlando grew into a big city stuffed full of Yankee land speculators, before the orange groves started falling to subdivisions and condominiums, before there was talk of multi-use convention centers and international airports, before tourists started pouring in to see Walt Disney World and Sea World, before anyone was tempted to launch Shell World or Christian Life World or Campers World or Kids World or Western Fun World, before a car dealer would have thought of calling his place of business Dodge World. When word of the Ocoee secession movement reached the Orange County Courthouse—an office building in downtown Orlando, twelve miles away—the county administrator, James Harris, said, "I would assume it's just one of those days in Ocoee."

The possibility of secession had been brought up rather abruptly at a regular meeting of the Ocoee city commission, which gathers every first and third Tuesday evening at City Hall—a neat little brick building on the shore of Starke Lake. The commissioners are proud of Ocoee's city hall, and even prouder of how little money was spent to erect it—partly because the city manager, John Vignetti, more or less acted as his own contractor, and partly because there are no interest charges to carry, the policy of Ocoee being to buy nothing that cannot be paid for in cash. After the commissioners had dealt with the other items on the agenda for that evening—matters like the Water Department's request for a new pickup truck, and the question of buying a hoist for a new sanitation packer—Vignetti said, "Now here's another one: Consider de-annexation from Orange County." There was the briefest of silences, and then a city commissioner named Bob Lyle said, "So move."

"I think we ought to talk about it a bit," Vignetti said. "I'm very serious."

The more the commissioners talked, the more they seemed to like the idea. The residents of Ocoee paid three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in taxes to Orange County last year, aside from school taxes, and Vignetti said he couldn't see what the county had provided in return beyond its service of property assessment and tax collection. It was mentioned that the county had still not paved Bowness Road—a road designed to reroute truck traffic from the center of town—even though the project had been at the top of Ocoee's list of requests for years. There was talk about the county



"Edith, I'd like to have you meet Mr. Wippinger. Mr. Wippinger operates on an assigned frequency of 97.9 megahertz by authority of the Federal Communications Commission."

For years Country Curtains have been a tradition. Known for old-fashioned quality and conscientious service, Country Curtains have lent their special warmth to American homes from Nantucket to Nob Hill.

IRISH LACE...delicate but sturdy. Winsome ruffles of 2" cluny lace on natural or white cotton/polyester blend. Pretty and practical. 90" wide per pr. 45", 54" or 63" long, $20.50 pr; 72", 81" or 90" long, $23.50 pr. Valance, 10" x 80", $7.00 each.

We now have a shop at Pickering Wharf, Salem, Massachusetts.

CITY CURTAIN... inspired by the stately houses on Boston's Beacon Hill. The pearly white fabric, a silky blend by Schumacher, is edged with an exquisite tassel fringe. 96" wide per pr. 36" or 40" long, $26 pr; 45" or 54" long, $31 pr; 63" or 72" long, $35 pr; 81" or 90" long, $39 pr; 102" or 108", $47 pr. Tiebacks, $5 pr.

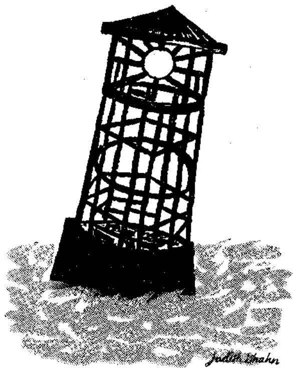
STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL TAB... cascades of sweet berries in a striking print. The soft shades of pink and green are particularly appealing on a pale beige background. This bold stripe will dramatically change the looks of your room. Easy care cotton/polyester. 78" wide per pair. 25", 30" or 36" long, $16 pr; 45" or 54" long, $18 pr; 63" or 72" long, $22 pr.

COUNTRY CURTAINS
Dept. NY-7, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

Send check, money order, Mastercharge or Visa. Add $2.50 postage/handling. Mass. res. add 5% sales tax. Satisfaction guaranteed.

☐ PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG
☐ My order totaling $ ____ is enclosed.
Name
Address
City
State Zip

government spending most of its money in other parts of the county, and wasting a lot of what it spent. There was talk of county bureaucracy and bureaucratic arrogance. "I remember one time we went down to dig a little old water line, to get a permit," one commissioner said. "They charged us fifty-four dollars to get it. They made us wait an hour before they would talk to us, because they was so important and we wasn't." Although someone brought up the possibility of Ocoee's becoming a sort of independent district ("like Washington, D.C."), the commissioners seemed to agree that Ocoee should become a county of its own—not simply free from the bureaucrats in Orlando but eligible for the race-track and jai-alai tax funds that the State of Florida divides among its counties. "I can't think of anything we can't do on our own out here," Vignetti said. "I don't think there's one single thing we have to depend on Orange County or anybody for."



The only person at the commission table who seemed distinctly unenthusiastic about secession was John Rhodes, the city attorney. Unlike the commissioners, Rhodes, who does not live in Ocoee, wears a suit to commission meetings, and seems to feel the need to match a plural subject with a plural predicate. During meetings, he chain-smokes cigarettes and spends a lot of time carefully snuffing them out in the ashtray. "The idea of a two-mile-square county is on the face of it ridiculous," Rhodes said.

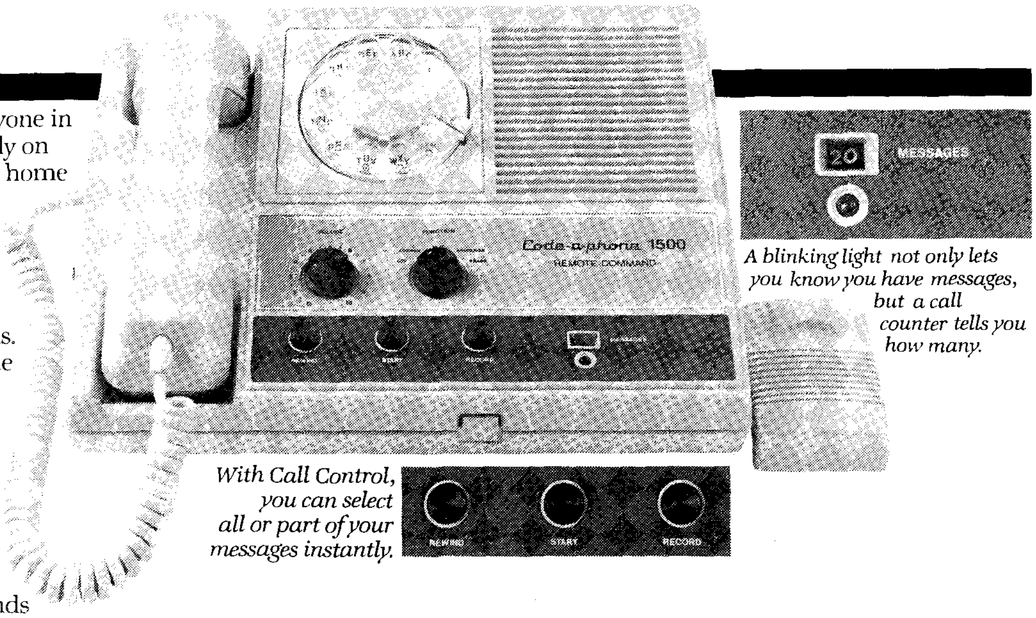
"Well, England said there was no way we could whip 'em, but we whipped 'em," Cliff Freeman, the mayor of Ocoee, said. "And they say the South is going to rise again. I believe it."

John Rhodes was instructed to look into what steps would have to be taken in order for Ocoee to become the County of Ocoee. He accepted the assignment with some reluctance, even though it had been mentioned that if Ocoee ever achieved complete independence he would be the attorney general.

AROUND Orange County, the Ocoee secession movement drew a certain amount of sympathy—aside from the sort of sympathy expressed by the people in Orlando who thought Ocoee should have been encouraged, perhaps even paid, to secede years ago. The towns in the western part of Orange County have long felt that the county government's resources were being concentrated in Orlando and the sprawl that leads south from there toward Disney World. "We don't expect Ocoee to succeed in its goal of separating from Orange County, but we certainly don't blame Ocoee officials for sounding off," an editorial in the Winter Garden *Times* said. "We urge the county officials to hear and try to understand the Ocoee gripes. Many other towns in Orange County feel the same way but have not yet spoken as bluntly." Even people who don't live in west Orange County could sympathize with Cliff Freeman's contention that the real issue was big government. "We just kind of want to be left alone," he said on an Orlando radio show the day after the commission meeting. "County government's got so large it's hard to get anything done." As Freeman saw it, the disagreement was between "the most independent people you've ever seen" and a building full of bureaucrats who had become so insensitive and burdened with red tape that "anytime you go over to that courthouse in Orlando you want to whip someone before you're through." Freeman painted an appealing picture: Facing the power and sophistication of the buttoned-up bureaucrats in Orlando were some independent Americans from Ocoee wearing baseball caps—baseball caps that within a couple of days of the city-commission meeting said on them "County of Ocoee."

As it happens, Ocoee is not actually the little redneck backwater that its reputation in Orlando conjures up. It once was. People in Winter Garden, not to speak of people in Orlando, used to look down on people from Ocoee. Winter Garden, a town just to the west, was the home of some well-off orange-grove owners and a winter vacation spot for people who fished Lake Apopka in the days when Lake Apopka still had fish. Ocoee was the home of country people, most of them poor. In 1920, Ocoee had a ferocious racial conflict, which apparently started when a black man named July Perry tried to vote even though he had not paid his poll tax. Before it was over, two white men had been shot and

A decorator phone that's so smart it answers itself.



A blinking light not only lets you know you have messages, but a call counter tells you how many.

With Call Control, you can select all or part of your messages instantly.

With everyone in the family on the go, no home should be without a MessageCenter. It's the perfect way to keep in touch with each other, and with all your friends. Use it as your only phone or as an extension.

It greets callers in your voice.
Anytime you're away, or just can't get to the phone, the MessageCenter plays a recorded announcement in your voice from 2 to 20 seconds long. Then it records 20 messages of 30 seconds each.

No need to come home for messages.
Just take along your lightweight Pocket Coder, and your MessageCenter will play back your messages from any phone, anywhere.

Push button control.
When you return home, the call counter lets you know how many messages there are. And, with the push of a button you can fast forward through them or rewind to listen to an important part of a message a second time.

It's as smart as it looks.
Outside, the MessageCenter looks sharp in almond with a cocoa insert panel. And on the inside its microprocessor circuitry makes it reliable and easy to operate. Good reasons why Ford Industries makes more answering systems than anyone.

To find out more, call us toll-free: 1-800-547-4683.*
Or fill out the coupon below and drop it in the mail. Better yet, check out the MessageCenter for yourself. It's available in most fine stores.

CODE-A-PHONE®

We're making the telephone an extension of your lifestyle.

Please send me free literature on The MessageCenter.

Name

Company

Address

City State Zip

Mail to: Ford Industries, Inc.
5001 S.E. Johnson Creek Blvd., Portland, OR 97222 NY 6-80

*In Oregon, Alaska or Hawaii, call 1-503-774-1104.

®Code-A-Phone and Call Control are registered trademarks of Ford Industries, Inc., Portland, OR.

The MessageCenter
Code-A-Phone answering systems start at only $139.95, manufacturer's suggested retail price. (Shown: The Code-A-Phone 1500 MessageCenter. Manufacturer's suggested retail price $319.95.) The Code-A-Phone 1550 has all the features of the 1500 plus push button dialing and last number redial, at $349.95.

The finest service often goes unnoticed. The answer lies not in responding to requests, but in anticipating them.

Souvent le meilleur service ne se remarque pas. En effet, il ne s'agit pas de satisfaire les demandes mais de les prévenir.

Die besten Dienstleistungen sind oft die Unauffälligsten. Es handelt sich darum, Wünschen nicht entgegen-, sondern zuvorzukommen.

MCMLXXI

THE COLONNADE
BOSTON'S EUROPEAN
GRAND HOTEL
For instant reservations
call 800-223-6800
or Loews Representation
International.

LHW
The Leading Hotels
of the World

killed, at least eight black people had been killed, a number of houses in the black section of town had been burned to the ground, and July Perry had been lynched. A reputation for racism still lingers—no black people live in the city—but black children who are brought in by bus attend Ocoee schools routinely. People who were born and raised in Ocoee still think that Winter Garden people look down on them, but a lot of people who live in Ocoee these days were not born and raised there. In the past ten years, the population of Ocoee has grown from about four thousand to seven thousand. Despite its reputation as a throwback country town, Ocoee has been greatly affected by the Orange County boom. A Holiday Inn and a Ramada Inn—overflow motels for Disney World tourists—lie within the city limits. One reason the city has been able to stay out of debt is that it continues to annex land that developers are waiting to build subdivisions on. Neighborhoods in Ocoee do not have names like Pickle's Creek and Squirrel Hollow but names like Brentwood Four and Springdale and Twin Lakes Manor. A lot of the people who live in the subdivisions are retired couples from the North; for people over sixty-five, Ocoee waives city taxes, provides free water and sanitation service, and furnishes a cemetery lot. Many residents of the new subdivisions are working people—a lot of the houses cost about thirty-five thousand dollars—but some of them are executives from Disney World and Sea World. A couple of them are department heads in the Orange County government. Someone who toured Ocoee without knowing its reputation would describe it not as an isolated little country town but as a bedroom community for Orlando.

ICE CREAM
LÁSZLÓ

John Vignetti, the city manager, who started the secession movement, is not a Florida country boy who grew up in a citrus grove but a retired Air Force colonel who grew up in Pennsylvania. Cliff Freeman's predecessor as mayor was also a retired colonel from the North. Most members of the city commission are longtime Ocoee residents sufficiently set in their ways to know that the beast they oppose is called "big gummint," but the Mayor drives a white Cadillac and has been involved in as many land deals as the Yankee hustlers in Orlando. He was a county commissioner for some years himself, and in that role he is best remembered in Orlando for having seen to the paving of a driveway leading to the West Orange Country Club, in Winter Garden—a club that had managed to overlook Winter Garden disdain for Ocoee folks long enough to accept him as a member.

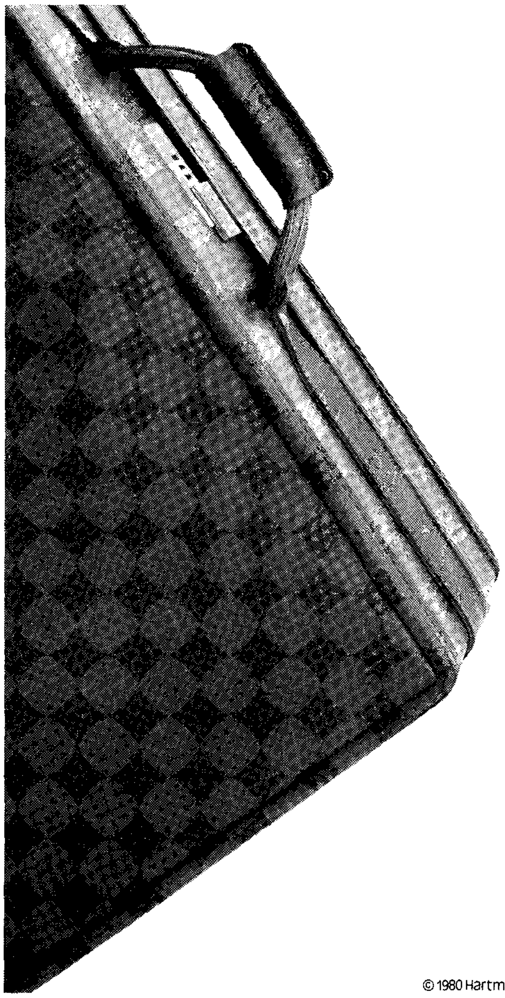
"Ocoee's image is incorrect," a resident of Winter Garden said recently. "But they're just feisty enough to nurture it anyway." There are people in Ocoee who resent the *Sentinel Star* reporter's having limited himself to a barroom in gathering public reaction to the idea of secession, and Mayor Freeman, in a recent speech that began by comparing the secession movement to the Boston Tea Party, said that Ocoee ought to be recognized for its accomplishments. In general, though, Ocoee residents do not seem inclined to correct the Orlando impression that Ocoee is a little country town populated by bullheaded rednecks. A lot of people who live in Ocoee, after all, are hardworking people who do, in fact, dislike big government—even if they do not tend to brawl in barrooms about it. The retired couples from the North do not complain about living in a town that has no black people in it. Ocoee residents seem content to have country-music disc jockeys in Orlando dedicate a tune called "We're Just Good Ole Boys" to the good ole boys in Ocoee. These days, after all, the Redneck as Hero—the cross-country trucker, the outlaw country singer—is an accepted figure. When Cliff Freeman escorts a visitor around Ocoee in his white Cadillac ("This here's the road the county's supposed to be cleaning. . . . All this is fixin' to be developed"), it seems natural for him to point with pride toward a couple of hundred-thousand-dollar houses and then say, "Nobody's a big shot in Ocoee. They're by God down-to-earth country people."

"OCOEE has always been a joke, and this perpetuates the joke," a county commissioner who lives in Orlando said not long after the secession movement was announced. There were others in county government, though, who were not treating it as a joke. Not long after the city-commission meeting, the assistant county administrator asked for and received a letter from John Vignetti explaining his complaints about county services. "The highly visible areas of ineffectiveness are animal control, mosquito control, and paving," Vignetti wrote, in part. "We think we can do more with the tax dollars than you can and we don't think you are providing the services our tax dollars represent."

Although County Administrator James Harris, the man in charge of the county's bureaucracy, did not think there was any chance of Ocoee's becoming its own county, he was not unsympathetic to Ocoee's irritation. Harris recognizes the fact that for people living in an incorporated city the county is the most amorphous and least visible unit of government. People who live in a city do not identify with their county the way they might identify with their state. They don't see the county performing the sort of curbside services that are furnished by the city. Although Harris takes it for granted that a court system and a jail system and a social-welfare system are necessities, he realizes that someone might live out his life in Ocoee without coming into contact with any of them. Some of the large projects that go along with Orlando's growth—the city's constantly delayed and increasingly expensive airport expansion, the county's constantly delayed and increasingly expensive convention center—obviously seem particularly wasteful to members of a city government that has no debt and has steadily lowered the millage rate. Harris says he understands the temptation to drop out of what has become a complicated governmental system. "We live in a complex world," he said recently. "Ocoee is in a way saying 'We want out.' But this is 1980. The complications are the price of civilization as we know it. You can't get out."

Not long after the Ocoee secession threat was reported, the chairman of the county commission got on the telephone with Cliff Freeman. There were some jokes about the possibility of Ocoee's taking county employees hostage. Then there was some talk about what the city commissioners of Ocoee seemed to find particularly irritating. When it was over, the county had promised to put one hundred thousand dollars in escrow—to be used by Ocoee to pave Bowness Road. Mayor Freeman said later, "I feel like now they're aware of our problems."

WHEN the Ocoee city commission gathered for its first meeting after the matter of secession had been raised, everything seemed to be back to routine. There was talk about an easement here and a subdivision there. There was some discussion of the



We don't cut corners.

hartmann

Du Pont TEFLON soil & stain repeller
© 1980 Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087

The Schroders' Bill of Rights for Trust Funds.

If you have $300,000 or more to invest in a trust fund, Schroders believes you have several rights.

Schroders believes you have the right to expect personalized investment of such a substantial sum of money, rather than having it mingled with an already existing common trust fund.

Schroders also believes you have the right to have your trust account personally managed by an experienced senior officer, with whom you can expect to develop a long-term continuing relationship.

And as a corollary, Schroders believes that the officer managing your account should be assigned only a limited number of other accounts, to assure you of dedicated attention to your financial needs.

If you'd like to exercise these rights, Schroders invites you to call Mr. William M. Otterbein, Vice President, at (212) 269-6500. Or write him at the address below.

Schroders
J. Henry Schroder Bank & Trust Company
ONE STATE STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10015/FINANCIAL PLANNING & ESTATE MANAGEMENT • PERSONAL TRUST • PENSION & PROFIT SHARING TRUSTEESHIP • PRE-RETIREMENT CONSULTATION & SEMINAR • SAVINGS & LOAN CONVERSION • STOCK TRANSFER & CORPORATE TRUSTEESHIP • CLASS ACTION SETTLEMENT • TENDER AGENT

White Flower Farm
Perennial Tulips . . . .
Yes, Perennial Tulips

For the past five years a new strain of Tulips has bloomed superbly in test gardens here and abroad. They have large blossoms like Darwin Hybrids and self-propagate readily in formal beds *and naturalized sweeps*. We don't know if they'll last as long as Daffodils, but we do know that their fifth season's bloom was a lovely mass of color. So if you normally plant new Tulip bulbs each fall, you can now figure your annual cost at one-fifth your first cost.

There's no 'catch.' Just give these vigorous bulbs a rich, deeply dug home and follow directions that come with the shipment.

You might think that bulbs as startlingly new as Perennial Tulips would carry a high price. Not so. The cost is about the same, maybe a bit less, than new varieties of Tulips. Prices for each variety: Doz. $5.90, 25 $11.40, 50 $21.00, 100 $40.25. Sorry, varieties cannot be mixed to get a lower price. Please add prepaid shipping and handling costs of 10% east of the Mississippi, 15% west of The River and Gulf States (Conn. residents add sales tax). Bulbs will be shipped in time for fall planting.

Order **White Flower Farm Perennial Tulips: Rose 4524.** Old rose outside, glowing orange inside. **Red 4521.** Dark red outside, the base black edged yellow. **Two-Tone 4525.** Orange-scarlet with an edge suggesting yellow, black base edged yellow. **Yellow 4522.** Deep golden-yellow with black base. **White 4523.** Solid ivory-white — 26 inches (two inches taller than the rest).

If you garden regularly and would like to receive our catalogues in 1981 (a $5.00 value) please indicate it on your bulb order. Please order now.

— Amos Pettingill

White Flower Farm
Plantsmen
Litchfield 9014, Connecticut 06759

standard electrical code. There was a long discussion with a subdivision developer who seemed to differ from the commissioners in his memory of whether or not his project had been given permission to sell its model houses before it had hooked up sewer and water lines. The developer was an orthodontist from Orlando—a thin, bearded man who wore flared trousers and often said, in a New York accent, "Gentlemen, I'm flabbergasted."

Toward the end of the meeting, Commissioner Lyle asked John Rhodes what his research had shown about the legal steps toward secession. Rhodes said that it was possible only through an act of the legislature—exactly what he had said at the previous meeting. Mayor Freeman said he had spoken to a legislator who would be willing to bring the matter up if the people of Ocoee decided they wanted him to. Although the Mayor had been speaking all week as if the offer of paving money for Bowness Road had ended the secession movement, nothing was said in the meeting about the offer or about the possibility of putting aside secession plans for the time being. John Vignetti had decided that a hundred thousand dollars would not be enough to pave the road, and he had some other matters he wanted to discuss with the county. Mayor Freeman suggested that the county administrator and the head of the county commission be invited to meet with the mayor and the city manager of Ocoee to discuss Ocoee's needs. He expressed confidence that such a meeting would result in some better treatment for Ocoee folks. "We know how to put that old swamp talk on 'em," he said.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

Q. I am curious about the origin of the names of two fruits—grapefruits, which do not resemble grapes, and pineapples, which do not look like apples. Do you know the answer?

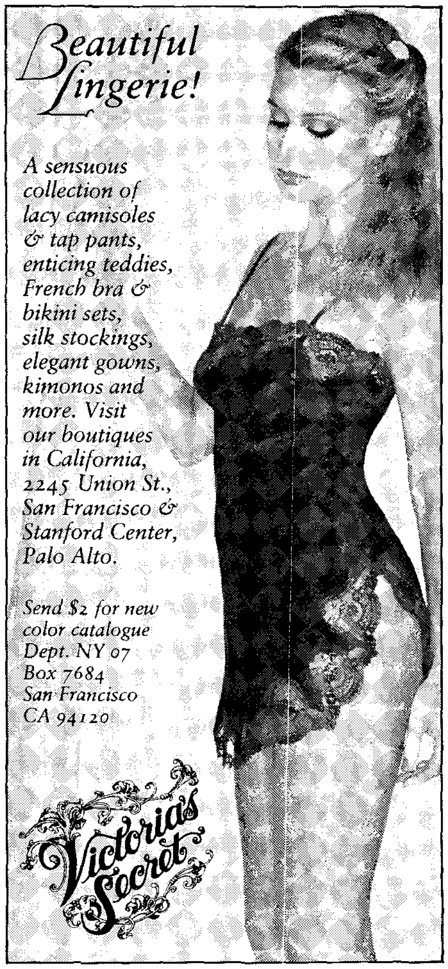
A. Grapefruits are so named because the fruit resembles large pine cones, which contain pine nuts.—*Fayetteville (N.C.) Times.*

Next question.

•

11 OF THE 13 OPEC NATIONS AGREED TODAY TO INCREASE THE BENCHMARK PRICE OF CRUDE OIL TO 32-DOLLARS A BARREL. KUWAIT IMMEDIATELY ANNOUNCED A TWO-DOLLAR INCREASE IN THE PRICE OF ITS OIL, TO 31-DOLLARS AND 50-CENTS AN OUNCE. BUT SAUDI ARABIA, AMERICA'S LARGEST SUPPLIER, REFUSED TO RAISE PRICES RIGHT NOW.—*U.P.I. dispatch.*

Whew!



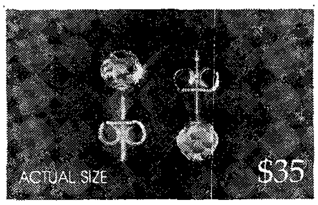
Beautiful Lingerie!

A sensuous collection of lacy camisoles & tap pants, enticing teddies, French bra & bikini sets, silk stockings, elegant gowns, kimonos and more. Visit our boutiques in California, 2245 Union St., San Francisco & Stanford Center, Palo Alto.

Send $2 for new color catalogue
Dept. NY 07
Box 7684
San Francisco
CA 94120

Victoria's Secret

THE PERFECT GIFT
CRYSTAL & GOLD
FOR ANY OCCASION



ACTUAL SIZE $35

EARRINGS

Elegant pure Austrian leaded Strauss crystal wedded with 14 carat gold. Universally acclaimed for its old world beauty, this tasteful radiant treasure is presented royally ensheathed in a golden gift box. The perfect gift — or a treat for yourself.

Call toll-free 800/453-8777

☐ Please send _____ pairs of Crystal & Gold earrings at $35.00 per pair. Sent first class postpaid. Money back guarantee.
☐ Check ☐ Visa ☐ Master Charge
Card No. __________ Exp. ______
Name ____________________
Address __________________
________________ Zip ______

CRYSTAL PALACE
Carnegie Hall, Box 342, Fairfield, Iowa 52556

MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Elements

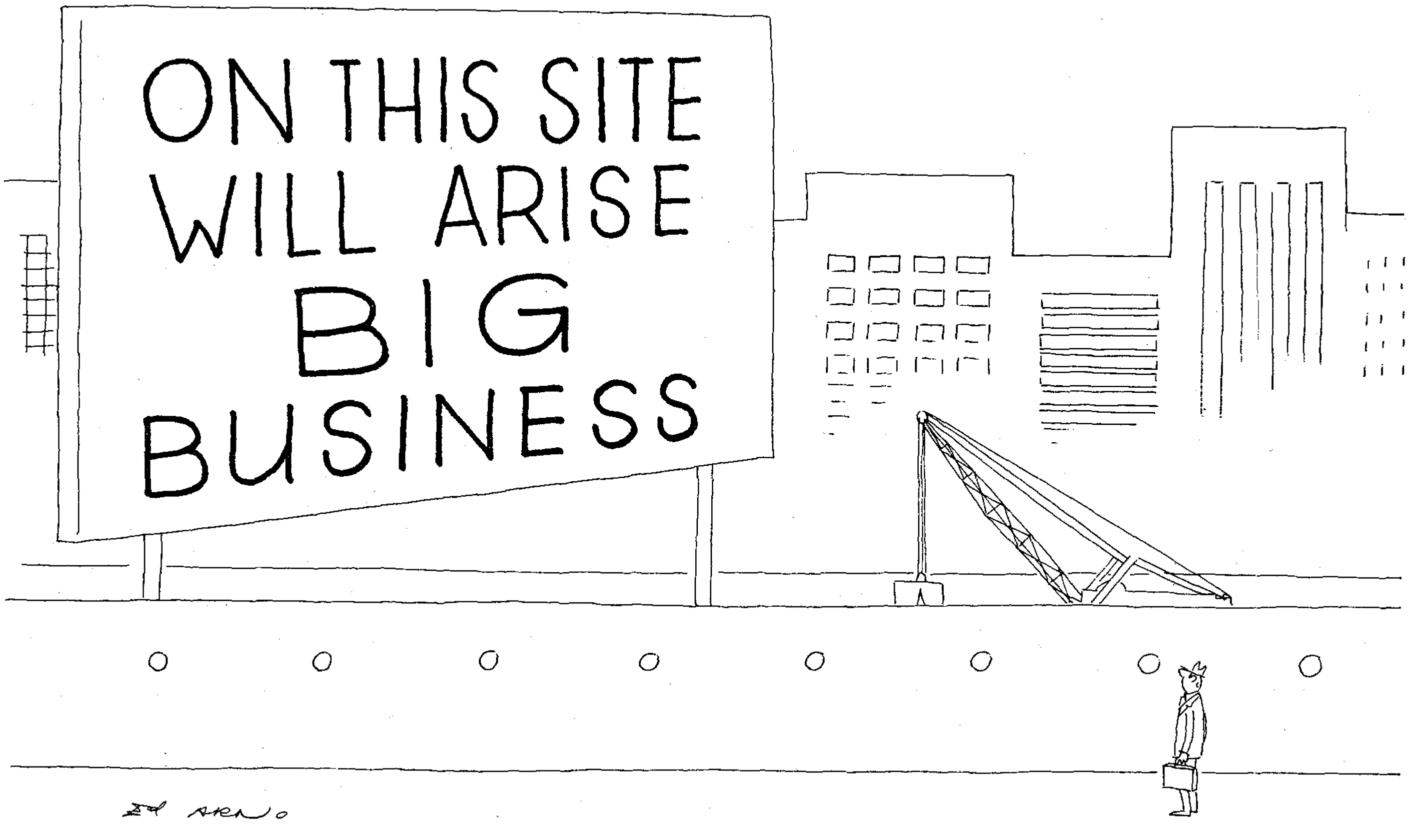
AS half of its double bill this year, the Opera Theatre of St. Louis had planned to give the first stage production of Prokofiev's early one-act opera "Maddalena." It was composed in 1911, when Prokofiev was just twenty; only the first of its four scenes was fully scored. There was some revision in 1913, and more in the late twenties or early thirties. Then the score was left behind in Paris, in the famous trunk whose top layer held the composer's brown-striped pajamas, when Prokofiev returned to Russia in 1936. He died in 1953, and the rights to "Maddalena" were in dispute. On March 25th last year, the opera had its first performances, given by the BBC, in Russian and then a few hours later in English translation. Edward Downes had completed the orchestration (he also made the translation and conducted the piece). Critics were enthusiastic: "It will demand a stage performance." "The work should now join the regular canon of Prokofiev operas." "By any standards 'Maddalena' is a substantial and stageworthy piece." One looked forward to the St. Louis production, even while wondering how its "vast orchestra" would fit into the little Loretto-Hilton pit.

But performing rights to "Maddalena" were then withdrawn from the St. Louis company, which had to cast around for something else that singers already engaged could fit into. It came up with Emil von Reznicek's "Spiel oder Ernst?" "Maddalena" is a—well, "tragedy" is perhaps not the just word, for at the end its heroine rejoices that, since her husband and her lover have both died in a duel, she is now free. At any rate, it is a heated drama of high emotions. "Spiel oder Ernst?" mocks high emotions; it is a backstage anecdote—a "Pagliacci" without the passions. A tenor, a fine singer but hitherto indifferent actor, learns the way to play a convincing Otello (Rossini's, not Verdi's) when he discovers that his soprano wife, who sings Desdemona, is unfaithful to him with the bass of the company. But then soprano and bass persuade him that their affair was simulated, a ruse to rouse his emotional temperature. The tone is light.

"Spiel oder Ernst?" appeared in Dresden in 1930, the year of Weill's "Mahagonny," Krenek's "Leben des Orest," Janáček's "From the House of the Dead," Milhaud's "Christophe Colomb," Antheil's "Transatlantic," and Gurlitt's "Soldaten." During the Weimar Republic, opera was generally more than light entertainment. Reznicek himself had composed serious operas, from "Die Jungfrau von Orleans" (1886), after Schiller, to "Holofernes" (1923), after Hebbel, and had spent many years in the hurly-burly of opera-house life. When "Spiel oder Ernst?" appeared, he was seventy. The cast of five includes a composer of serious operas that no one any longer wants to hear; and he joins the tenor in a duo outburst against cruel critics. It is possible—just—to find in the score some keen comments on the composition and execution of opera and on the conduct, personal and professional, of opera singers. But it was hardly possible to do so in St. Louis, where the piece was directed and played as rank farce, without historical sense. On the simplest level, Henry Pleasants' English translation ("Fact or Fiction"), first heard in Philadelphia in 1941, kept referring to Caruso's famous performance as Rossini's Otello—a role that every musical schoolboy knows Caruso never played. (The first twentieth-century revival of "Otello" was in London in 1961.) It mattered more that there was no wit or elegance, and much philistine obviousness, in the presentation. Reznicek uses passages of "Otello" in his score, and Rossini needs better singing than the St. Louis cast provided. All in all, what might have been an amusing trifle was coarsened.

But on the bill there was also an admirable performance of one of the greatest, most moving—and most charming—tragedies of the twentieth-century lyric stage: Kurt Weill's "The Seven Deadly Sins" (to which title Bertolt Brecht, Weill's librettist, later added "of the Petit-Bourgeoisie"). This *ballet chanté* is a suite of seven songs, with prologue and epilogue, for soprano, male-voice quartet, and small orchestra. The protagonist, Anna, a divided role, is played by a singer who expresses the heroine's hard sense and by a dancer who expresss her natural feelings—two aspects of a girl who must learn by painful experience that sin does not pay. For if you are Slothful in the rat race you'll never get on. Don't take Pride in putting forward the best work you do; give the public the low-grade stuff it wants. Feeling Anger at social injustices merely makes you unpopular. Gluttony costs you your figure and your clients. Avarice—or stripping customers to their last cent—earns you a bad name and is bad for business. No use feeling Envy for those who have leisure, who protest at evils, who love as love directs them; such foolish folk never get rich. But Anna, with the voice of the singing Anna to check every decent, generous impulse in her, does get rich; and back in Louisiana the little house where her family lives, chanting from time to time a pious prayer to God the Dollar, becomes as splendid as a Presidential ranch. Her journey takes her from city to city—to Memphis, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and San Francisco—as burlesque dancer, starlet, star, and expensive mistress.

Weill and Brecht had not been to America when they wrote this work, in 1933, but Europe had already given them ample opportunity to observe the corrupting effects of capitalism and to write this fierce morality play in which conventional moral precepts are with chilling realism turned inside out. "The Seven Deadly Sins" is a salutary work, and those who, nearly half a century later, have an easy time within a system that still prevails need reminding of the cost. Yet beside the fierceness there is fun, and the work is also a high-spirited celebration of those "sins"—enjoyment of life, of good food (the Gluttony episode contains some of the most deliciously greedy music ever written), of young love—from which Anna must be "saved." Moreover, the music is irresistible. In his "Music Ho!" (1934), Constant Lambert wrote, "I feel that this work has considerable strength in the way that it manages to deal with a modern and emotional subject without chichi, false sentiment, or mechanical romanticism." It is indeed a strong work, and very subtly composed. Brecht and Weill gave new life to classical procedures by introducing elements of a popular idiom (to the Mozartian orchestra Weill adds banjo and guitar), but, as the Weill scholar David Drew has written, "however popular the forms may have seemed, they were rooted in the best classical tradi-



• •

tions and they were capable of considerable complexity."

Most productions of "The Seven Deadly Sins" distort the piece—by bringing chichi, camp, false sentiment, and "nostalgia" for thirties Berlin to the staging and, musically, by employing an edition in which the music is transposed down by a fourth, with disastrous effect on the vocal line and on Weill's marvellous orchestration. The singing Anna was composed for a light, clear soprano with a range from the B below the staff to the F-sharp on its top line. Its first interpreter was Lotte Lenya, whose records of the thirties reveal such a voice, not strong but true. Her manner was frank and forthright, and she had a great sense of how to shape a melody and utter a phrase. The work's affecting power lies partly in the paradoxical counterpoint of words against music and the similar contrast between the shocking sentiments and the limpid, innocent tones in which they are uttered. Jenny in "Mahagonny" has a similar role. All too often, for Anna and Jenny tough, raucous diseuses are cast.

But in St. Louis everything, or nearly everything, was right. The piece was sung at the proper pitch. The direction and choreography, by James Cunningham, were sensitive, apt, effective, and unpresuming. So were the designs—scenery by Timothy Jozwick, costumes by John Carver Sullivan. Jennifer Donohue, the dancing Anna, was delicate, natural, touching. Elaine Bonazzi, the singing Anna, displayed an admirable sense of phrase, accent, and emphasis. There were some moments that call for fuller, bigger singing than she seemed to think was proper, but otherwise her feeling for the role was secure, and she and Miss Donohue played together movingly. Randall Behr, quite rightly, conducted most of the music as if it were by Mozart, but in the final episode, which needs to be conducted as if it were by Mahler, he reduced the weight of the funeral march; its tread was too light and its climaxes were too gentle.

VICTOR HERBERT, Irish-born, Stuttgart-trained, was a good composer. Bel Canto Opera has been proving it since 1976 with its productions of "Babette," "Sweethearts," "The Red Mill," and now, last month, "The Debutante," unheard in New York since a short run at the Knickerbocker Theatre in 1914. These Bel Canto shows are labors of commitment and love on the part of the Herbert scholar Frederick S. Roffman, who for "The Debutante," as for the previous works, edited the score, revised the book, wrote learned program notes, directed, and conducted. Mr. Roffman is not equally skillful in all his parts. I approve his insistence as an editor on going back to the autograph and discovering the composer's first and later intentions, rather than meekly accepting printed scores. Sometimes this means acts of Wagnerian dimensions (the first act of "The Debutante" lasted for nearly ninety minutes; during it, alternative versions of the heroine's entrance aria were both done), but if one is going to revive an unknown piece one might as well revive all of it. Of his work as dramatist and lyricist I cannot speak, not having scanned the original books. As a director, he has found a style—a simple, unpretentious style not ill suited to the fairly modest acting ability of the Bel Canto regulars and chorus. As a conductor, he seems to me inefficient, lacklustre, and readier to follow the music than to form it. Nevertheless, the music is animated enough to lead him to entertaining performances, and "The Debutante" was enjoyable.

The plot is a Jamesian soufflé: no-nonsense American heiress somewhat adrift in England but resourceful in Paris; reunion at the end with a Princeton boy who has got over his dazzle with French society. The plot finds place for a brief "Cubist" opera—rather a pretty one, kin to both Satie's "Parade" and Ligeti's "Aventures" (while sharing a solfeggio text with Philip Glass's "Einstein on the Beach"), but ending in a turkey trot. The score is light, tuneful, accomplished, thoroughly agreeable. Sullivan, Richard Strauss, and Ravel play upon its popular idiom. It is cunningly orchestrated. As the heroine, Melanie Helton displayed an offbeat, unstereotyped charm, a freshness that won all hearts, and some bright high notes to shine out as descant to a catchy ensemble rag. Lauren Scott, with some polish and wit, played an American suffragist. The words of the hero, sung by Robert Urbanowicz, were excellently clear.

DESPITE its name, the group Polyhymnia, which styles itself "a women's chamber-music collective," is not dedicated to the performance of sacred music. Last month, in the little Theatre Opera Music Institute (or TOMI) theatre, atop the Park Royal Hotel, on West Seventy-third Street, it revived two rarities, Albert Roussel's "Elpénor" and Louis Gruenberg's "The Daniel Jazz." In 1937, as his death was approaching, Roussel entrusted to his friend Joseph Weterings, the librettist of his ballet "Aeneas," some music he had composed for an unspecified dramatic action and invited Weterings to write a play to go with it. In 1946, Weterings told Roussel's biographer Norman Demuth about the elaborate scenario he had devised; Demuth writes of an overture, an interlude, a prelude to Act II, and overtures to Acts III and IV. But the *poème radiophonique* "Elpénor" that was published in 1947 has a much simpler plot, and the score consists of only a four-minute prelude and two brief interludes; the coda of the prelude is repeated at the end. Basil Deane, a later Roussel biographer, calls the piece "unremarkable," and I think he is too hard. "Elpénor" is no "Naissance de la Lyre," no "Bacchus et Ariane," no "Aeneas," and there is very little of it; but what there is is exquisite. Roussel was a stern self-critic. He destroyed several of his compositions. He would not have entrusted to posterity the pieces that became "Elpénor" had he been unsure of their merit.

The music is for flute and string quartet. (Demuth talks of timpani, but there are none in the score as published.) The prelude serves aptly to introduce Circe's enchanted island; a little bustle at the end of it suggests that Ulysses and his crew are preparing to depart. In Homer, Elpenor, a weak-headed young fellow who has gone up to the roof to sleep off a hangover, loses his step, tumbles down, breaks his neck, and misses the boat. But Weterings' Elpenor is a romantic who misses the boat from choice; he cannot bring himself to part from Clymene, one of Circe's nymphs. The poetic playlet starts with merry, saucy conversation between another of Ulysses' followers and another nymph. The interludes set the tone for the gentle romance, passionate yet chaste, of the serious pair. Roussel had a rare gift for "atmosphere;" his antique world is closer to Fauré's than to Ravel's, and the "Elpénor" music, on its tiny scale, suggests a distillation from his big classical ballets. It is at once modest, vivid, intense, and refined, and it was attractively played. The performance was "semi-staged," and Weterings' play, in an English translation by Robin Kronstadt, was nicely spoken.

"The Daniel Jazz"—spirituals by Vachel Lindsay set for voice, string quartet, clarinet and trumpet, percussion and piano—is a lively piece. It was first heard at a League of Composers concert in 1925, along with "Pierrot Lunaire." It caused quite a stir when it was done a few months later at the ISCM Festival, in Venice (along with Carl Ruggles' "Angels" and Stravinsky's Piano Sonata). It swept Europe. It may well have given Weill some ideas. But at the Polyhymnia performance the mezzo-soprano Laurie Carley, who had played Elpenor with charm and discretion, was a self-conscious and unstylish soloist, uncertain of her approach; Joshua Greene overconducted the little ensemble; and the suite stayed earthbound. Leontyne Price, an explorer whose latest recital record ranges from Handel's Jupiter, by way of Norma and Isolde, to Britten's Gloriana, might be the person to bring "The Daniel Jazz" back to life. When it was new, Egon Wellesz described it (in the influential *Anbruch*, the Vienna magazine devoted to new music) as "a landmark in the history of American music."

—ANDREW PORTER

•

Weighing nearly four pounds, with almost three times the content of his earlier top-of-the-best-seller-list work, the author enables you to keep greedy probate lawyers and judges, "the unseen heirs in every estate," from taking from your loved ones a share of your bank accounts, real estate, stocks, bonds, mutual funds, brokerage accounts, safe deposit boxes, automobile, contents of a rented house or apartment, personal effects such as jewelry, furs, clothing, antiques, works of art, an unincorporated business, partnership interest, promissory notes, mortgages, royalties on patents or literary works or musical compositions—virtually anything you can name.—*Adv. in the Times Book Review.*

And there's no telling what he could do if he put on a little more weight.

Elsinore Castle, the site of Shakespeare's Hamlet, is a real 16th century castle. And you can see it yourself when you visit Denmark. There is no question—to be swathed in an eloquent fur by Birger Christensen is the only way to be.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Østergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

Careful attention to the smallest detail

The Bel Air Sands is a hotel set apart for guests whose affairs require a serene environment for gracious living. ☐ We provide courtesy limousine service to Beverly Hills and Century City, gratis tennis and garage parking. The dining is classic cuisine. ☐ We have a staff that considers service almost sacred, even to the point of turning down your bed before you retire.

See your Travel Agent or call Toll Free
800-421-6649
In California: 800-352-6680

The NEW
Bel Air Sands
Hotel

On Sunset Blvd. at the San Diego Freeway
Los Angeles (Bel Air), California

RUSSIAN JOURNAL

II—WINTER AND SPRING

DECEMBER 26

TWO sappy songs keep running through my head: one about Ded Moroz, the Russian Santa, the other about a little Yule tree. Both are played on Radio Moscow constantly these days, sung in the high, squeaky children's voices that sentimental Russians love. It's the holiday season here now with a vengeance, as everyone gets ready for New Year's, the great Soviet winter celebration. The stores are packed with customers, special booths in Metro stations sell New Year's cards with pictures of Ded Moroz, and "bazaars" have been set up around the city to sell scraggly Yule trees. A friend of ours bought a set of small metal tree ornaments; they included a silver soccer ball and a tiny gilt cosmonaut.

While all the New Year's preparation goes on around us, some of us Westerners have been quietly celebrating Christmas—a holiday that for my husband, Tom, and me ended up being a strange one indeed. Christmas Eve we spent initiating Russian friends into the mysteries of eggnog. (They had all heard of it, and thought of it as an arcane drink made from an immensely complicated recipe.) On Christmas morning, we ate an American breakfast at the Intourist Hotel while two Swedish drunks sang "White Christmas." Then we took a train out to Peredelkino, twelve miles southwest of Moscow. We were carrying our skis the whole morning; we had been invited to spend Christmas Day in the country with Victor and Jennifer Louis.

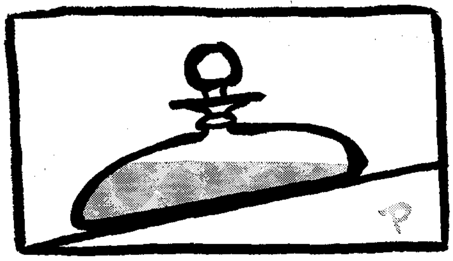
Long before coming to the Soviet Union, I'd heard of Victor Louis—mysterious journalist, Soviet millionaire, so-called mouthpiece of the Kremlin, man of so many roles and faces that it was difficult to keep track of them all. It was in the early sixties that Louis first caught the attention of Western journalists, who were fascinated by his peculiar position as a Soviet citizen who was the Moscow correspondent for the London *Evening News* and whose byline occasionally appeared in foreign periodicals like *France-Soir* and the Washington *Post*. Since then, he has become known as the official conduit by which maneuverings inside the Kremlin are "confidentially" leaked to the West; for example, in 1964 it was Louis who revealed to foreign newsmen the fall of Nikita Khrushchev. Louis is much more than an unofficial Party spokesman, however. In "Ten Years After Ivan Denisovich," Zhores A. Medvedev asserts that Louis was a central figure in the persecution of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Medvedev also asserts that it was Louis who, presumably acting on K.G.B. orders, dampened the sensation of Svetlana Stalin's 1967 memoir, "Twenty Letters to a Friend," by arranging the Western appearance of a pirated edition months before the official publication date.

Louis is known as much for his lavish personal life as he is for his political activities; a 1971 *Newsweek* article describes him gloating almost obsessively over his luxurious country household, his expensive foreign gadgets, his travel privileges. Thousands of tourists know him from still another side—as the co-author (with his wife, Jennifer) of "The Complete Guide to the Soviet Union."

When we told Russian friends about our Christmas invitation from Louis, the response was usually a laugh and a shrug. "Everyone knows what *he* is," people would say. "It's not even worth a joke."

My friend Olga gave more of a warning. "If you go there, you'll be walking right into the mouth of the K.G.B.," she said. "They'll talk very freely, almost like *dissidenty*. But they'll be listening to *you* the whole time. Don't talk about what you're doing, whom you know. Yes, of course Victor Louis is K.G.B. How else could a Soviet journalist write for Western papers? And how else could a Soviet family live like landed gentry?"

Jennifer Louis picked us up at the station. She is an Englishwoman who came here as a governess with a British diplomat's family in the mid-fifties and married Louis—in spite of his name, he is Russian—a few years later. Being picked up at the station by Jennifer Louis was somewhat like being picked up at the station of an English place like Tunbridge Wells when you're coming out for a weekend of riding, walking, or sitting near the fireplace in a very large house. The icy platform, though, was crowded with Russians in felt boots and worn winter coats, who turned to stare at her as she herded us into the car. She is a small, robust woman of forty-six, with a narrow, ruddy face that reminds one, pleasantly, of a fox or a ferret. Her eyes are very bright, and her voice and her movements are brisk, with a kind of impatience to them, as if she were constantly waiting for the rest of the world to catch up. She wears Scottish sweaters and tweed skirts, and in a crowd of English or American women with well-bred accents she would be indistinguishable, but in the Soviet Union she is unique.



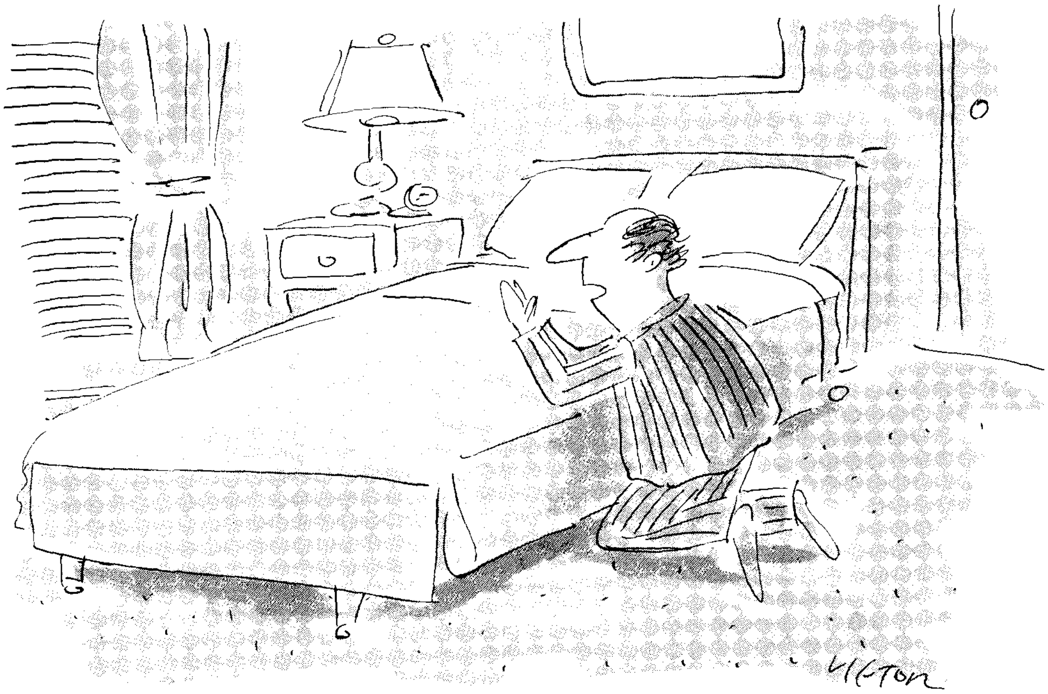
She drove us to her house, past the writers' colony at Peredelkino, past the cemetery where Pasternak is buried, up and down the lovely frozen hills. On the way, we chatted about her three sons. The eldest, Nikolai, is a history student at Moscow State University.

"What period is his specialty?" Tom asked.

Jennifer paused to shift gears. "Contemporary. I think that's nice, don't you? The contemporary period's much the best to study—because dear old Uncle Lenin wasn't around to comment on it! The students have more freedom." She gave us a pleasant smile. *En garde*, I thought, remembering Olga.

We turned onto a short snowy road lined with tall pine trees and high green gates. The tops of big houses showed over the fences, and there was that feeling of concentrated privacy one finds in the neighborhoods of the very rich. Jennifer glanced at us. "These houses were built for victorious generals of the Second World War," she said. "As you can see, they're enormous and frightfully old-fashioned, even for Russia. The generals died off in the fifties and sixties, and there's nothing left of the military now. Editors of *Pravda* live here . . . and here. And we live here!"

We pulled into a large circular driveway, the car wheels crunching on the snow. A dog barked a greeting, and before I looked at anything else my attention was caught by a gigantic, beautifully carved wooden doghouse, with the closely joined logs and lacy carving of an antique Russian hut. "Isn't it beautiful?" said Jennifer, following my glance. "We have a man who does the most exquisite wood-



"I don't ask for much, but what I get should be of very good quality."

• •

working. You'll see more in- ide."

The main house was enormous and sprawling, and was ainted a bright turquoise. cross from it stood a ga- age, also painted and carved n the traditional Russian *zba* style; we learned later hat it contained living quar- ers for several servants and eld the five family cars, vhich included a Mercedes nd a nineteen-twenties tour- ng car. In a few minutes, we ound ourselves seated inside ith cups of tea in our hands, taring at a twelve-foot Christ- as tree. Jennifer Louis had tayed outside to direct a Bul- arian maid in the cutting of ore Christmas greens. Soon e came in and offered us a late of gingerbread cookies. We have the cleverest cook ho makes these things," she id, crunching on a cookie d looking at us with an lert tilt of the head. I thought caught a glint of humor in her eyes, d I wondered if it amused her to atch the struggles of first-time guests control their amazement at her me.

The room in which we were sitting as long and high-ceilinged and light, ith a good view of the woods of Pere- lkino in the distance. Closer to the use we could see a tennis court rned into a skating rink for the win- r. The room was furnished with a ixture of traditional English and an- que Russian furniture; there were big ses of fresh flowers on the tables and riental rugs on the floor. In a corner od a grand piano, and on a wall arby hung a magnificent collection early icons. On another wall, domi- ting the room, hung a large rug with e seal of Imperial Russia—a double- aded Romanov eagle bigger than nnifer Louis.

Victor and Jennifer Louis are col- tors, and are among the canniest in e Soviet Union. The assemblages of d Russian wood carving in state mu- ums seem sparse next to their private llection, which is intimidatingly vast: om after room full of dark wood istling with faces, breasts, leaves, ards, wings. Jennifer took us on a ief tour, talking lightly about her ldings—not about dates or masters t about means of possession. They'd und this table out around Suzdal; r that desk they'd had a fight with other collector, a friend from *Prav-*. In between explanations, Jennifer chatted about the doings of the international women's group that she had helped to found—a social and charitable organization for wives in the foreign community. As I listened, I forgot for a giddy moment where I was. It seemed impossible that two hours earlier we'd been pushing through a crowd of workers on the Metro in a city—a country—where these concerns, this house, this way of life were not supposed to exist. Now we were talking with the mistress of a country estate, and the Workers' Paradise had vanished. I looked hard at Jennifer to see if there was anything in her face that showed an awareness of the discrepancy between her way of life and the state ideal. No, there was nothing. She continued to chat imperturbably, the hint of amusement I had glimpsed earlier either having vanished or having been only a product of my imagination. Such obliviousness, I thought, must come either from extreme stupidity or from a self-control tougher than anything I could summon up. Jennifer Louis did not seem stupid.

Later, we skied through the pine woods and rolling meadows around the house, Jennifer far ahead of us, a small, birdlike figure in a red parka, shouting "Come on!" She skied well, with the sturdy, fearless strides of a young boy. Other guests had joined us: a Danish journalist and his beautiful pregnant wife; an Indian diplomat; an American correspondent. The sun set behind a snowy ridge, and we all trudged back to meet our host for Christmas dinner. Tom and I changed our clothes in our hostess's bedroom, a pink-and-ivory place whose night tables, true to the perverse form of this household, held several "forbidden" books put out by émigré presses in the United States and France.

When we went down, Louis was waiting for us in the study, beside a silver tray of caviar. Victor Louis is a man of fifty, stocky, of medium height, with a pleasant-featured square face and narrow eyes. Except for the eyes, the face is unremarkable, almost indescribable, as some Russian faces are—faces that have absolute symmetry without beauty, without some twist or exaggeration of feature to add humanity. But Victor Louis's eyes are unusual, giving him a faintly Oriental look that adds to an impression one receives of intense reserve, of behavior compelled coldly by a disciplined will.

We sat down to dinner, and Louis entertained us with anecdotes about his travels in Europe and America. He seemed bored and indulgent with those of us at his end of the table; he got up occasionally to talk rapidly into a telephone in a mahogany box behind him. On the phone, he spoke Russian, but English was the language of the dinner and the day. The table glittered, and there was every conceivable fork. While two Russian maids served us a Dickensian Christmas dinner, I talked to Nikolai, the eldest of the three Louis sons. Nikolai is eighteen, and a graduate of an English public school. He and his brothers are all slim and fresh-complexioned, with a modest, chirping British accent and graceful manners. He wore a Levi's jacket, freshly pressed, and sat up very straight in his chair. We talked about skiing in Switzerland, which he had done on a family trip last winter. He said he preferred Swiss resorts to those in Soviet Georgia, because in Georgia the lifts were so primitive. As we talked, the servants kept returning to his side, offering him the choicest portions of the dishes; they spoke to him only in Russian, and used affectionate diminutives. Nikolai smiled and said, "They take good care of me."

I asked him about his studies at the university, and he said that he liked history and would almost surely work toward a higher degree after he graduated. This made me think of something I'd heard from Russian friends—that one way the Soviet élite assures high status for its offspring in this society in which wealth and honors can't officially be inherited is to make sure that they get a higher university degree. With a *kandidat*, or higher degree, Nikolai, the young master of this fief, could be assured of advancing into a privileged position in the Party *apparat*.

We talked more about school. "I drive in every morning from Peredelkino," he said. "Or sometimes I spend the night in Moscow. We have an apartment there."

"What do you do on weekends?"

He flushed and looked down. "Oh, I mostly just hang out here."

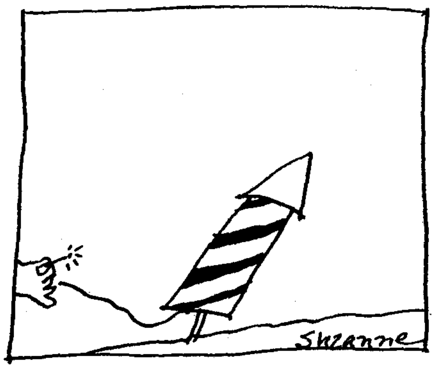
Nikolai seemed to me to have a lonely life. I found it hard to imagine him shoving his way through the drably dressed crowds of students at Moscow State, having driven in from the country in his own car—an inconceivable possession for a young Russian. He belonged to a different category from the so-called Golden Youth of the university, the spoiled students who hang out at the Sinyaya Ptitsa café, flaunting their Western jeans and their foreign cigarettes. There are only a few at the university like him: shy rich kids with understated clothes and exquisite English, whose manners show a peculiar mixture of unshakable poise and fundamental reserve. I wondered how the Louis children had been affected by their odd life: the unlimited privileges in a country of repression; the father whose activities they can never fully know; the half-public existence in a household flooded with foreign visitors. Earlier that afternoon, I had been skiing beside the youngest son, a boy of nine or ten. I fell, and as I got to my feet he asked suddenly, "Who do you belong to?"

I said, "I belong to that man in the green hat behind us, and he belongs to me. Why did you ask that?"

He kicked some snow off the sled he was dragging, and stared at me with a small, serious, red-cheeked face. "It's just good to know," he said finally, in his polite British voice. "There are so many new people here all the time that one never knows who belongs to anyone."

The superb dinner ended with plum pudding, tiny mince pies, and Central Asian melon. We all went off to a corner of the living room to drink coffee and cognac. We had been listening earlier that afternoon to the children's Elton John records blasting from a fancy German stereo; now we watched a tape of a British television program. Sitting in front of "The Two Ronnies" with a savor of hard sauce still in my mouth, I found it difficult to believe that we were not recovering from Christmas dinner in Hampstead or some other chic London suburb. Victor Louis came out from telephoning in his study and sat down in an armchair. Through the doorway of his study I could see a tremendous carved desk; there were, I knew from my tour, other offices, with similar desks, in the basement. These rooms are lined with shelves of books in English, including a collection of American and European scholarly works on Soviet politics and society worthy of a professor of Soviet history. A rapid-fingered Bulgarian typist sits at one of the basement desks daily, updating Victor and Jennifer Louis's famous travel guide to the Soviet Union, which is being revised for the 1980 Olympics. The typist also turns out final drafts of Victor Louis's articles for Western periodicals. Touring the rooms, I had wondered whether Louis's 1969 article denouncing Solzhenitsyn was composed here.

Now Louis was in a sociable mood. He watched "The Two Ronnies" with us and talked about his problems with taped programs. Only after a long search, he said, had he found a Japanese machine that played both American and British video cassettes. There was a note of pride in his voice which had been absent from his wife's when she commented on their possessions. I recalled his bragging and posturing in the *Newsweek* interview, and thought, At last we've caught you out in something natural, something *nouveau*. But, looking at his unchanging eyes, I found it hard to decide whether this all too Russian lapse into boastfulness was not itself a pose.



The program ended, and Louis kept talking. He had apparently decided to open up to us, and though there was little warmth in his manner, there was a certain heavy joviality. He laughed a lot, and played very deliberately with his coffee spoon. We asked him how he had got started in journalism, and he answered at length, in an expansive, confiding manner.

"Well," he said, "first I was schooled in law, and then I attended an institute to get training in English. As I started to read Western newspaper reports on the Soviet Union, I felt that I could write about my country better than they could. I know the language, I know the people, I'm familiar with al the channels of information, and I know the ropes for getting around here. This was in the mid-fifties, when the government was still not used to the idea of letting Russians work as foreign correspondents. But I convinced them that it was better to let a Russian write about this country than to leave the job to a foreigner, and now the government is very happy with my work. And I can offer the foreign papers several advantages over the foreign correspondents here. When new is made, I find out about it faster than the others, and I just send the storie off by telex to London or Paris."

The odd thing about this conversation was that Louis talked about himself as if he were an ordinary journalist, when all of us knew that in fact h was far more than that. He referred often to the American correspondent Robert Kaiser, Hedrick Smith, and David Shipler as his "colleagues," and his comments on the Soviet government seemed designed to present th image of a freethinking Soviet reporter. When we mentioned Saratov, "closed" Volga town, which we, as foreigners, couldn't visit, he laughed and said that the entire closed-region system was something of a farce, since al spies know about secret military installations from satellites anyhow. "Saratov is a lovely town," he said. "It's a shame you won't be able to visit it. It's a wonderful example of the old noble provincial town, quite different from the awful new towns built after the Revolution and the war. What do the new towns have to offer? Only another bust of Lenin and a tomb of the unknown soldier. Jennifer and I only visit the old towns."

He poured himself more cognac, and in a few minutes he was telling us that *he* didn't understand why a masterpiece like "Doctor Zhivago" couldn't be printed in the Soviet Union. He said this with a smile and a tone of voice which suggested that the Soviet government was amusingly stuffy in its views. A bit later, in speaking of dissidents, he used the same suave tone. Many demonstrations against the government—so-called "spontaneous" demonstrations—were in fact carefully planned and orchestrated by dissidents in conjunction with foreign journalists, he said. "Of course that's so. The whole thing takes place in five minutes. They unroll their banners at the assigned spot, shout a few slogans, provoke the police—who are dull-witted and easy to provoke, like police everywhere—and everyone goes home in time for dinner. Including the journalists, who have known about it for weeks in advance." He took a sip of coffee. "Mind you, I'm not condemning dissidents. I have a large number of friends in the dissident community. Last year, following a demonstration, I went to the Mexican Embassy and found S. [a dissident painter] there. S. and I are good friends. In fact, that is one of his paintings over there on the wall—it's from the 1974 exhibition that was bulldozed. Well, the two of us had a couple of cocktails, and I started to tease S. 'My friend,' I said, 'how can you call that a spontaneous demonstration? Why do you even bother to unroll your banners, since the newsmen already know what they say?' " He laughed heartily and sipped his cognac.

It occurred to me that we were finally getting to see how he operated—as a fine-mesh disseminator of received opinion to those who might be put off by a hard Party line. Almost no one would have been deceived by his weightless criticism of the regime, but his remark about the dissidents was more subtle: while preserving his own image as an independent observer, it made protest against the government seem ridiculous and, above all, insignificant.

I looked across the room at Jennifer Louis, who was tending a silver kettle over a spirit lamp and chatting with some of the wives. She gave me a single penetrating glance in return, and I reflected that the chilling thing about this establishment was the sense of absolute orthodoxy which came poking its way through the mask of luxury and freedom of thought. Exactly what, I wondered for the twentieth time that day, was the official position of this place? That it was an official position was clear in the very flamboyance of the lives of the Louis family, in this country where privilege is hidden like a disease. Part of the answer might be that the Louis household is an island of European-style comfort and freedom which gives foreigners the momentary illusion of having left the Soviet Union, of being among their own kind, and, as such, is the perfect center for the measured diffusion of attitudes and information, and for the gathering of information as well. In this respect, Jennifer Louis, an Englishwoman with deep roots in the foreign enclave here (she is a pillar of the Protestant community of Moscow), seems just as useful as her husband. When I inadvertently mentioned a Russian friend earlier in the day, she stiffened and began to question me closely about his name, his address . . .

When it was time to leave, we asked Victor Louis what time the Moscow train left from Peredelkino. "I don't know," he said. "I've never taken the train." Another guest offered us a ride, and we shook hands with our hosts. "Merry Christmas!" said Victor and Jennifer Louis, in English and then in Russian. They stood on the threshold for a few minutes before the big door closed, and I carried that image away with me: the fiercely energetic, watchful wife and the husband, with his bland cold smile, framed together in the doorway. Above them, the windows of the big house gleamed with light.

It felt good to drive away through the snowy woods and fields of Peredelkino. The clear, starry sky shone above the empty road, and I was glad to be leaving the Louis house behind. Once more, we passed near Pasternak's grave, and I thought of how Victor Louis had used "Doctor Zhivago" to help establish his own liberalism.

Back in Moscow, Tom and I got onto the Metro in Mayakovsky Square. A tremendous crowd had just emerged from the Tchaikovsky Concert Hall, creating inch-deep puddles of mud and slush by the Metro entrance. Sweating miserably in our heavy coats, we packed ourselves into a subway car. Around us were the worn faces I saw every day in the city; no one knew or cared that it was Christmas night in the Western world. I fought to keep my skis upright, and stared at my fellow-passen-

RELAX. IT'S SUMMERTIME AND THE LIVING IS EASY.
C. Barsotti

gers as if I had just arrived in the Soviet Union. On all sides, old women, students, families, lovers, drunks were thrust together in an almost visible atmosphere of garlic, cheap tobacco, damp fabric, and ancient sweat. All of us rocked back and forth in the dimly lit car, pinned against our neighbors.

"Here we are," whispered Tom. "Welcome back to the Soviet Union."

It did seem as if we'd been away in some other country. The house at Peredelkino, with its space, its creature comforts, its English speech and celebration, had enfolded us for a day like some warm, bright capitalist dream, and now here we were. But later I felt differently. We may have left Russia, I thought, but we certainly moved a lot closer to the heart of the Kremlin.

DECEMBER 30

TODAY, we saw our friend Seryozha again, three months after he was denounced by his wife's family. (With the exception of the Louis family, I have changed the names of all the Russians in this account.) As he had promised, he sent us an unsigned letter giving us a time, and we met him by a certain pillar in a Metro stop near Arbat Street. This afternoon, it was a sunny, windless twenty-seven below zero; our cheeks were cold as we kissed each other, and on the street we had to run to keep our fingers and toes from freezing. Seryozha didn't dare take us home. Instead, we went to drink tea in a friend's apartment on stylish Kutuzovsky Prospekt. The apartment belonged to Andrei, a plump, well-to-do philosopher, who was in the country that day. It was big and bright, with the beige walls and glass-fronted bookshelves of the best Moscow apartments, but it was very cold—heating systems were breaking down all over the city. The three of us wore hats and gloves, and huddled around a gas stove with lit burners.

Seryozha looked bad. He is thinner, and his delicate face is pimply and drawn. Although he usually dresses so nattily, today he met us in a cracked black leather coat with a couple of sweaters underneath. Over tea, he told us the long, complicated story of his divorce and of how his wife's parents had denounced him to the K.G.B. He sketched diagrams to illustrate which family members took which sides. We couldn't follow it. He said that no one could. The upshot of it, though, is that he is indeed losing his apartment. (It is typically Soviet that it is much more of a tragedy to lose your apartment than your job.) He has lost something else as well: the sort of vitality that he had before. Seryozha is far from being shattered, but it really seems that the strand of energy in him that used to vibrate in such a sprightly way has been broken. Bending to warm his fingers over the blue gas flame, he looked aged and peevish. Much of his talk was querulous: he complained of a stomach disorder he had developed from tension. Several times, as we sat in the cold, sunny kitchen, he had to get up and run to the toilet.

We asked about Seryozha's father, and found that neither the father's job privileges nor his elevated Party position had suffered as a result of the son's disgrace. He had, however, almost entirely rejected Seryozha. "Both of my parents try hard to make me feel guilty," Seryozha said. "There is a lot of bitterness between us." He also said that he had now definitely decided to try to emigrate. "I used to resist the idea, but I feel certain now that if I stay I'll end up in prison." How to emigrate was a problem—perhaps by a marriage of convenience to a foreigner or a Jew. We discussed this for a while, drinking our sixth cup of tea, and listening to Mick Jagger on the stereo for old times' sake. It was strange to think of Seryozha as he had been, mischievous, snobbish, mercurial, prancing to the same music back in September. I looked at his haggard aristocratic face and recalled what a friend had once said about him. "It's cruel for him to be tortured this way," the friend had said. "Doesn't anyone realize he isn't even of this era? If only he could have been born a hundred and fifty years ago. Then he could have died properly, in a duel."

It got late, and we had to go. We asked Seryozha when we could see him again. Would it still be dangerous? "No," he said. "I'm only careful out of habit. Right now, I could do anything I liked, and it would all be the same. My life as a respectable citizen has ended." He sat silent and began to gnaw his fingernails—another unfortunate new trait. Outside the window, in the freezing sunset, we could see hundreds of plumes of rosy steam hovering almost motionless over the apartments along Kutuzovsky. I recalled a rumor I'd heard that Brezhnev lived out this way. Seryozha, with a laugh, said it was true. We put on our coats and went down in the elevator. It was deadly cold in the street, and as we walked we had an argument with Seryozha about his seeing a doctor for his stomach.

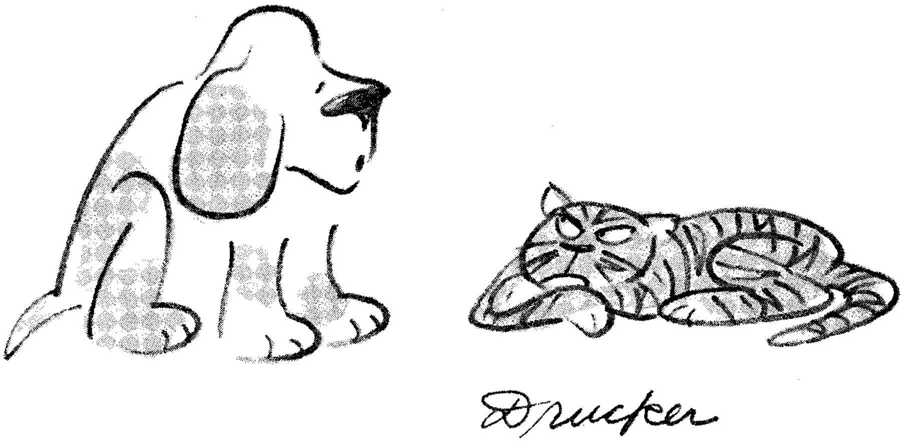
Judith Shahn

JANUARY 10: GORI

STALIN'S birthplace, the town of Gori, is a dusty, haunted village forty miles northwest of Tbilisi. The sunny town square holds what is surely the only life-size statue of Stalin remaining in the Soviet Union. The figure strides energetically forward, the thick mustaches and slightly receding chin pointed confidently at the mountains, but the only people who see it are the women in black scarves crossing the square to a little fruit store at one end and the occasional small groups of tourists who visit the town. Gori is the site of the Soviet Union's single remaining Stalin museum, which is now a monument less to the dead leader than to the Soviet power of forgetting what it is inconvenient to remember.

The museum at Gori is a beautiful Renaissance-style building in tawny Georgian sandstone, constructed in 1957, four years after Stalin's death. It stands in a formal landscaped garden, and to one side, under an elaborate marble pavilion, is the two-room plaster hut where Stalin was born. Farther away is a large hotel, now closed. The whole display has a muted air—none of the banners, flags, or elaborate souvenir stalls of the countless Lenin museums scattered across the Soviet Union. The buildings lie peacefully in the mountain sun, and a sullen-eyed guide takes visitors on a brief tour. She is an attractive young woman, with the plump, compact body and Mediterranean features of Georgian mountain people; her tone as she talks is quietly defiant, as if daring visitors to mock her subject. Like her, many Georgians retain a fierce loyalty to Stalin, and that is one reason for the existence of a barely concealed hostility between Georgians and Russians. Kiosks in Tbilisi openly sell illicit Stalin memorabilia: plastic-covered postcard portraits; prints of Stalin and his mother. A Georgian friend told me, "There's a reason the museum at Gori exists. The Russians know there would be a riot if they tried to close it down."

Inside, the museum is unexceptional. There are endless photographs of the



"Well, sir, then I take it you would vote for any cat in preference to a capable dog."

young Soso Dzhugashvili, who could be any of the urchins playing in the streets of Gori today. There are his old exercise books. There are manuscripts of poems he wrote while he was a student at the Tbilisi theological seminary. There is the first article signed with the pseudonym "Stalin." There are notes from Lenin. Above it all hangs a series of bland commemorative paintings that chart the emergence of a formidable will. Adjoining the main room of the museum is a display of craftsmen's tributes to Stalin during his lifetime. There are lamps, rugs, tapestries, carvings—many bearing portraits, and all in astounding bad taste. The worst of these is a radio that was presented to Stalin in 1938 by the workers of an industrial town: it is set into a gilded foot-high representation of a mountain topped by a small steel replica of a tank, and the whole thing is crowned by a large lamp with a fringed shade. Looking at this monstrosity, which was supposedly a favorite of the former leader, one inevitably thinks of the outrageous ugliness of the "Gothic" buildings that Stalin caused to be erected throughout Moscow. A Russian friend has given me a word to describe this barbaric bad taste—*meshchanskiy*, which can mean both "philistine" and "of or belonging to the petty bourgeoisie." Both senses apply, of course. Seeing the two whitewashed rooms where the Dzhugashvili family lived, and strolling through the humble streets of Gori, one can easily envision an ambitious boy gradually evolving a vast, vulgar dream of opulence and power.

The exhibit makes a number of smooth Soviet transitions that ignore the fact of the purges. Questioned about them, the guide fixes you with a level look and replies in a chiding voice, "I'm sorry. We don't discuss such questions."

What is most striking, certainly, is not the museum exhibits but Gori itself, sleeping with its secret in the dusty sunlight like a lost kingdom—unremembered, almost unvisited, a part of Russian history deliberately set aside. Although families live here, in a few high rises and crumbling two-story plaster houses, the air has a lifeless feeling; it reminds me of those unlucky spots in America where old people cluster to die. And, in fact, it is an Elba, a San Clemente for a dead man; it feels unhealthy.

FEBRUARY 20: LENINGRAD

YESTERDAY, I went out for a jaunt with my best friend in Leningrad. His name is Tolya, and he is a Komsomol member so highly respected that he heads his own study group. Like many young Russians, he is also, in his off hours, an aficionado of things American. His collection of American jeans—fifteen pairs, with every lace, strap, buckle, stud, appliqué imaginable—far surpasses my own, as does his stack of rock records. In his tiny apartment, off Sredny Prospekt, bottles of American after-shave and mouthwash and cans of American air freshener are artistically set out, like so many bibelots. Tolya, who is twenty, has told me that he checks his calendar every morning. If there is no Komsomol meeting that day, he can dispense with his Russian suit and "dress American"—that is, in denim everything. Yesterday, he was resplendent in black-market plumes: an American Air Force parka, the inevitable jeans, a denim vest, desert boots, aviator glasses, and a jaunty denim hat. He carried his lunch in a plastic bag with "WRANGLER" emblazoned on it in huge letters.

Tolya and I took the train out of the city to Pushkin, formerly Tsarskoye Selo (the czar's village), and strolled through the muddy fields and woods around the palaces there. Several weeks of thaw have melted much of the snow in the countryside; now the woods are full of dripping vapors, and the ground sucks at your feet. The Catherine Palace was under reconstruction, closed to visitors, but we squeezed through a wooden barricade and walked around staring at the rows of big blank windows, with their blackened gilt decorations. A battered carriage stood propped up in one corner of the courtyard. We went over to inspect it. Outside, it was splintery and peeling, but on one door were still visible an ornate gilt "A" and the numeral "II." "Aleksandr the Second!" said Tolya. The interior of the carriage was dry and still upholstered with a springy cloth. We climbed inside and began to eat bread and sausage, giggling, and terrified that we'd break an axle. Tolya began to bounce up and down. "Hey, I dig this!" he said, in English. "Who do you suppose rode in this?"

"I'd say a very minor courtier," I said.

We joked and ate. There was a cold drizzle falling outside, and we felt happy and warm inside the carriage, with the wet blue plaster palace outside the window and piles of dirty snow and lumber nearby. Tolya told a story about some old carriages he had seen in a Leningrad square, where a film crew was shooting one of Tolstoy's short novels. "There were some old women nearby, and they started to cry when they saw the czar's carriage, with its gold crowns. One *babushka* muttered, 'Oh, those dear old days!' "

I knew that Tolya himself thought of them as "dear old days." He is fascinated by the photographs and relics of czarist times, and often speaks of his drop of noble blood, from one of his great-grandfathers. In the carriage, he stroked the door handle dreamily and gazed out at the palace.

He changed, we both changed, when we began the political dialogue about China and Russia and the United States which I've had with so many of my Russian friends.

"What do you think?" I asked.

Tolya said, "What I think is what I teach in my study group."

"What is that?"

"That there will be war. Inevitably. In the next decade." Tolya took off his glasses and looked at me shyly but intensely. "We young Russians live with

• •

that assumption now. We have to attack China before China develops too much nuclear strength. That will mean war with America. But we believe we can win."

We were both silent for a minute. "Do you really believe that?" I asked.

Tolya began to talk faster. There was something rattling and rhetorical in the terms that he used, but his tone was sincere. "What you Americans don't realize is that we'll win because we're not afraid to sacrifice everything for winning. We lost twenty million people in the Second World War, but we beat the Germans. And that spirit of sacrifice still exists—the government has made sure to keep it alive in all of us. Mention the war and people still weep and shake their fists. They grieve, but they're ready to do it again. We are ready, too, in our economic life. Everything—everything—goes into the military. That's why life is so bad here."

"And so you will win."

"Yes, we will win, because, if you don't mind my saying so, America is decadent. I'm not saying this because I've been taught to; I'm speaking from my own perceptions. Your dollar is low, your reputation is low, you don't seem to believe in anything anymore. You're soft. And so we'll win, and I think it's very sad, because you have such a wonderful culture." He looked at me owlishly, out of breath.

There was silence, and then it was too absurd, and we both started to laugh. "Who will sell jeans to Russian black marketeers after America falls?" I asked.

We climbed out of the carriage and walked into the muddy park.

A bit later, in a costume museum in the park, we strolled through room after room of clothing from households of the czar and the nobility. There were hussars' uniforms; coronation robes; Chinese silk dressing gowns; morning, afternoon, and evening dresses in styles ranging from crinoline to the lily-shaped Poiret "*moderne;*" immense cavalry helmets bearing double-headed eagles. The museum is remarkable for an especially poignant atmosphere, which springs, I suspect, from a lack of funds. The clothes are not shiny and perfectly restored but have a faintly rumpled appearance, as if their owners had just stepped out of them and were standing by, invisible. For atmosphere, some inspired curator has added a short, scratchy tape of heartbreaking waltz music that plays over and over again.

The dreamy look returned to Tolya's eyes as we wandered through the exhibits. He was especially taken by an ivory embroidery box with enamelled spools and thimbles. I came up behind him as he stood staring at it, and whispered, "So do you think there will be American museums like this after the great victory?"

He turned and looked at me. "I'm so sorry," he said earnestly. "I didn't mean to offend you. But I do believe that what I say is true. For me, Americans are like these people." He gestured at the exhibit. "They cast a spell—oh, a wonderful spell—and they must inevitably die out."

March 16: Two Soviet Women

IT'S almost too convenient that one is fair and one is dark. How easy to polarize them: the orthodox, the unorthodox; the pragmatist, the artist. I know they would hate each other if they met. (All Russians with foreign friends are hostile toward each other.) Elena would turn to stone—blond, official, erect—and Rima would loose her biting Georgian wit, in which there is a rather coarse, sniping streak. But they will never meet, except in these pages.

Elena is the kind of woman Millet would have painted picking apples if he had come to Russia. Physically, she is a classic Central Russian: a muscular body; short, powerful legs; and a flattish face with a touch of Mongol about the cheekbones. The modelling of this face is extraordinary. The strong, broad cheeks, clear-cut lips, and heavy eyelids give it both gravity and intensity; it is the face of a passionate dreamer. Lena lessens this impression, however, by dressing with the coy primness favored by female Komsomol members and by coiling her hip-length tawny hair into a tight bun.

Lena is an "official" Russian, a young woman for whom the system is working very nicely. She is an instructor at the university, teaching the Russian language to foreign students—a position that, because of its constant exposure to corrupting capitalist influences, can be held only by someone of reliable orthodoxy. We met in one of her classes and became friends, drawn by one of those inexplicable attractions that two people sometimes have for one another. Our friendship has been full of the suspensions of logic, the tactful silences, and the frequent deceptions that characterize friendships between Americans and loyal Russians. From the first, we tacitly agreed not to discuss politics. This was less of a problem than was the fact that I knew she was required to turn in reports on me—

something that, in her conscientious way, she surely did. The constant wear of this falseness—my inability to tell her where I've been or what I've done—has perceptibly thinned the fabric of a friendship. Before it vanishes entirely, I would like to set down a bit of what I have found in Lena.

She could be a model for the Party to hold up to Russian women everywhere: attractive; ambitious; married to a stout young factory worker; mother of an exceptionally plump child; owner of a hair dryer, a television set, and an East German stereo; writing her dissertation with the same energy with which she attacks housework. These are the sides of Lena that leave me cold. What I like are the unorthodox things about her—traits that show through when she is lazy, soundings from a deeper Lenochka, clues that fulfill the promise of that face.

These appear most frequently when she is at home. This winter, I've taken to visiting her once or twice a week in the afternoon. It's the best time for us to talk freely, since her husband, Misha, is not at home. Misha is a tall, immensely solid man with tremendous red hands and a round, rather handsome face. He is the absolute type of those massive figures who are always plunging forward or straining to lift bulky objects in Soviet political posters; his mind, unfortunately, is cast in the same conventional mode. He has a heavy touchiness, an underdog complex about the Soviet system, and suspiciously regards the most innocent question by a foreigner as a possible jibe. When I asked "What kinds of radios does your factory make?" he pondered awhile and then growled back "I'm sure they're not as fine as all your fancy American brands, but, let me assure you, they're excellent sets." Misha disapproves of me, Lena has told me, because I seem frivolous, because I seem to be trying to impart a kind of Western frivolity to his wife. I dislike him because he brings out the worst in Lena. In the evening, when he is there, she sits up straight and titters.

No, the afternoon is by far the best time to visit. The streetcar lets me out at Vavilova Street, and I pass through a snowy apartment courtyard filled with old women and tiny children to climb four flights of damp concrete stairs. Lena and Misha have an excellent four-room apartment, which they share with only one other tenant; it is large, westward-facing, in good repair. The walls of the main living-dining room are covered with the same tan figured wallpaper that a thousand "good" apartments in Moscow display; there is the same uncomfortable straight-backed divan with a strip of Georgian carpeting thrown over it, the same laminated dining table protected by figured oilcloth, the same bare wooden floor, shiny from countless scrubbings. Lena greets me at the door, kissing my cheek, bringing me a pair of the battered slippers that Russian hosts provide to relax their guests and to save their floors. Almost immediately, we sit down to lunch: clear soup with small bits of meat in it, a mound of boiled potatoes with fried carrots or pickled mushrooms, black bread. Lena eats greedily, bending over her plate, mumbling through food in her mouth. This greediness endears her to me: in it I see back to her ancestors, to the endless, unappeased hunger of the Russian peasant, who has endured the privations of winter, war, and collectivization, and who thanks the stars and stuffs his mouth when he sits down to eat.

Once, Lena's father came by when we were eating. He is a short, gnarled *kolkhoz* worker with the silent, deferential shyness of the real peasant. Looking at his black-jowled face (with the full lips and hazel eyes of his daughter) and his rubbed-fur hat, quilted coat, mud-stained rubber boots, and heavy olive-green rucksack, I understood what Lena had meant when she told me she was born "outside Moscow." I could envision the town, with its single fruit-and-vegetable store full of half-frozen cabbages, the sagging wooden houses with carved windows and eaves, the rickety new apartment buildings, the bare concrete platform where the electric train stops, the lonely propaganda center, with its bedraggled red flag.

Sometimes Lena's little son, Sasha, is there for an afternoon visit. (Normally, he lives with his grandmother, in order to free his parents for working.) Sasha is a small, perfectly round boy of two who seems destined to grow up into the same heroic mold as his father. He's a smart, healthy child, a shrieker. Lena dresses him in the universal Russian baby costume: woollen tights and a short tunic, which make him look medieval. Although Sashenka is being raised according to Dr. Spock—"Baby and Child Care" is the rage among advanced Russian mothers—Lena does not feel that the good Doctor stresses affection enough. She makes up for this by spoiling Sasha extravagantly in the traditional Russian style: stuffing him with candies, giving him endless mouth-to-mouth kisses, calling him her little bird, her little paw, and a hundred variations on the nickname Sasha. She sits proudly bouncing him on her knee in the sunlight as he recites his favorite nursery rhyme: "Kitty is crying in the hall. . . ." It's a pretty sight. By this time of the afternoon, the winter sun warms the walls of the room and gives an even, amber tone to Lena's face and hair. When I see her this way, I think of a remark made by an American friend of mine, a young man hopelessly in love with a Russian girl. He said, "There is a kind of glow about Russian women which I have never seen before. It's simplicity, it's sentimentality, it's mystery. Damn it, they are just the most alluring women in the world!"

Sasha naps, and Lena and I sit and talk about music and literature, the vagaries of fashion, scandals among our friends, the habits of our husbands. Lena is twenty-seven, and seems at once older and younger than that. Her figure seems about to ripen into the dense solidity of those squat, ageless women who patrol the streets of Moscow with brooms. Two teeth are missing from that lovely jaw. The sunlight shows a net of wrinkles under her eyes; the hair over each temple has a faint spray of gray. I know that physically her life is far harder than mine: besides teaching and working on her dissertation, there is the eternal round of standing in line for bread and kefir, meat and vegetables; putting up preserves; cooking; scrubbing dishes in harsh washing soda; laundering the family's clothes in the bathtub. When she talks of these chores and I cannot respond in kind, there is one more barrier between us. Once, I complained that she treated me like a child. She laughed, and said in a half-envious, half-chiding voice, "I can't help it! All of you American women seem like little girls to me. So slim and careless—even the grandmothers!"

At the same time, there is much of the *jeune fille* about Lena. She can be naïve, with a barbaric simplicity that almost transcends questions of age or sex; she is like her father at these moments, the grizzled *kolkhoznik* wandering cautiously through the great world. Once, when I gave her a moderate-sized bottle of Eau de rochas, I came back the next day to find the bottle nearly empty. "What happened?" I asked. "Did you spill it?"

She looked placidly back at me. "No, I used it," she said. "We went to a party at my friend Tanya's, and I wanted to smell nice. It takes a lot to cover all of you."

Another time, she showed me a box of colored wax crayons and asked whether this was what American women used to paint their faces.

She is astonishingly prudish about sex, blushing and growing silent whenever I mention the subject. Recently, when I told her an anecdote about an American here whose name is constantly mistaken for a ribald Russian term, she laughed nervously, turned red, and finally told me to hush. "I can't bear talk like that," she said.

Like many Russian women, Lena walks arm in arm with her best friend, giggling and whispering like an American fifteen-year-old. But there is an untouched, almost virginal quality about Lena that runs deeper than these adolescent gestures. A dreaming, questioning, expectant look comes over her face at unguarded moments: it is the look of a very young girl who is forever interrogating the romantic future. When we listen to music, to the gypsy singers or the old Russian romances that are her favorites, she slumps forward in her straight-backed chair, resting her breasts on the scrubbed oilcloth with her face in her hands, her head, with its magnificent coil of hair, bowed. She listens with the extravagant emotion of Russians, who seem to know no self-consciousness.

The expectant expression is often on her face. I have seen it when she sits with Misha in the evenings; it shines from her eyes in a fugitive flash during her language classes. It is a queer, out-of-season expression for a woman already middle-aged by Russian standards. The only thing that banishes it completely is the presence of her child. "I want many, many children," she told me once, almost fiercely. "I would like ten! That's impossible, because of the housing shortage. We are waiting, however, for a larger apartment. If we get it, we will have at least three."

Last week, Lena showed me her photograph album. It was fat and full: pictures of the infant Lena sleeping in the arms of her father; Lena with her mother, a worn beauty in an Orenburg shawl; Lena in a rabbit costume at a state nursery school; Lena in a starched school uniform with an immense bow perched like a moth at the exact center of her head; Lena at Pioneer camp; Lena at sixteen, startlingly, almost professionally beautiful in heavy makeup for a class play; Lena as a snow fairy in a Komsomol skit. Then there was page after page of wedding pictures: Lena and Misha at the Wedding Palace—Lena a sphinx in a long, clumsy white gown, Misha wearing a huge, embarrassed grin.

"How did you meet Misha?" I asked.

Lena turned her clear hazel eyes on me and then looked out the window. "It was at school," she said. "He was in a class with my brother. I was very young and very *seriozna*, as we say. One day, I came into my brother's classroom after school and began to lecture him on how to be a good student. I told him he must work harder and improve. Misha was standing beside my brother as I spoke. He says that I was wearing black-rimmed glasses and a long braid down my back, that I was very pretty and very strict." Lena giggled. "He was fifteen and I was thirteen. Misha fell in love."

"And did you?"

Lena continued to look out the window. "I was in love with another boy at school," she said. "I loved him until I went to the university." She turned to the back of the album and pointed. "Here he is—Volodya." We stared in silence at a young man holding a guitar in a circle of friends. Some spark of animation in his face, his posture seemed to draw the rest of the group around him.

"He's handsome," I said.

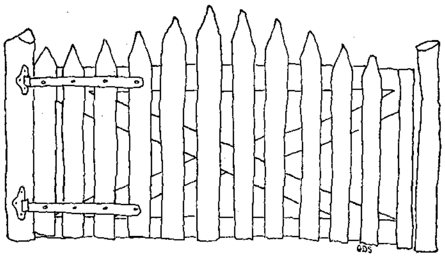
Elena slid her hands into a patch of sunlight on the table. "Yes, he was," she said. "The girls at school used to call him '*Graf*'—'Count.' It was a joke, you know."

"Was he in love with you, too?"

"He said he was, so I suppose it was true. But he went into the Army and he didn't write to me for a long time. And then I found he had written a letter to Olga Ivanovna, a girl at school. So I broke things off."

"And then you fell in love with Misha?"

Lena looked at me. "No," she said. "I did not fall in love with Misha. I married him because I thought that other men would be worse. I had heard stories." She paused, and poured out two more cups of tea. "Take some more of this jam. It's very good. And have a candy." She sipped her tea. "I didn't love him at first," she continued. "But then we had Sashenka, and Misha was good to me. I was very tired, and he helped me with the baby. Most men don't do that. So I began to love him. He's a good man."



"And you've never heard anything more about Volodya?"

Lena tossed her head. "I've heard a little about him, of course, from friends, neighbors. He's an engineer and has gone to work in Siberia." There was a cough and a murmur from the crib where Sasha lay napping, and Lena rose, pushing aside the red velveteen curtain that divides the family's tiny sleeping room from the rest of the apartment. I heard her soothing and kissing him. She returned and sat down, smoothing her hair. "I'm sure he's done well, though—Volodya," she said, with her grave half smile. "There was something about him . . . Do you know that sometimes when I teach my class for foreigners, there are young men who remind me of him. They're from England, France, America—they seem like princes from abroad. Sometimes I get crushes on them!" She turned red and laughed self-consciously.

I laughed, too. "What about Misha?"

She was grave again. "Misha is a hard worker. I don't think he will go very far, but he is a good husband. He picked those mushrooms you had today, and dried the apples you ate in the compote. He's better to me than any man I could imagine."

RIMA could be a negative of Elena, living on the dim fringes of a society where Lena is making her happy official way. Rima is the sort of young woman who receives disapproving frowns when she walks down the street in Moscow. Her clothes are too shabby and flamboyant, and her face is too dark and foreign. She is, in fact, a foreigner to Moscow: she is half Georgian, a quarter Jewish, and her parents moved here from Tbilisi thirty years ago, when Rima was two. Her Georgian and Semitic blood shows clearly in her angular face, her enormous curved, deeply cleft nose, and her big, lashless Byzantine eyes. She's a strange-looking woman—sometimes beautiful and sometimes ugly, with the look of a stone grotesque. She has a dancer's fig-

Things of quality have no fear of time.

Time is the enemy of all things made. It weakens. It lessens. It wears out the most carefully-built products.

But as a maker of home appliances, Whirlpool Corporation believes there are ways of taking the sting out of time. Taming it to a point where it's always respected, but never feared.

We know the real challenge comes after the sale. When new becomes used. And used becomes old. This is why we take pride in stocking parts for as many years as we do. And why we maintain a toll-free Cool-Line® service number* you can call 24 hours a day. And why we have a nationwide organization of authorized Tech-Care® service companies that are as close to you as your phone book.

You see, at Whirlpool we believe quality is not something to be flicked on and off like a neon sign. We believe it should be a philosophy of excellence dedicated to one person—you.

It's our way of saying this is more than just an appliance. This is our way of life.

Whirlpool
Home Appliances

*800-253-1301. In Alaska and Hawaii 800-253-1121. In Michigan 800-632-2243.

Feast your eyes on Sheraton's Latin America.

RIO SHERATON—The beach, the night-life, the carnival spirit! Dine elegantly and then dance the night away. No one gives you Rio the way we do.

MARIA ISABEL—All the color and excitement of Mexico City can be found here. Excellent location adjacent to the Zona Rosa.

BUENOS AIRES—The largest hotel in the center of Argentina's international city. Gourmet dining. Nightclub and Disco. Pool and Health Club.

LIMA SHERATON—In Peru, our atrium lobby will take your breath away. The hotel reflects the grandeur of the Incas. And our cuisine will delight you.

MACUTO SHERATON—Drink in the sun in Venezuela, in our pools or on the beach. Or enjoy tennis, even a movie theatre!

CANCUN SHERATON*—A truly great resort on the Caribbean. All suites have private Jacuzzi® pools. Beach. Tennis. International cuisine.

SAN CRISTOBAL—View the snow-capped Andes from Santiago. Discover our superb Chilean wines, our Continental style, our international flavor.

taste Sheraton

For a reservation at any of the more than 400 Sheraton hotels worldwide call: **800-325-3535**. In Missouri: 800-392-3500. Or call your local Sheraton Reservation Office or your travel agent.

*At the time of the opening of this hotel (Mar. 1980 Winter Season) all of the facilities may not be operational.

Sheraton Hotels in Latin America

ARUBA • BUENOS AIRES • CANCUN • CARACAS (LA GUAIRA) • GUADALAJARA • GUATEMALA CITY • LA PAZ • LIMA
MEXICO CITY • NASSAU • RIO DE JANEIRO • SAN SALVADOR • SANTIAGO • SANTO DOMINGO • AND AROUND THE WORL

ure, long-boned and slender, with a slight softening around the stomach, where, she insists, "you never get back the muscles after a first child, never."

To explain Rima's life, it is better, I suppose, to start with a description of her milieu. There is in Moscow a sizable group of dissident artists who associate with foreigners at private parties, readings, exhibitions, receptions. Although it is a common belief that being a dissident artist in the Soviet Union is a guarantee of genius, there is in this group a realistic ratio of genius to pleasant, serviceable talent to hack. Visitors are exposed to many amusing poems and paintings, a few brilliant works, and far too much rote rebellion, especially in the form of lurid psychedelic religious painting. Many of these painters and poets have been married to each other, and all are linked by a complex system of feud and intrigue which I, as an outsider, have only glimpsed from afar—a bustling and entirely self-absorbed microcosm, like a tidal pool.

Members of this group gather at the apartment of a woman named Tatyana, who exhibits a different artist every month and gives poetry evenings at which she introduces young writers in an eager, well-bred voice, smiling like a Russian Gloria Vanderbilt. A major purpose of these soirées is to mix Russians with foreigners. Diplomats and journalists are lured there by the prospect of leaving their insulated world, meeting some natives, and maybe getting a few art bargains. The artists come to sell, of course, to see each other, and to pursue the dream of a passport out of the Soviet Union. There are usually magnificent trays of hors d'oeuvres which lie fading as everyone ignores them; a few equally aded actresses; and a surly classical guitarist named Arkadi. And, almost always, there is Rima, helping. She bustles to and fro like a second hostss—greeting, finding a seat for a late guest, getting a glass, making converation, soothing a poet who is annoyed hat a foreigner thought he was from Armenia instead of Azerbaijan. Evryone, artist or diplomat, seems to know Rima. Her English is excellent, nd she has a kind of tact that borders on the professional, like that of a maître d' or of a head saleswoman in a hic department store—except that uch things don't exist in the Soviet Union.

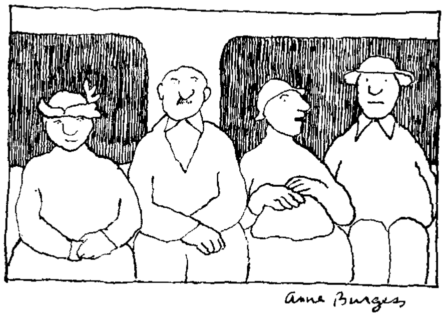
Rima writes poetry, as they all do in this group. Her poetry is good: deeply feminine, a bit like the later works of Akhmatova. But she writes very little these days, because she is busy earning a living *na levo*—literally, "on the left," or outside the state economy. In the space of a day, she darts from party to reading to salon in apartments all over Moscow. This peripatetic existence nets her an irregular income: twenty-five rubles here from an artist who has sold a picture through her efforts; ten rubles there from a hostess pleased with her help; a cut from a black-market exchange of dollars; an invitation to give Russian lessons from a diplomat impressed by her English. In other words, Rima functions as a sort of go-between—though there might be a less flattering term for it—which is something very necessary in this peculiar underside of Russian society. I have known several such characters, and Rima, with her innate good humor and her wit, is by far the most attractive.

I became really friendly with Rima after she had lured me out to the studio of an artist friend of hers. This artist, an Armenian, has an unpleasant, cluttered little nest of a studio near Gorky Park. He himself is a grimy, bearded fellow who mistakes ungraciousness and filthy habits for manifestations of artistic temperament; his paintings depict only blazing crosses. Over tea in a paint jar, he alternately boasted about his successes and pressured me arrogantly to buy.

After we left, I said, "What a creep!"

Rima said, "Don't be too offended. He's really a good man. I admit it's a little disgusting the way he sucks on his teacup and gobbles his cake. It's just that he doesn't know anything about being with people. He's like an animal or a child. But his work is wonderful! I think he's a genius."

"Yes," I said vaguely. I had thought his work was very bad—slick and conventional. But Rima's response interested me. I knew that a sale for the artist meant some profit for her, and yet there was not the slightest trace of venality in her manner. She really believed that a kind of divine frenzy inhabited the breast of that untalented boor. Later, I found that Rima, though shrewd, believes in many things. It is this belief, this inability to grow cynical, that keeps her afloat and uncorrupted through the strange currents of her life.



I often thought that she was lying when she told me things about herself. But unexpected proofs would emerge: a diplomat at a party would mention her name and say yes indeed, his predecessor had been enormously taken with her, had wanted to marry her; I would come across portraits of her by well-known artists in the most unlikely apartments—that unmistakable face, peering out at me like a phantom from the wall.

Rima has been married once and is about to marry again. In between, there have been many lovers, almost all of them poets or artists. One day, she told me the story of her greatest love—her cousin, with whom she conducted a dramatic affair while living, in a typically Russian situation, under the same roof as the cousin and his wife. The strong-willed husband and wife, both writers, and both, in their own ways, in love with Rima, had fought desperately for her affections. "They tore me between them like two vultures," she said. I knew very well what she was talking about: only someone who has lived here can understand the rapacious intensity of Russian friendships and relationships. But Rima no doubt throve on it, throve on being a piece of meat for two vultures, because she is a natural martyr—one of the greatest I have ever known. In her gaunt Georgian face I catch at times an early-Christian fanaticism; if she had been alive in the first century A.D. she would no doubt have ended broken and spread-eagled on a wheel, with desert birds cleaning those handsome cheekbones. She does in fact go to church regularly. Her main sacrifice, however, has been to men.

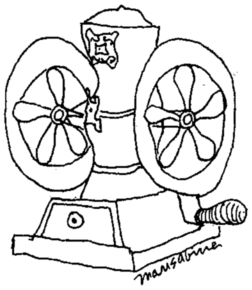
I have heard many Russian women say, "It's my fate. I love him, and I must bear my burdens," but no one says it with more ardor and conviction than Rima. Her family situation is a Western liberated woman's nightmare. She lives officially in a large apartment in the center of town with her parents, her ex-husband, and her daughter by the ex-husband. Her parents, geologists of moderate means, cannot support so large a household; her ex-husband, Borya—bound to the family by the housing shortage—is an impecunious translator and poet, in whom Rima believes as fervently as she does in any of her artist friends. She must support and take care of him as well as her seven-year-old daughter, Natasha. When I asked if it didn't rankle unbearably to be near a man who had mistreated her in the past, she said, "No. It's hard for an American to understand. You can just get in your car and drive away, move to another city, find another apartment! Of course I would prefer not to see Borya, but we Russians can't afford to be emotional that way. We can't just move out. Whatever happens between people, they know they have to live together afterward. So we help each other."

For Rima, helping means cooking, shopping, and cleaning for Borya, washing his clothes by hand, and taking care of Natasha. But Rima has another household as well. For a year, she has been spending nights at the apartment of Vasya, a nineteen-year-old poet and drifter, who is her husband-to-be. Vasya doesn't work, and receives little money from his parents; thus Rima has ended up supporting him, too. A typical day for her goes like this. In the morning, at Vasya's, she rises at six o'clock to take a forty-minute taxi ride back to the apartment in the center of town, where she fixes breakfast, dresses Natasha in her brown school uniform and pinafore and sends her off to school, cleans the apartment, and shops a bit for dinner. Then begins the crazy cross-Moscow chase that Rima thrives on: first, perhaps, to Gorky Street for an English lesson; then to a friend's apartment to arrange for the translation of the text for an exhibition opening; then to a poetry reading; then to Tatyana's to meet some Brazilian diplomats who are interested in icons. Deals, endless deals, are whirling in her mind; telephone numbers and folded rubles find their way into her battered denim purse. Then it's home again to fix dinner for Borya and Natasha, to help Natasha with her homework and put her to bed. Then the long Metro ride to Vasya's apartment, where she fixes *another* dinner and mollifies the jealous Vasya, who resents her attentions to Borya.

I ask her why she does all this, and she looks at me despairingly. "What else can I do?" she says. "I can't move in with Vasya—there's no room for Natasha. We are searching and searching for an apartment, but in Moscow that takes years. And as for the housework, you know what Russian men are like. They're helpless—expect you to do everything for them! What worries *me* is that I haven't got time to write poetry. I jot things down occasionally, but you know what I mean—there isn't time to dream, to let my mind wander. But Vasya and Borya both have talent, poor things, and someone has to help them."

So Rima's hazardous, scurrying life on the left is designed to keep her strange family afloat. Vasya, her fiancé, is a tall, raw-boned young man with shoulder-length hair, who looks surprisingly like Neil Young—a fact that affords him many moments of satisfaction. He used to be a hippie, smoking hash a lot of the time with the crowd that hangs out at the Café Aramat; now he is determined to be a poet, and spends his afternoons writing verse. It is obvious that he and Rima are powerfully attracted to each other; theirs is one of the most sensual relationships I have seen in this country of passionate friendships and lukewarm sex. They often fight. Rima mothers Vasya, envelops him, and he, still a teen-ager, strikes out. A lot of sulking and screaming go on between Vasya and Rima's little daughter, who see each other as rivals.

Rima and Vasya spend their nights together in a tiny ground-floor apartment (shared with roommates) with a minute, primitive kitchen, a long, dank passage leading to a capricious toilet, and a shadowy bedroom decorated with pen-and-ink sketches and the covers of American magazines. The perils and annoyances of their lives are increased by this apartment. Almost every night, they tell me, a K.G.B. agent on the prowl comes and knocks on their window. I don't even ask if they are certain it's an agent—with these two, I know it is. The list of their sins is a long one: foreign friends, joblessness, black-market dabbling, associating with dissidents, Rima's Jewish blood. They are always harassed. I think that they have, from necessity, even begun to take a perverse delight in it: the cat-and-mouse game, the anonymous phone calls, dodging the agent on the Metro. I have a photograph of Vasya and Rima in which they sit huddled together in a dim room on a single chair, their faces turned to the light; they look like outlaws surprised in a hideout.



Rima periodically threatens to emigrate to America. These are the only times I ever hear her mention her Jewish blood. Normally, she denies it entirely, even speaking of Jews with vicious condemnation. "That was a typical group of Jews," she'll say, coming in from a party. "Materialistic, narrow, ignorant." Rima calls herself a devout Christian, reads the Bible, and wears a silver cross around her neck. "I am Georgian, I am Russian," she says. "I am not Jewish. But it's a way for me to leave."

Rima and I have had some good talks sitting at her kitchen table on her rare free afternoons. This kitchen, in her parents' apartment, is a long, narrow, high-ceilinged room painted a shiny green. It looks out onto a dingy courtyard where a gutted nineteenth-century mansion stands; one sees this view past a few string bags of eggs or chicken feet hung in the window to keep cool. Above an old-fashioned gas stove, a nylon stocking is tacked up, bulging with fat onions. "Mama did that," says Rima. The kitchen embarrasses her.

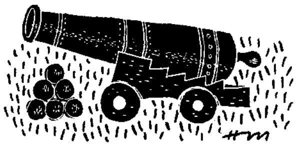
We sit and drink coffee and eat farmer cheese with sugar on it. Sometimes Borya is there—a silent, sharp-featured man who prowls sulkily from room to room or sits reading poetry with his feet on a chair, obstinately ignoring us. I talk much more freely with Rima than I ever do with Elena, discussing lovers, men in general, Rima's pregnancy and delivery, marriages, funerals, divorces, jealousy, affairs—all the physical and ceremonial topics with which women have regaled themselves in kitchens for centuries. In spite of her cosmopolitan talents, her artistic nature, it is easy to see the village in Rima. She gossips and criticizes with the exuberance of the shawled women at Moscow peasant markets At the same time, she has the self-conscious delight in primitivism which is so popular in her crowd. They "love" old Russia—peasant art, icons, sarafan (traditional peasant dresses), folktales In Rima's case, it is her Georgian ancestry that is brought forward. With an intent, far-off look, and many flourishes of her hands, she tells me Georgian folk rhymes and superstitions. The best way to catch and hold a man is to put a drop of menstrual blood in hi wine. Rain as you leave a town mean that someone's mourning your departure. At a Georgian burial, women grieve by wailing and combing ou their long hair over the grave. It's very exciting to hear these things from Rima as she sits, with her drawn fac and big, glowing eyes, in the dreary kitchen. I feel a bit skeptical, since Rima hasn't been in Georgia since she was two, but at the same time her own belief in what she is saying transforms everything. Who cares about truth? I felt the same way one night at Vasya's apartment when we were playing with the Russian equivalent of a Ouija board—a kitchen saucer that, with the fingertips of the company touching it, glides over a lettered wheel sketched on paper. The candle was burning low, we were talking to the ghost of Akhmatova, and I could feel Rima's fingertips pushing and pulling the saucer around. Or was it really Akhmatova? A bit of each, I thought. The mixture of charlatanism and sincerity in Rima is so thorough that the two could never be separated. She herself doesn't know where one ends and the other begins.

A recent experience summed up for me the hectic, muddled fantasy that is her life. A week ago, we were drinking coffee and chatting in the kitchen when Rima noticed that her half-grown striped tomcat, Ryzhik, was missing. Rima got worried. "I *feel* that something has happened," she said, wandering through the apartment searching under beds, in armoires, under the big, old-fashioned bathtub, where the family laundry lay soaking. When she failed to find the cat, she stood staring at me, pulling nervously at the long braid that lay over her shoulder. She was wearing her single, tattered pair of American bluejeans, and a tight woollen sweater that smelled strongly of cigarettes, perfume, and sweat. "Who could have let the cat out?" she said. "No one in this household. *Those people* have been bothering us again—following, phoning. The neighbors have informed on me—you know, they suspect me because I don't work officially. Oh, I just feel that something frightful has happened to that little creature."

I thought her suspicions were absurd, and said so, but I helped her look. As we searched, someone knocked. A fat woman with a crafty, ill-natured face appeared at the door. "Rima Niko-ayevna—is this *your* cat?" the woman asked with a smile, tumbling somehing out of her skirt onto the floor. Rima gave a hoarse shriek: "Little one!" The cat was still alive but eemed barely so; its muzzle was covred with blood, and it meowed fainty as it struggled to move its front paws. Both Rima and I burst into ears. The fat woman, who was evidently a neighbor, turned to leave, but Rima screamed, "Wait a minute! You can't just go! What happened?"

The woman's crafty smile grew broader. "How should I know?" she said. "I simply found the animal in the entry—bloody."

After the door closed, there was a hysterical period during which we put the cat in a carrier and pulled on our coats to go to a veterinary clinic. (Rima has a friend who works at a clinic near Donskoi Monastery.) Both of us were still in tears. Rima began to scream at her ex-husband, who had been sitting with his face buried in an American literary review, ignoring the whole scene. As I watched her, I felt—though I was still weeping—that I caught a transcendent glimpse of Rima. Occasionally, there are moments when one sees a character entirely in its element. This was Rima's moment of elemental life, as she darted around the room wringing her hands, frenzied as a maenad.



In the veterinary clinic, a big, barnlike room full of aluminum tables, we discovered that the striped cat would live. It had fallen, or been dropped, from a great height. "Oh, they did this, they did this, too!" breathed Rima, clasping her hands and staring at me. The veterinarian, an irritable woman in a white headdress, frowned at her disapprovingly.

Outside, we walked a long way looking for a taxi. It was almost dark and quite cold; we tramped through the slush beside the walls of the old monastery. I glanced at Rima's face in the light of a passing tram and was amazed at how haggard the shock had made it. In an old gray head shawl and a worn green suède jacket (a present from an American lover), she looked like her own grandmother: an old, old Georgian woman full of doom and superstition. Yet I knew how resilient she was, had to be. By the time of the exhibition-reception she was to attend that night, she would have regained her own peculiar beauty, her pliant charm. At the corner of Serpukhovskaya, we kissed and then got into separate taxis—I to spend an evening at home, she to begin another chapter of her violent, complex life.

MAY 12: AT THE DACHA

THE young movie actress was neither as vulgar nor as unattractive as Seryozha had described her. In fact, there was something so taking about her as she sat on the shady front porch of the dacha, threading raw mutton onto a shashlik skewer, that it was possible to see that Seryozha's unflattering description had been on the order of a preventive charm, a device to halt the development of an attraction he already felt. The actress, whose name was Lyubov Alekseyevna, was very popular—a star, who wore rococo wigs in the lavish costume melodramas cranked out by MosFilm. Her own hair was straight brown, deliciously plain. She had a narrow, slightly feral face, with the luminous fair skin of youthful Russian women, and she displayed, on introduction, a surprising reticence, broken only by a vivid, eager laugh. Snobbish Seryozha had described her as a *plebka*—a little plebeian wench—but I was aware only of an absence of the clumsy affectations that spoil so many Russian girls of "good" family. Twenty-six and divorced, she was said to be very rich. She was the only Russian woman I have ever met who owned and drove a sports car. Whenever she laughed, the men in the group turned their heads toward her in an almost invisible tropism, and Seryozha's thin cheeks flushed angrily.

This was about a week ago. Twelve were there that afternoon, a number of us strangers to one another. I dwell on the actress because any congregation of people has its central, defining point, and she was ours. The dacha was a big green wooden house sprawled among pine trees, lilacs, and red-currant bushes in the town of M., outside Moscow. Seryozha and Tom and I had come here at the invitation of Anya, Seryozha's dear friend. Anya had told us that there would be interesting people here—"actors, artists." Seryozha had smiled at this, an annoying smile of doubt, and he had also been acting obnoxious since we met him that morning at the Moscow train station. Anya privately told me the reason: A few months earlier, Lyubov Alekseyevna had met Seryozha through a friend and had immediately conceived a romantic interest in him—a fact that in Moscow artistic society, with its dense network of gossip, had not remained secret for long. Skittish as usual, and sensitive from his recent divorce, Seryozha had reacted with horror. Now he balked at visiting the dacha, because he feared that the actress might be there.

We finally had to push him onto the train. All during the long trip through the Moscow suburbs, he sat sulking on the hard wooden seat next to Anya. Rarely have two friends seemed more unsuited: Seryozha, the dilettante, descendant of aristocratic intellectuals, with his elfin features, his dandyish black-market clothes, his long, pale, morbidly nervous hands; and Anya, part Polish Jew, frequenter of peasant markets, breathless reader of romantic stories in cheap magazines, with her black bangs, her glowering glance, her round body, and her shrill, warm, tumultuous voice. The two of them long ago passed the stage of being lovers; now they share a friendship "of the bosom"—an alliance, for Russians, much more passionate, jealous, and binding than simple romance.

We got off the train at one of the small, stark concrete rural stations where there is usually an ice-cream stand, a postcard stand, and a tiny old woman selling sunflower seeds from a sack. We walked toward the dacha settlement through a rough green field where several goats were tethered. It was one of those fantastically lush May days that the devious Russian spring looses suddenly upon the countryside. The sun was strong, and the air—raw and stinging through April—felt like a new element: superbuoyant, caressing. The fields that just a few weeks earlier had been seas of mud dotted with gray heaps of melting ice were now shaggy with buttercups; far off we could see bluish pine woods checkered with the light green of young birch foliage. All around us walked families bound for the settlement, their newly bared arms already reddening in the sun. Everyone was lugging big bundles of gardening tools, provisions, and tomato seedlings. A tall, stoop-shouldered youth passed us, carrying a wicker basket from which chicks peeped feebly; from time to time he lifted up the cover and peered inside with such an expression of dull-witted solicitude that Seryozha began to giggle. "Village idiot, village idiot!" he whispered, poking Anya. "Look at his ears!" An old woman, still wearing a winter head shawl, and bowed beneath the weight of a huge green rucksack, stared hard at me and at Seryozha's black-market clothes. "Look at the foreigners," she said to her companions.

At the dacha, everyone was very fashionable, with foreign jeans and American catch phrases like "O.K." and "Forget it." The woman who owned the place was rumored—like half the people in Moscow—to be part Jewish and to be planning to emigrate to New York. Her name was Svetlana; she was an anxious-looking, fresh-faced brunette of thirty, faintly stout, who used cosmetics with the skill of an American secretary. With considerable pride, she motioned us to a table on which stood several bottles of Chianti and a few cans of California almonds. "Darling Aldo brought these to me from the foreign-currency store," she said. Aldo was an Italian businessman, short and bald, with a shy grin and a pair of enormous sinewy arms. Svetlana was obviously thrilled at being able to achieve what for a Moscow hostess is the utmost in chic: to display several foreigners at a private gathering. Besides Aldo and Lyubov Alekseyevna, there was a thin, surly artist named Volodya; a plump Ukrainian poet with protruding cheeks that nearly hid his tiny gray eyes; a plain girl who was a friend of Lyubov Alekseyevna and whom she addressed as Olya; and two villainous-looking old women, painted, pencilled, and dyed, who worked for MosFilm.

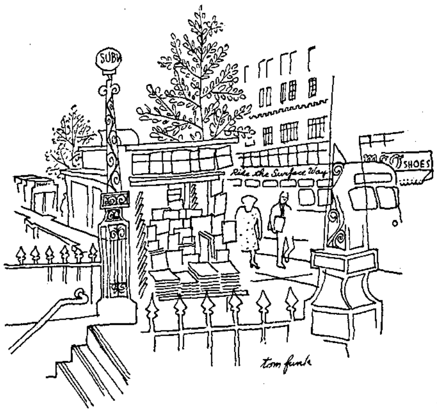
As soon as he could, Seryozha dragged me out into the side yard. "I won't stay," he whispered frantically. "Let's leave, please! My second cousin has a dacha around here. We could catch a bus right down the road."

"That would be rude," I said. "There's a meal prepared for us."

"They're vulgar people. It wouldn't matter." He was in a state. He has been in various nervous states since his particularly nasty divorce and the resulting traumatic encounter with the K.G.B.

Just then, Anya came down the dacha steps and wandered over to us, lifting her feet high in the moist grass to avoid staining her Spanish espadrilles. (She had spent ten minutes on the train explaining her black-market maneuverings to get them.) She slipped her arm around Seryozha and tickled him. "Don't worry, Seryozhenka!" she said. "If Lyubov Alekseyevna attacks you, we can always say we're engaged."

Seryozha gave her a furious glare and abandoned his efforts to get away. He put on a bright, false smile and began to chatter about Mick Jagger. Was it true that Mick and Bianca had split up? Who was the other woman? What did Western magazines have to say about the split?



Anya whispered to me, "He's such an infant. I don't know why I love him so much. Vasya thinks I'm crazy." Vasya is Anya's husband, a tall, bald artist, who treats Seryozha lovingly and patiently.

The three of us walked through the yard, past a nettle patch; an outhouse whose open door revealed an interior papered with British and American cigarette ads; a rusted bicycle; an ancient wooden arbor; and a caved-in greenhouse, to a small, weedy pond. The banks of the pond were thick with buttercups, and a strong swampy smell rose from the water. "Careful," said Seryozha, taking a finicky step backward. Anya squealed as her new shoes got wet. Over the back fence, which was just beyond the pond, we could see into the yards of other dachas—all big, flimsy wooden houses like the one behind us, most with the same herringbone pattern of boards, painted gray or blue or dark green. In some gardens, stunted apple trees still held a few white blossoms; in the fall, I knew, they would produce the small, gnarled, half-wild apples that friends are always pressing upon you, which are always unexpectedly sweet and juicy. There were people in all the yards: children playing, men and women gardening or drawing water from wells. In the yard directly in front of us, two middle-aged men and a woman were sunbathing comfortably in their underwear on newspapers spread out on the grass. It was very hot. Water striders zigzagged across the pond, and the sky slowly turned hazy. I dreamily watched the teeming life in the back yards and the pond, and thought about the long, slow, cold months that had gone before. How suddenly everything had changed! My shoulders were still compensating for the weight of a sheepskin coat.

Anya said, "My uncle had a dacha near here. The same kind of place: big, creaky, buried in pines. We had a good time there when we were little. But he sold it. Most dachas are a nuisance—no plumbing, no insulation. And it gets boring, summer after summer, with nothing to do but eat raspberries and gossip."

I went inside through the back door. In the kitchen, the two painted old women were washing bunches of Georgian herbs in a bucket. Their excessive makeup seemed even more ridiculous and exaggerated in the kitchen, a long room of raw wooden slats with a tiny, single-burner iron stove and with bunches of camomile hung up to dry near the ceiling. The old women's wrinkled hands, however, moved with the skill common to all *babushki*, wringing off stems, breaking leaves into big chipped enamel basins. And their voices were traditional—gossipy, mumbling. I wandered through the two main rooms, which were high-ceilinged and unevenly lined in wood-grain paper. As in other dachas I'd seen, there were only the bare essentials of furniture—an ancient couch-bed covered in rubbed velvet, a case of mildewed books, a modern television set, and an enormous square dining table with a ring of mismatched chairs.

Aldo and Volodya, the artist, were cooking shashlik over a short-legged iron brazier on the porch. Seated on a battered divan in a corner of the porch with our hostess and the plain-faced Olya was Lyubov Alekseyevna. I went over and sat with them. The actress reached out and touched my blouse. "It's so pretty," she said, in English.

I felt flattered, and very happy to be near her. One of the most pleasant things about Russian women is the unfeigned delight they take in other women's appearance. "I like your dress," I said.

"My dress—oh, it's American!" she exclaimed, lapsing back into Russian. She got up and started to twirl around and model the dress with unself-conscious vanity, like a little girl parading before a circle of adults. The dress was gathered white cotton in the so-called peasant style. With it she wore tiny red slippers, laced around her ankles. "I have trouble when I wear it in own. You know. People are so backward. All the old *babushki* say 'My God!' whenever I wear anything the lightest bit stylish. What business of heirs is it what I wear?"

The other women murmured symathetically. They knew what it was ke to try to wear Western styles—specially a peasant look—in a city where real peasants still clump through he streets in felt boots.

"Lyubochka, your *hair!*" our hostess exclaimed admiringly.

The actress smiled and patted her eek locks. I noticed that her hands were small and childlike, and that her ed fingernails were bitten down to he quick. "They do it at the studio," he said, walking over to peer at herelf in a tarnished mirror. "They have verything you could think of there: makeup, permanents—nice, modern, American or French. . . ."

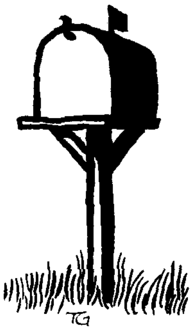
In her voice now I could hear just a trace of the coarseness that Seryozha had accused her of; it gave her speech a not unpleasant edge, like nap on a fabric. And her pirouetting vanity was oddly charming: it became her, like the red shoes.

Anya came along and drew me out onto the steps. "She's really exquisite, isn't she?" said Anya. "Perfect for Seryozha—the fool! And she's got that car and a wonderful big apartment off Kutuzovsky Prospekt."

"You really want this for him," I said.

"Of course," said Anya. "He needs someone to take care of him."

It occurred to me that the possessiveness of her friendship with Seryozha was so complete that there was not even any question of competition. Anya grinned at me, and her eyes sparkled. She brought her lips close to my ear, and I smelled her Eau de rochas. (All Moscow women who have access to foreign-currency stores are wearing it this year.) A Western scent, but her thrilled whisper was that of the countless peasant women I overheard on the tram each day. "Do you know why Lyubov Alekseyevna divorced her first husband? My dear, he used to beat her terribly, just terribly . . ."



By the time the shashlik was ready, the day had grown very hot. A solid, moist, pine-scented heat seemed to be pressing the walls of the dacha, and the hard blue sky of the morning had turned white. It was two o'clock. The twelve of us sat around the enormous table, which held plates heaped with shashlik. The spiced charcoal scent of the roast meat was very strong. I sat between Anya and the artist, Volodya. Through the screen I could see into the back yard of another dacha, where a sunburned fat man wearing a small white cotton hat was very slowly and carefully washing a car. Through some wizardry of seating, Seryozha had been placed next to Lyubov Alekseyevna; on the other side of the actress sat Aldo, the Italian businessman. Lyubov Alekseyevna chatted gaily with the Italian, and he paid her ponderous compliments in his excellent Russian. She had grease on her chin. We were all a bit greasy from the shashlik, which we ate with the sharp dark-green herb the Georgians call *kindzi*. The hostess apologized for the lack of napkins and passed around a roll of toilet paper instead; this was the occasion of jokes and several toasts. We emptied our ill-matched glasses of Chianti and Armenian cognac, and perspired happily. After three toasts, the morose Volodya suddenly brightened and began to talk, in a swift, monotonous undertone. I learned with some surprise that he was engaged to marry our hostess.

"Congratulations!" I said, and his face darkened.

"Shut up, shut up!" he said rapidly, in English. "There are people here who shouldn't know about this yet."

I sank back abashed in my chair, reflecting with some irritation on the scope of feud and intrigue within the smallest Russian group. While we were outside, Seryozha had told me a convoluted story about one of the painted old women, whom he despised and distrusted because she had been the mistress of . . . and then of . . . but had *really* been suspected of . . .

Anya, Lyubov Alekseyevna, and Olya were teasing Aldo about his ignorance of Russian women. "You'll never understand us, never!" they were saying shrilly. "Not even if you live here for twenty years!"

I looked at Seryozha, who was wincing at the tone and subject of this conversation as if he were being dragged over hot coals. Unlike the Italian, who had bloomed perceptibly with the oily meal and the strident feminine surroundings, Seryozha looked half destroyed with discomfort. His feline face was pale and wore the same annoying false smile he had adopted in the yard. I had a momentary mental glimpse of Seryozha's curly head framed in the high white stock of one of Pushkin's heroes, and sighed to myself. He would never fit in *anywhere*, least of all in the brash landscapes of fashionable Soviet society. And what a shame, I thought, that he resisted Lyubov Alekseyevna, who could pay for the dream world he loved to live in. He sat beside her ignoring her, with a constraint in the muscles of his left side as if a concrete wall had been erected there. Lyubov Alekseyevna, with an actress's facility, managed to divide her behavior down the middle, so that half of her was the delicious hoyden who stuck parsley in Aldo's hair and half was a delicate girl of sudden blushes, full of care for her white dress. At one point, she asked

Reserve your Bonwit Teller
Christmas Catalogue

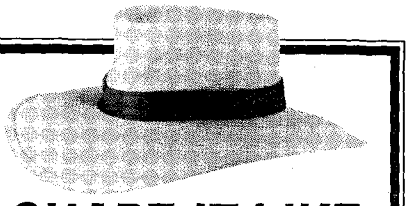
Filled with gifts and fashions with inimitable Bonwit cachet. The first of a year of catalogues bringing to you with each season a private, pleasurable shopping expedition.
To order send check
or money order for 5.00 to:

Bonwit Teller 1120 Avenue of the Americas
New York City 10036 Attn: Leslie Olsen

BONWIT
TELLER

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP

BONWIT TELLER



SHAPE IT LIKE YOU WANT IT

Our Plantation Hat is as individual as the person wearing it. Made of crisp cotton duck in an 18-oz. weight, it has a wired brim which can be shaped into any style you wish. Crease or contour the flat 4½" crown into your personal trademark. The 3½" brim shades your eyes and neck from sun; breathable fabric keeps your head cool. Accented with a latigo leather hatband. **Sizes:** S(6⅞-7), M(7⅛-7¼), L(7⅜-7½), XL(7⅝-7¾). **Color:** Cream. **Plantation Hat $16.95** ppd.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!
Enclosed is my check or money order for $
(Add sales tax where applicable.)
Please RUSH my **#1954 Plantation Hat.**
Size
Name
Address
City
State Zip
☐ **Send me your FREE color catalog of quality outdoor apparel and equipment.**

Eddie Bauer®
Dept. PNK, Fifth & Union, Seattle, WA 98124

Seryozha to cut her meat, speaking with a piteous timidity that must have sent a chastening pang through him, for whom discourtesy heads the list of cardinal sins. He cut her meat for her graciously enough.

"Why did you ask him to do it, and not me?" Aldo asked plaintively.

Lyubov Alekseyevna shook back her pretty hair and gave a strange shriek of laughter, which made Seryozha wince. "Because he's a Russian man and understands what a Russian woman wants!" she answered.

After we had carried our dishes out to the kitchen, the hostess went to draw a few buckets of water from the well. The two old women were busy unwrapping some jam tarts in the pantry, and Volodya was feeding twigs into a samovar by the back steps. I sat on a little bench with Anya and Seryozha and watched him stuff the twigs into the angled copper pipe. The samovar sputtered pleasantly, and Volodya, grown unexpectedly cheerful, chuckled to himself as he tended it. The weather had turned cloudy and very humid, and the blue smoke pouring from the pipe stayed low, creeping over the currant bushes. The smoke made Seryozha sneeze. He rubbed his eyes and turned to Anya. "This is unpleasant. We've stayed here long enough," he said. "May we please leave now?"

Anya gave him a hard look. "Not until after the tea is served. How can you not be ashamed, Seryozhenka, to be so rude?"

"Why can't we leave?" Seryozha persisted.

"Because." Anya threw a pebble at the samovar.

"Why, my little piglet?" Seryozha leaned his elbow on Anya's shoulder and batted his eyes amorously. "Piglet" is his favorite name for Anya.

"Because of our hostess! Think of how offended you would be if guests came and stayed only three or four hours. You know, at times I can't believe in this blue blood you're supposed to have. I'm half peasant, and I have better manners than you have."

I walked over to Lyubov Alekseyevna's friend Olya, who was sitting on a battered wooden garden chair. She had done little all afternoon but form part of the chorus of admiration that surrounded her brilliant friend. She was a tall, gawky girl with a gap-toothed smile and unexpectedly fat legs, which protruded from her short print dress like two pink poles. Like Anya, she wore Spanish espadrilles, which she regarded complacently and

Mohonk

You'll love us for what we are. And what we aren't.

You'll love Mohonk's superb natural setting, its lake and cliffs and thousands of unspoiled mountain acres. Its delicious food, and sports for all seasons, from tennis, golf, swimming, hiking, horseback riding and carriage rides to skating and cross-country skiing. You'll love Mohonk, too, for not being chrome, plastic, artificial or contrived. For being, in fact, itself. Naturally. Come soon. See your travel agent or call direct: (212) 233-2244.

Mohonk
MOUNTAIN HOUSE
Lake Mohonk, New Paltz, N.Y. 12561
(914) 255-1000
90 miles from N.Y.C., Thruway Exit 18.
Direct transportation available.
Ask our Reservations Office.

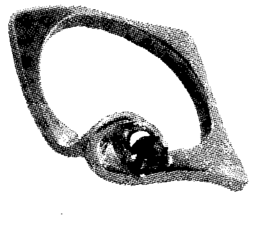
Handmade Comfort.
This Belgian Casual.
Always of unvarying quality.

FOR WOMEN
MIDINETTE IN CALF
From $85.00

(HAND TURNED)

FREE COLOR BROCHURES AVAILABLE
BELGIAN SHOES
60 EAST 56TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
(212) 755-7372
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

A squared circle of 14k gold
furnishes a unique mounting for
a one-third carat ruby solitaire
$250



Lasnier
Goldsmith
Ghirardelli Square • San Francisco • (415) 775-8070

caressed often, on the pretext of adjusting the strings. I picked a buttercup and showed her how American children hold the blossom under a companion's chin: "Do you like butter?" It was getting too dark for the game. A slate-colored wall of cloud had sprung up from somewhere, and a hard wind suddenly blew through the dacha grove, scattering the pile of sticks that Volodya had set up by the samovar, and sending a newspaper flapping across the bushes. We all dashed for the house. Volodya picked up the samovar and hurried up the steps as the first big raindrops came down. From the front porch, I could see underwear-clad sunbathers running up the dirt road from the field. From far away came a bleat from one of the tethered goats. There was a rumble of thunder, a slight pause, and then the rain, coming down in a solid whitish sheet. We guests stood clustered by the windows in the darkened house, stunned into silence by the suddenness and ferocity of the storm. Outside, the pine branches bobbed in the downpour like the necks of restless horses. In a corner of the room, a TV performance of the ballet "The Sleeping Beauty" was interrupted by crackling static as lightning flickered over the sky. Someone murmured, "Capricious weather. A real Russian storm."

When we sat down to tea, one thing was obvious that had been in the back of all of our minds since the first drops of rain. This was that Lyubov Alekseyevna and Aldo were trapped somewhere outside together. We all avoided each other's eyes. Olya said in a low voice that they had taken a walk to the river. One of the old women cackled, and said, "That sly Italian! He probably arranged this storm!" At this, Seryozha blushed still more furiously than he had when the actress filled the room with her laughter.

The rain continued. We sat around the table and ate pieces of jam tart with glasses of tea. The wall of rain and leaves outside made the air stifling. I found myself staring at the samovar—domesticated now, with the crooked, smoking pipe removed and a fat blue teapot nestled in its place. With the actress gone, things seemed flat. All afternoon, the little group had arranged its physical and mental attitudes around Lyubov Alekseyevna, as a crystal blossoms around some center point; now, so late, we had to find different affinities, different ways of arranging ourselves. It was depressing, too, to find the filaments of romantic possibility which had enlivened the afternoon knotted so abruptly. Most of us were silent, picking moodily at our jam tarts. The hostess's small son (from a previous marriage) came running into the room, begging his mother to eat a piece of tart with him in the kitchen. "Only with you, Mama, only you!" She gave him a kiss and left the room with him. Only Seryozha seemed perversely enlivened by the situation. He took helping after helping of jam tart and chattered with an irresponsible gaiety about Mick and Bianca. Looking at his mobile face, which needed only powder to turn him into a Pierrot, I thought what a complicated mechanism his frail soul was. Who would ever understand him? I glanced over at Anya and shook my head. She shrugged.

The storm was over by the time we had to start back to the station at M. It is hard to describe the odor that met us when we walked down the rain-soaked wooden steps of the dacha: the entire spirit of the vegetable world—that bushy mass that Russians call, reverently, "the green"—seemed to hang distilled and dizzying in the wet air. The path we had followed through the field was now a shallow brown stream; we took off our shoes and made our way cautiously through sopping ankle-high grass that was full of the smell of wild onion. The dacha community was coming back to life. At one gate, an old woman in a newspaper hat stood calling "Alyo-sha! Alyo-sha!" By the side of the road, a man in shorts wiped raindrops off a new Russian Fiat. A pinkish rift had appeared in the dark clouds in the west, and the woods seemed to smoke with moisture in the new light. We caught sight of two figures walking across the field toward us. "No, it's not, it can't be, this is too good," said Anya. It was indeed Lyubov Alekseyevna and the Italian. They waved, and came toward us.

The Italian looked damp and discomfited, with his shirt clinging to his shoulders and his hair in strings, but Lyubov Alekseyevna looked sprightly and fresh. Watching her come across the field with her little red shoes dangling from one hand, I understood for the first time her formidable popularity in the films that I had never seen. "What a beauty!" Anya breathed into my ear.

When the two of them had reached us, Aldo began to say something, but Lyubov Alekseyevna coolly interrupted

"While I was out, it caught my husband, found the dog and made me $3,000"

My husband and I are hard to catch. Busy. Always running. We couldn't have caught each other for lunch today if he hadn't left a message on our Phone-Mate answering machine.

It answers your phone 24 hours a day. Even lets you leave messages or play them back by remote control.

We just call in. Wherever we are.

The Phone-Mate also told me that our neighbors had found Rags. About to bury a bone in their tulip garden...could I please hurry?

More good news was waiting when I got home. I got a bite on the Maple Street house. Made the sale and $3,000 commission. Glad I caught that one.

Life is full of surprises. Don't miss any. Get a Phone-Mate. The Remote 930 shown is $299.95. Other models start at $99.95. To find out where to buy a Phone-Mate in your area, call toll-free:

PHONE-MATE®
800-421-5043
In California: 800-262-1583 Dept. 55

L.L.Bean®
Outdoor Sporting Specialties

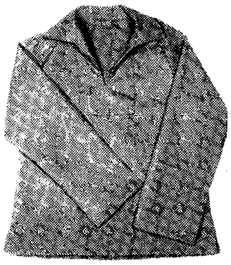
Canvas Sailing Pullover
(For Men and Women)

A comfortable loose-fitting pullover of polyester and cotton duck. Wind resistant, water repellent and washable. V-neck styling with raglan sleeves, open cuffs, inside breast pocket and side slits at hem. Can be worn alone or over a turtleneck for extra warmth. For boating or casual wear. Two colors, Navy, Breton Red. Sizes XS (36), Sm. (38-40), Med. (42), Lg. (44-46), XL (48). Price, $16.00 ppd.

☐ SEND FREE CATALOG

Please Ship Postpaid
____#1356W Canvas Sailing Pullover @ $16.00
Size________Color________
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Master Charge
☐ VISA ☐ American Express
Card Number ____________
Exp. Date ________
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State________ Zip________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
830 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033



GOING TO FRANCE?

Rent a Hertz car in France for a week and we'll guarantee the rate in U.S. dollars through August 31, 1980. For only $270 we'll put you in a Ford Fiesta with unlimited free mileage. Just pick up and drop off your car at more than 260 Hertz locations in France. Bring this ad and get a surprise gift! Talk to your travel consultant now, or call Hertz for details.

Hertz®
800-654-3001

HERTZ RENTS FORDS AND OTHER FINE CARS

There still exists an old world Needlepoint business

that takes time and care in custom designing your very own Needlepoint project (or, choose from over 10,000 classic designs). Imported canvases and finest available wools exclusively used.

Mona Spoor Associates—since 1943 the source of *"Needlepoint Designs of Distinction."*

For catalogue mail $2—refunded with first order—to

MONA SPOOR ASSOCIATES
Post Office Box 285
Montvale, New Jersey 07645

him and turned her clear greenish gaze on Seryozha. "Are you going already?" she asked softly.

Seryozha flushed and looked down at his feet. "It's quite late and I have things to do," he answered in a gruff voice. I had never seen the adroit Seryozha so churlish. It was evident that he realized the impression he was making and that it angered him, for he raised his eyes suddenly and gave her a haughty glare that would have quelled a less confident young woman. But Lyubov Alekseyevna looked at him calmly and said, in the same soft voice, "It's very unusual, you know, to leave so early on a Sunday. I'm afraid you didn't enjoy our company very much."

"Not at all true, not at all," Seryozha said smoothly and angrily, his voice under control but his face twitching a bit. "I merely have an urgent project under way at home."

They looked oddly similar as they argued—the actress who so often played noble roles, and Seryozha, with theatricality evident in every gesture of his slender body. I saw clearly that each of them, in some mysterious way, compelled the other, and that there would be other meetings, other dialogues. A little later, we all said goodbye, and I turned to watch Lyubov Alekseyevna's white American dress grow small and disappear into the dacha grove. Seryozha was raging as we walked toward the station. "That *plebka!* How dare she reprimand *me* for bad manners when she herself is an exercise in bad taste! Imagine her sitting out the storm with that comic-opera Italian! I bet her foreign passport is all nicely arranged by now!"

We reached the station platform and started down the slippery iron steps. All around us, a crowd with sunburned faces and muddy shoes was carrying big, damp bunches of lilac and newspaper parcels of early lettuce. It was about seven o'clock. Anya took Seryozha's arm and said, "You *were* rude, Seryozhenka. I think it was terrible. And to such interesting people, such a beautiful girl. Any other man would be overjoyed to have her in love with him. Why did you act that way?"

Seryozha gave her a squeeze. "Because you are more beautiful," he said frivolously. "My piglet. My wooden egg."

Anya pushed his hand away. "What am I going to do with you, fool?" she said—flashing him, however, her swift, glowering smile from under her bangs.

"Drown me. I'm hopeless," said

LYNCHBURG
HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE
22 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352

Jack Daniel's
No. 7
Field Tester

JACK DANIEL'S FIELD TESTER CAP

This is a comfortable sportsman's billed cap. Black mesh (air cooled) and adjustable to any size head, with an official "Jack Daniel's Field Tester" patch on the front. Guaranteed to shade your eyes and start a lot of conversations. My **$5.25** price includes postage and handling.

Send check, money order, or use American Express, Visa or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.

(Tennessee residents add 6% sales tax.) For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send $1.00 to above address.

Nightly *(Except Sunday)*
Some of New York's best food and brightest conversation are going steady as ever. Attractive duo!
Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
Supper: 9:30 on and on.

HOTEL Algonquin
Maitre d': Robert
59 W. 44th St., New York • 840-6800
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:00 p.m.-1 a.m.)

1776
The Griswold Inn
ESSEX, CONNECTICUT 06426
203·767·1812
FINE FOOD • SPIRITS

PRIME WHITE VEAL
EUROPEAN STYLE, DELICIOUS, LOW-FAT
Delightful Gourmet-Cut Boxed Assortments
Home Deliveries Nationwide, Not sold in stores
FREE "Veal Lover's Guide" with recipes
Write VIRGINIA VEAL FARMS Box 1
Stanardsville, Va. 22973; Phone 800—446-1749

Seryozha, inspecting a damp spot on the side of his jeans. "What a terrible day! We should have gone to my cousin's place. They really know how to receive guests. What vulgar people there were at this place! And, especially, what horrible food!"

The Moscow train arrived. We climbed on and were carried through wet fields, through pine and birch woods, past quarries and factories where red-lettered banners urged us to "bring to life" the decisions of the Twenty-fifth Party Congress. The train passed a few fishermen standing beside muddy ponds and streams; it stopped in industrial towns full of shoddy high rises; it skirted collective farms and decaying wooden villages with names like Daisy Spot and Muddy Place, where one or two old men were likely to be braving the hot weather in rubbed-fur hats. Over the broad, mild landscape, with its modest hills and flatlands and its occasional shallow ravine, hung a stupendous archipelago of sunset clouds; through the window, in a sharp, fresh stream, blew the intoxicating scent of the countryside. We passed innumerable dacha communities: some brand-new, mere collections of varnished boxes set close on a field; some older, larger, set in weedy yards within pine groves, like the dacha we had visited. I stared at these places and wondered about the inhabitants. What atmosphere of feud and flirtation were they imbibing along with tea and vodka? And was there anywhere another girl like Lyubov Alekseyevna? I glanced at Seryozha, who had leaned his cheek against the window; he gave me a sweet, enigmatic grin. A little later, we started an argument about Bulgakov, and kept at it until the bright evening faded over the woods and the train pulled up under the lights of Moscow.

—ANDREA LEE

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

•

James E. Jewell was only 23 years old n 1930 when he created the Lone Ranger. And the Masked Man became popular, ndeed, in serialization over Detroit's WXYZ. Jewell decided his hero needed a friend, so he invented the Indian, Tonto. The father of Jewell's girlfriend—she was later to be his wife—ran a summer camp in Michigan. Its name, meaning "trusting brave," was publicized widely everytime Tonto addressed the Ranger. It was called "Kemo Sabe."

It's the custom in Japan to wash one's self thoroughly before getting into the bath to soak.—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

Hi-yo, Silver!

Dalton

At Saks Fifth Avenue

Also makers of James Kenrob
and Robert Arthur.
Dalton Industries, Willoughby,
Ohio and New York City.

We recommend Woolite® cold water wash

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR APPRECIATION OF BORDEAUX WINE.

Mouton-Cadet
Cadet-Rosé
Mouton-Cadet

Because there's more to Bordeaux than fine red wine, there's more to Baron Philippe de Rothschild's Mouton-Cadet® than fine red wine.

There's Mouton-Cadet White. Delicate and dry. Cadet-Rosé.® Crisp and fruity. And both are as elegant in character as his celebrated full-bodied Mouton-Cadet Red.

So whatever the occasion, select a Mouton-Cadet or Cadet-Rosé. And experience the pleasures of Bordeaux.

MOUTON-CADET

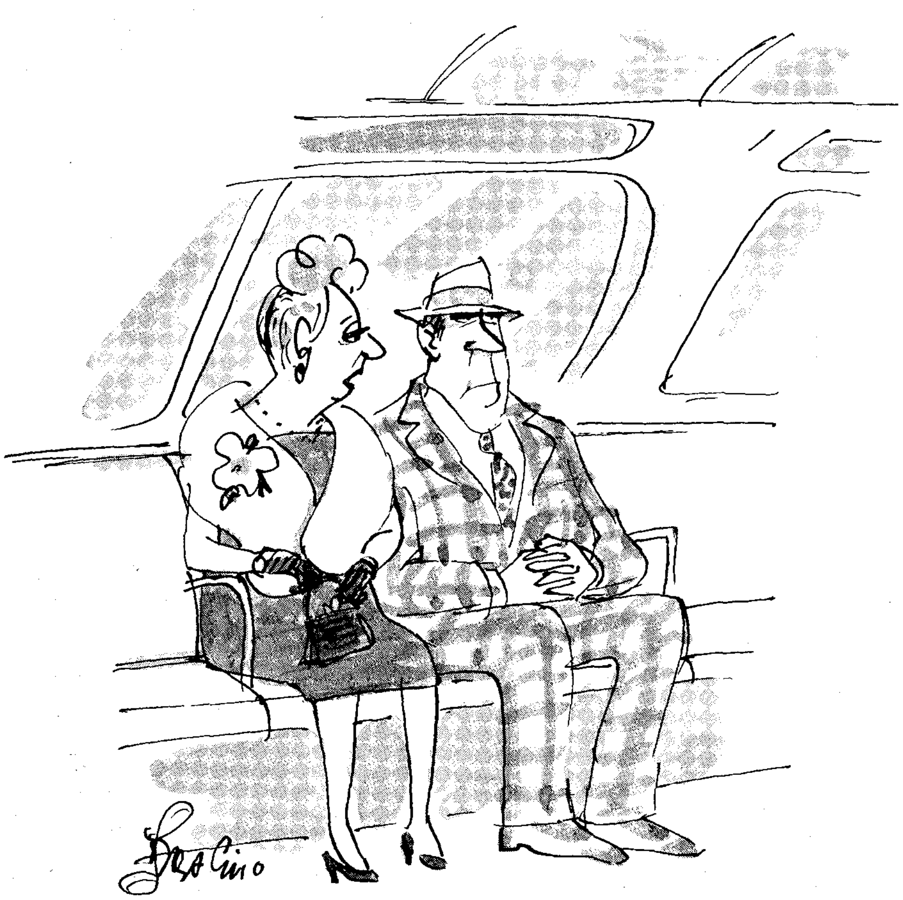
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM WINE CORPORATION.
SOLE U.S. AGENTS, NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Muckrakers and Saints

AT the beginning of "Brubaker," a group of convicts are being transported to Wakefield State Penitentiary. Among them is Robert Redford, who is clearly not just another convict, because during the drive to the prison and for the first days there he is a silent presence, registering the signs of low corruption, and responding to the acts of cruelty—the rapes, the lashings, the beatings—with tense, anguished compassion. It's close to half an hour before Redford identifies himself as the new warden, Henry Brubaker. This incognito prologue—a speeded-up season in hell—shows us the prison from the underside, from the point of view of the bludgeoned, terrified prisoners. They are controlled by gun-carrying convict guards, who, with the connivance of the prison administrators and the prison board, supply slave labor to nearby farms and businesses, and sell most of the food intended for the men. This section is one violent spasm after another: "Midnight Express" without Turks. It vividly establishes the need for a warden who will clean up the place, and it demonstrates that Brubaker is courageous enough to risk entering this medieval torture chamber as a powerless prisoner. The device is dependent on Redford's saying almost nothing. But he's the film's center of consciousness; whenever something happens, there's a cut to his silent reaction, and there are many lingering shots of him suffering for those who suffer. He's like Vincent de Paul sharing the agony of the galley slaves.

Wakefield prison is set in an unidentified Southern state; the actors speak with a pan-Southern accent—the more corrupt the character, the thicker the accent. Brubaker, of course, isn't a Southerner; he's an outsider. We're not told where he comes from, but when he gets cleaned up and into his plaids and corduroys and broad-brimmed hats, we can see what he is. He's the fearless, selfless white knight of the Westerns—Gary Cooper, flexing his jaw righteously, or Alan Ladd, the mysterious stranger in "Shane." Brubaker is the mythic redeemer, who has come to clean out the evil infestation and then ride off alone into the sunset. But he hasn't ridden into a small Western town, where the good settlers are struggling against the rustlers and the land-grabbers—he has been plunked down in a situation out of the old Warners muckraking prison pictures.



"*With the fare increase and all, how much does a hot time in the old town cost us now?*"

Stuart Rosenberg, who replaced the first director (Bob Rafelson), made his reputation with an earlier prison picture, "Cool Hand Luke," in 1967; "Brubaker" is considerably better. From the dramatic excitement Rosenberg brings to almost all the scenes, there is every indication that this project roused him from the apathy of the films he directed in the intervening years ("The April Fools," "Move," "WUSA," "Pocket Money," "The Laughing Policeman," "The Drowning Pool," "Voyage of the Damned," "Love and Bullets," "The Amityville Horror"). The movie was suggested by the experiences of Thomas O. Murton as superintendent of Tucker Prison Farm, in Arkansas, in 1967-68, which were reported in the 1969 book "Accomplices to the Crime," by Murton and Joe Hyams; the fictionalized script, by W. D. Richter, has offhand dialogue with a warm, funny tone which is lost, however, when the characters make speeches for us. And Rosenberg worked with one of the greatest modern cinematographers—Bruno Nuytten (who did Marguerite Duras's "The Truck" and André Téchiné's "French Provincial"). This film doesn't have the forced, hothouse atmosphere of "Cool Hand Luke." Visually, it has a marvellous ease; it moves with such freedom that you give all your attention to the story being told—except when Rosenberg violates this freedom by fixating the camera on someone. Despite some perplexing scenes, which are probably the result of Rosenberg's taking over a project that had been shaped for a different director and trying to mold the material his way, there are individual sequences in this movie that are probably the best work he has ever done on the screen Yet there isn't a believable minute in it

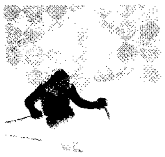
Installed in the warden's office, Brubaker asks his clerk, Purcell (Mat Clark), some questions, and as the sour, resentful clerk answers, the camera subjects him to prolonged close scrutiny, so that we won't fail to perceive every nuance of his double-dealing cowardliness. The gang of trustie who have been running the prison—the armed convicts who buy special privileges for themselves by beating the other prisoners to make them work harder—are never anything but sadistic ruthless, totally conscienceless. One of them is well played by Tim McIntire who, with his Southern-looking plump cheeks and his compressed little eyes, is like a redneck Harry Lime. Another

PLAN YOUR VISIT TO THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST, WHILE IT'S STILL FRESH IN YOUR MIND.

The Pacific Northwest is fresh, clean, abounding with life. But with so much to see and do, most visitors just don't know where to begin. That's where our free, 24-page vacation planner can help.

Inside, you'll find an endless variety of fresh, new travel ideas to help you plan your visit. Beginning with a wide range of fly/drive and other pre-planned independent tours Tours that will lead you to spectacular scenery and crystal clear air and quiet and peace. Tours that will take you to white water rafting, coastal beach clamming, powder snow skiing, and way back in where the big ones bite.

And there's more to our region than purely natural attractions and activities. You'll also visit some of the cleanest, most beautiful cities and villages on Earth; alive with concerts, operas, theatre, fashion finery, marvelous accommodations, excellent restaurants, and pleasantly peaceful people.



Because, after all, the Pacific Northwest is as much a refreshing frame of mind as it is a refreshing change of scenery. See for yourself. See your travel agent, or mail the coupon to:

PNRC TOURISM PROJECT, Pacific Northwest Regional Commission,
P.O. Box 88868,
Seattle, WA 98188.

"SOUNDS LIKE GOOD, CLEAN FUN!"

Please send your free vacation planner:

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

City ______________________________

State ____________________ Zip __________

TOURISM PROJECT FUNDED BY THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST REGIONAL COMMISSION

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST
IDAHO, OREGON & WASHINGTON

NY

Broke.

Getting into a reputable college takes good marks. Getting out takes good money. Currently, about $8000 a year in a private four-year college, $3000 in a public one. And college costs next year could climb as much as 9% higher.

Part-time jobs, work-study plans, government loans and scholarships can help ease some of the strain on the family budget. Even so, it still takes good financial management on the part of parents, students and the schools themselves to make graduation day possible. Now, more than ever before, how ambitious people in all walks of life make the grade has become everybody's business.

The high cost of higher education has certainly affected the long-range plans American families have for saving and investing their money. And so too, have changes in the labor force, tax legislation and housing starts had a dramatic impact on the way all of us live our lives.

Thinking people now recognize the pervasive influence of business and economics. And now they understand why, for over 50 years, top business leaders have turned to Business Week for vital news and interpretation. But in these modern times, the great development of today can grow obsolete by tomorrow. In order to get ahead (to say nothing of staying even), you have to mind everybody's business.

And that's why, week after week, with crispness and clarity, Business Week helps its readers trace the big and small events which signal the possibilities of the future. Where to get help in personal financial planning. The scramble to nail down credit lines. U.S. business starts to repatriate its cash. Congress goes wild on defense spending.

Business Week helps its readers understand the present more fully, plan for the future more effectively. Because Business Week goes deeper than TV or the daily papers, moves faster than the leisurely fortnightlies. *That's what makes Business Week more vital, more useful, than any other source of business news.* Its readers trust Business Week. And so do its advertisers. Over five million readers rely on Business Week because it gives meaning and perspective to the complex, ever changing world of business and finance. It's their newsweekly.

It all comes down to this: *Business Week presents information that helps people do their jobs better.* And live their lives better.

BusinessWeek

The newsweekly of the '80s.

For advertising information: 212-997-4616. For circulation information: 800-523-7601, Dept. D.

© 1980 McGraw-Hill, Inc.

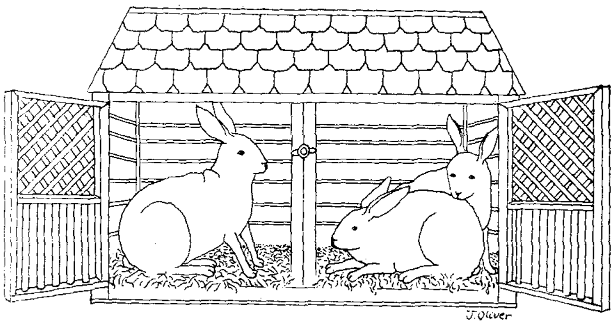
(Everett McGill) is a tall, baby-faced menace with a cold stare that seems to have been handed down through generations of overzealous actors trying to make an impression. He is the chief sadist when this gang tortures and kills an old black man and strings him upside down at the top of the prison flagpole. The old man, Abraham (played lovingly by Richard Ward, who died right after giving this demonstration of the glory of an actor's craft), was the prison's coffinmaker; he is killed because he has promised to show Brubaker where on the prison's farmland (fifteen thousand acres) two hundred bodies have been hidden in unmarked graves.

There's a sequence in which Woodward (M. Emmet Walsh), a jes'-folks local businessman, comes to pay his respects to the new warden, bringing a chocolate prune cake made by his wife. Woodward has been enriching himself by using convict labor at his logging mill, and, having contracted to build a new roof on a prison barracks, he put up one that collapsed. As he talks to Brubaker, trying to charm him but also using veiled threats, the camera moves in close, so that we won't miss any detail of his oily, folksy hypocrisy. And that's the only side there is to Woodward. The bad guys are totally bad. Nothing casual happens in this movie, and what we first see in a character is all we'll ever see. When Brubaker is called before the prison board to explain the reforms he has set in motion, each member of the board reveals his special interest in maintaining the prison as a nest of corruption, and the chairman is that veteran mealymouthed politician Murray Hamilton. (By now, all you have to do is point a camera at him and his pores ooze duplicity.)

The high point of the movie, dramatically and emotionally, comes toward the end of the prologue: a black prisoner (Morgan Freeman) who is in the hole—the death-row cell block, where the men are allowed out into the light for only a few minutes one day each year—breaks out of his dungeon, grabs a young prisoner (David Keith) and starts to strangle him. Brubaker (still in convict guise) intervenes. The tension in this scene comes largely from Morgan Freeman's superb control: he makes you feel the psychotic urgency of the situation. It's typical of the way the film is constructed that we are caught up in Morgan Freeman's intensity and then he's dropped from the movie. There's no follow-through on most of the issues that are raised, either. Brubaker announces that a new barracks roof will be put up by the prisoners themselves, and we expect to see what happens. Does he succeed? We don't find out. It's almost as if the moviemakers thought that once the expectation had been set up, it would be banal to fulfill it. (Or is it merely that the later scenes these plot threads were meant to connect with weren't shot, or were shot and then cut?) After that wham-bam prologue, with its mysterious blond stranger, the audience expects the hero to take some sort of vengeance on the guards who committed those grisly brutalities, and when he doesn't the film loses momentum. Once Brubaker starts to clean up the place, we don't know how much time is passing, or what he's actually getting done, or if the alliance of the armed convict guards and the businessmen is balking him at every turn. We never quite get the feeling that Brubaker is in charge.

On the day of Brubaker's arrival at Wakefield, he saw a young convict, bleeding from a horrible big wound in his chest, who had been dumped on the floor of a bus as if he were a sack of garbage. After Brubaker takes over the warden's office, he asks his sneaky clerk what has become of the man. The clerk replies evasively that he will look into the matter, and some time later Brubaker reminds him about it. Yet after Abraham the coffinmaker is killed, Brubaker doesn't attempt to put pressure on anyone else to tell him where the bodies are buried. His response, instead, is to take the electrical gadget with which Abraham was tortured and give himself a shock of pain. (Peter O'Toole burned himself in "Lawrence of Arabia"—blonds have all the fun.) Then he goes out digging with a team of men and finds four buried coffins, which the prison board is able to explain away as bodies from long ago, when there might have been a paupers' cemetery on the grounds. Brubaker announces that he's calling in the media, but there's no follow-through on that, either—there are no newspapermen like Redford himself in "All the President's Men," eager to uncover a scandal. (Is he the only hero anywhere?) And all the time we keep expecting the body of that young man who disappeared to turn up; if it did, Brubaker would have the proof of recent crimes which he needs, and the prison board, and the governor, whose special assistant put Brubaker in as warden, would be forced to back him. But Brubaker seems to forget all about that wounded man. The audience sits there wondering when the other shoe is going to drop, not knowing that the moviemakers have thrown it out the window.

The film is at its most puzzling when Brubaker, having stormed out of a meeting with the prison board at the local Hilton Inn, makes a speech about "pseudo reformers," and how they're the worst—worse, even, than the mercenary business people and politicians who sit on the board. We don't know what he's talking about—there haven't been any reformers around, pseudo or otherwise, except for him. Then, as Lillian Grey (Jane Alexander), the governor's special assistant, urges him to learn how to obtain what he wants from the board, we get the idea. Now we understand why Jane Alexander is always lighted so glaringly and shot in closeup, with dry, prissy lips and a tight face. She's this movie's fall guy: the liberal, the one who thinks you can accomplish changes by compromise. (Brubaker, though, has charged that murders have been committed at the prison, and what liberal would condone murder?) Later, a senator (played by John McMartin, a specialist in characters so gelatinous that even Murray Hamilton recoils from them) gives Brubaker a last chance to keep his job. The senator is empowered to offer Brubaker everything he needs to improve the lives of the men at Wakefield if he will just knock off searching for bodies. Brubaker, of course, refuses and is fired; he is replaced by a hard-line warden, who will undo everything he has tried to do. And Brubaker, the moral symbol, walks off alone. He came to redeem us, but we were beyond redemption, and so he failed. The picture flirts with the adolescent revolutionary view that the prison can't be improved, because the whole society is rotten. And it says that the evil is so all-encompassing that even the mythic American hero is futile now. It's like the John Wayne films where the wishy-washy liberals compromise and sell out their friends but the



Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

THE ACME THUNDERER MADE IN ENGLAND

English "Thunderer" Whistle/Key Ring For Self-Protection 3 For $15

Handsomely crafted in solid brass, our "Thunderer" whistle from England, with key ring attached. Loud, shrill tone. Compact in size, for easy carrying on person, in briefcase or purse. Quick and effective for summoning assistance; ideal for jogging and other solitary sports. A thoughtful choice for gifts. ☐ Please send catalogue.
Telephone (415) 397-7733 A1G070
Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
No. 150, Post St., San Francisco, Calif. 94108
Whistle (65065A): Quantity____
☐ Check ☐ Master Card ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #____ Expir.____
Add $1.25 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name____
Address____
____ Zip____

WHITE MOUNTAINS
FESTIVAL '80
July 4 - August 31
Gerard Schwarz, Music Director
THE MOUNT WASHINGTON
Bretton Woods, N.H.
The Mount Washington reservations:
800-258-0330
Festival '80 info: Bretton Woods, NH 03575

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

Bahamas "Out" Islands Cruises
Unique 12 & 14 day smooth water cruises through the 700 unspoiled Bahamas "Out" Islands on the new 72 passenger cruise ship New Shoreham II. Chef prepared meals — lovely spacious accommodations. Visit a different Island each day. Also, intercoastal & canal cruises in summer out of Warren, Rhode Island. — Call toll free 800-556-7450 or write American Canadian Line - P.O. Box 368, Warren, RI 02885. NY

Wayne heroes prove their purity by being steadfast and winning. Only, Brubaker proves his purity by losing.

It's the mythic quality that gets this film in trouble: Brubaker's defeat is supposed to be a moral victory, but there's not much lift in that for an audience that has been witnessing the brutalities that will once again be inflicted on the prisoners. So some people in the audience are bound to ask, Why doesn't Brubaker accept the senator's deal and protect the men of Wakefield instead of saving his own intransigent, saintly soul? But this whole moral dilemma is a phony. The movie sets up a situation in which only two paths are open to Brubaker: he can fight evil single-handedly and fail, or he can compromise and align himself with the forces of evil. So, of course, it's morally necessary for him to fail. If we feel dissatisfied with this, it's because we know that it's only in mythic stories—or in simplistic, cartoon ones—that people are all evil or all good and the liberal who thinks there's a middle ground is the snake trying to corrupt the hero so he'll stop fighting evil. And we also know that the kinds of sociological data about graft and crime that we've been getting in this movie don't belong to the fairy-tale world of the Westerns: they're part of a world where situations are never that clear-cut. (If you turn to "Accomplices to the Crime," you find that in the experiences that "suggested" the movie the warden brought in aides whom he'd worked with before, so that he wouldn't be completely surrounded by hostile convict guards, and he called in the press almost immediately, and also sought and received help from legal groups. It wasn't one man against "the system.") At the very end of the movie, there's a big scene: As Brubaker walks away from Wakefield, the men are in the yard listening to the new, hard-line warden speak to them over the loudspeaker system. That solid, great actor Yaphet Kotto, who plays Dickie Coombes, the leader of the black prisoners, begins to clap, honoring the departing figure, and then all the men in the yard move toward the wire fence, applauding rhythmically. Too late, they have come to appreciate an honest man; they're honoring the saint who tried and failed. Brubaker's eyes fill with tears as he goes off. Then there's a postscript, a title informing us that two years later twenty-four of the inmates, led by Coombes, filed suit for cruel and inhuman punishment, that their treatment was declared unconstitutional, and that the governor was not reelected. After making us feel that nothing could be done, the movie turns around and says, O.K., Brubaker failed, but the prisoners got the message and changed things. We've been watching a fictional movie about a fearless legendary hero and then this postscript is thrown at us, as if the fiction film were factual. It may be meant as a sop, so the movie won't seem a downer, but all it does is undercut Brubaker's moral victory—making him seem like a quitter when he goes off into the metaphoric sunset.

The central problem with this movie is that as it has been directed it supports Brubaker's view of himself a hundred per cent and turns him into a man for all seasons. But suppose that Redford's eyes were a little too shiny as he spurned the senator's offer, and maybe—dread thought—*his* lips were dry when he appeared before the members of the board, and they looked recognizably human and he sounded pious. Maybe then we could see how a man who was basically sound could undercut his own cause by an excess of indignation, and by the feeling that he was right and everyone else was wrong—and weak and crooked besides. With just a slight difference in emphasis, or even a different way of lighting Redford, the movie could have been about a strong yet self-righteous man who didn't know how to gain allies, or when to fight and when to bargain, and so lost when he held the cards to win. Then the prisoners would learn not so much from Brubaker's noble example as from his goofing up.

In a number of earlier movies, Redford interiorized emotion so much that he became inexpressive; now that he's trying to show emotion, there's no energy in it. In the many cuts to him clenching his strong jaw to hold in his angry tension, as his eyes flinch from the suffering he sees, you feel that he isn't tense at all. He's an intelligent hip actor, but saintliness without passion makes him seem vacant. When Brubaker arrives at Wakefield and discovers that a bribe to the barber will keep him from having his head shaved prison style, he slips the barber five dollars and receives an immaculate windswept coiffure; is this Brubaker's vanity, or Redford's, or the moviemakers' anxiety to preserve his Goldilocks image? We know it isn't Brubaker, because there is no Brubaker. There is only a movie star who doesn't show the toughness to reorganize a prison like Wakefield. Robert Redford isn't a man of action; he's essen-

BIRD WATCHER'S DIGEST
SEPTEMBER 1978
$1.50

For a gift that is thoughtfully perfect for bird watching friends (or for yourself!), consider a year's subscription to the exciting new national bi-monthly magazine, Bird Watcher's Digest. It features the best in contemporary birding literature.

One can subscribe for a year (6 issues) by sending $9.00 to Bird Watcher's Digest, Box 110W, Marietta, OH 45750 (add $2.00 for Canada and foreign).

A DECORATING CLASSIC
that Pays for Itself

Save up to 25% on heating and cooling costs while enjoying the quiet efficiency of a Hunter ceiling fan, standard of excellence all over the world.
52" fan . . . $259; 36" fan . . . $189
Send 50¢ for color brochure

The Ceiling Fan Gallery
14 Indian Neck Lane, Peconic, N.Y. 11958

Very Literate T-Shirts

Shakespeare, Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, Tolkien, Hemingway, Dickens, Proust, George Sand, Colette, Austen, Poe, Dickinson, Thoreau, Nabokov, Nin, Melville, Twain, Shaw, Brecht, Kafka, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Agatha Christie, Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Watson, Prof. Moriarty, Alice in Wonderland, Cheshire Cat, Dashiell Hammett, Dante, Gertrude Stein, Oscar Wilde, Nietzsche, Freud, Hegel, Einstein, E=MC², Albert Schweitzer, Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Vivaldi, Verdi, Van Gogh, Darwin, F.L. Wright, Marx, Rasputin, Eleanor Roosevelt, Robert E. Lee
SIZES: S, M, L, XL. **T-SHIRTS:** white $7. ea. 4/$25. red or blue $9. 4/$33. **SWEATSHIRTS:** (gray) $14. 2/$26. **NIGHTSHIRTS** (no XL): red or blue $12. 2/$22. **TOTES** (nat. color): $12. 2/$22. **APRONS** (white): $11. 2/$20. Foreign: remit in U.S. dollars. Shipping: $1.00 per 4 pieces. Catalogue: .50.

HISTORICAL PRODUCTS
Box 220X Cambridge, Ma. 02238

HIMALAYA
WILDERNESS TREKS

— MORE THAN MOUNTAINS —
Physical & Cultural Quests to the Roof of the World
KASHMIR, LADAKH, NEPAL, BHUTAN, CHINA
FOR OUR 28 PAGE BROCHURE, SEND $1 TO:
HIMALAYA 3023N FRANKLIN SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94123 415/441-2933

tially a romantic actor who needs a co-star to play off. (When he's the only star, he seems to be in love with himself.) He's the wrong kind of actor for a prison movie, and so, possibly somewhat unconsciously, as the Arkansas scandals were being simplified for the sake of drama, the central figure was mythologized, softened, honeyed. Our interest shifts to the other actors—such as David Keith as the prisoner threatened by the death-row psychotic, because Keith (who looks a lot like Charlie Starkweather) has a few likable moments explaining how he got into trouble as a kid, and there's a gleam of humor in him.

Though "Brubaker" often seems to be at cross-purposes with itself, in its glamour-ridden way it's still grappling with something, and it's far more stirring than any of the dozen or so other movies that have opened in the last few weeks. It's a movie that probably couldn't have been made without a star of Redford's magnitude, yet his presence distorts the material, and "Brubaker" may also be the rare case of a movie that actually suffers commercially because of the popularity of its star. Redford has become so strongly identified with solar energy and ecological and moral causes that when people learn he's in a picture about prison reform they may assume that it's a dull, earnest film, and stay away. Charles Bronson in a prison movie, or Clint Eastwood, wouldn't scare them off like this—but then, of course, Bronson or Eastwood wouldn't be playing the warden, or at least not this warden. You're held by this movie, even when you're arguing with it, because there's power in the subject and in many of the performances, but that final clapping for Brubaker is troubling; there's something about it that suggests canned applause. You come out a little angry about Brubaker's purity, about Redford's purity. It seems to be a two-hour commercial for a man running for governor, for senator, or for God.

IT has taken all these years for Aretha Franklin to reach the screen—and then she's on for only one number! Getting her into "The Blues Brothers" was the smartest thing that the director, John Landis, did; letting her get away after that number was the dumbest. When she sings "Think," while wearing a waitress's uniform in the soul-food café she runs, she smashes the movie to smithereens. Her presence is so strong she seems to be looking at us while we're looking at her. She's so

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the
great European tradition.
Elegant, quiet, unruffled—
never a convention.

THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Washington, D.C. 20005
Phone (Toll-free) 800-424-8577
or see your travel agent
Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor

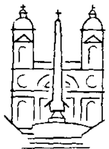
Send for our informative 120 page full-color "Price Guide & Catalogue of Collectors' Paperweights." 1979 bound edition, $5.

Antique/Contemporary
Paperweights
L. H. SELMAN, Ltd.
761 Chestnut St. Suite 26AA
Santa Cruz, California 95060

Le Madrigal
French Restaurant

Lunch 12 to 3
Dinner 6 to 10:30
Monday Thru Friday
Saturday—Dinner Only
6 to 11 PM

216 East 53rd St., N.Y.C.
Reservations: 355-0322



The Hotel HASSLER
VILLA MEDICI
ROME, ITALY
call toll-free: 800-223-6800
call collect: 212-838-3110
"one of The Leading Hotels of the World"

Our delightful Wrap Jumper

A smiling red geranium applique blossoms brightly on the bib of this smart new blue denim jumper. Note the well-thought-out details, such as the narrow belt and the saddle-stitched scoop pockets. Machine-washable, it's a "go anywhere, do anything" jumper for daytime casual wear. S-M-L

Postpaid $35.00

Also available with yellow nasturtiums, sea blue whale, red strawberry or white daisy.

It's in a Wrap Skirt, too

Navy denim wrap skirt with your choice of the appliques above.

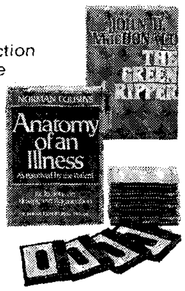
S-M-L *Postpaid $35.00*

WILLIAM BENDETT
Dept. BA
Mystic, CT 06355
Tel. (203) 536-2000
Since 1900

☐ **Amer. Express** ☐ **Master Charge** ☐ **Visa**

Card No. ______________

Exp. Date ______________



BOOKS ON TAPE

Listen to Full-Length Readings of Best Sellers *on Cassettes While* Driving or Relaxing

Classics/Fiction/Non-Fiction
History/Travel/Adventure

$6.50 *and up* Rental Charge

Mail Order Delivery & Return. We Accept Visa, Master Charge.

For Information and Free Catalog Call Toll Free (800) 854-6758 (In Calif., (800) 432-7646) or Write:

711 W. 17th St., Costa Mesa, CA 92627

Books on Tape, Inc., Dept. N
P.O. Box 7900, Newport Beach, CA 92660

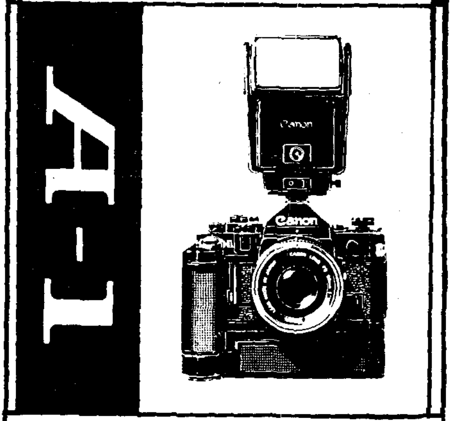
Name ______________
Street ______________
City, State, Zip ______________

BLUE STRAWBERRY
Dining by reservations only. 603-431-6420
Restored 1797 ship's chandlery overlooking the harbor
Liquors and Wines Portsmouth, N.H.

CAFE San Martin
Continental cuisine · Sunday brunch
1458 First Ave. (at 76TH St.) 288-0470
Mobil Travel Guide 1980★★★ AWARD

completely there, and so funny, as she waggles a threatening finger at her lover, the cook (Matt "Guitar" Murphy), who's considering leaving her to rejoin his old band, led by the Blues Brothers (Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi), that you can't come down enough to respond to what follows. And the deadpan singing by Aykroyd and Belushi that seemed so funky on "Saturday Night Live" is very drab. Back in the late sixties, the popular-culture critic Albert Goldman wrote, "It takes only one record like Aretha Franklin's virtuoso treatment of 'I Can't Get No Satisfaction,' written by Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones, to remind us of the great gap that exists between those who have soul and those who merely pay it the compliment of imitation." And Goldman explained this, too: "She releases every tightly creased irony of the blues and dispels the old stale atmosphere of patiently endured female sorrow. Lacking even a trace of self-consciousness, she cries out in ecstasy or anger, in bewilderment or terror, achieving the beauty of a perfectly realized emotion. Indeed, her naturalness is as much a matter of the spontaneity with which she lets fly every phrase as it is of the depth and solidity of her feelings. At another time, in another society, this complete freedom from emotional restraints might appear a dubious value. A Victorian would have called it hysteria. Today, it seems like a state of grace." When the Blues Brothers take Matt Murphy with them and leave Aretha behind, you know that the moviemakers don't know what they're doing.

This musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago, is good-natured, in a sentimental, folk-bop way, but its big joke is how overscaled everything in it is, and that one sequence that's really alive is relatively small-scale. John Landis has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. This showed in "Animal House," but it didn't seem to matter as much there: the sloppiness was part of the film's infantile gross-out charm. Here he's working with such a lavish hand that the miscalculations in timing are experienced by the audience as a form of waste. There are funny moments: Aykroyd's parody version of the theme song from "Rawhide;" Henry Gibson's expression of dreamy surprise when the Pinto that he and a sidekick are in is wafted high in the air over the city and slowly drops. There are also sequences that just miss: the



Canon A-1

Six-mode exposure control.
System versatility.
Newer electronics for wider applications.

Ken Hansen Photo
The Professional Photo Store on the 11th Floor
19 W. 34 St., between 5th & 6th Avenues
(212) 279-8690

Medicare Approved

EASY-LIFT® **Cushion Lifting Chair**

- Power cushion gently lifts you to a standing position
- Full, power recline feature
- *Simple switch control*
- Runs off household current
- Variety of colors, models and fabrics

AMERICAN STAIR-GLIDE CORP.
4001 East 138th Street, Dept. NYE-070
Grandview, Missouri 64030

EVE CHOSE CONSCIOUSNESS

Silk screened on a lady's cotton/poly T-shirt. Bone color with red apple and brown letters. Washable. S-M-L.
$11.50 postpaid.
Check or money order to: **WOMEN UNLTD.**
c/o The Spinning Wheel,
Northern Hotel, Billings, MT 59101

NUMBER SIXTEEN

An unique, luxury "pension". Central, private and informal. It's for those who prefer not to pay "Grand Hotel" prices.

16 SUMNER PLACE **LONDON** SW7 3EG ENGLAND
Telephone 01-589-5232

jiveass jumping at the church presided over by James Brown, with Belushi feeling the power of the Lord and doing handsprings down the center aisle; Aykroyd and Belushi prancing in a circle around Ray Charles as he sings "Shake Your Tailfeathers," like stage Indians around a totem pole—Aykroyd with his tiny, jerky speed freak's steps (the essence of white gracelessness), and Belushi with his lumbering hot shuffle; Cab Calloway shedding his janitor's garb and appearing in white tails to sing "Minnie the Moocher," in a silvery Deco set (but there are too many cuts interrupting the actual song). The script, by Aykroyd and Landis, keeps the jokes coming, and maybe it wouldn't matter much when they miss if almost all the musical numbers weren't staged so disappointingly. And maybe the jokes missing *and* the musical numbers fizzling wouldn't matter *too* much if only Aykroyd and Belushi really clicked together, in the slightly hallucinated way you expect them to. But the fun has gone out of their hipster-musicians act. Possibly it was only good for a few skits. There's nothing going on between them, and the taciturn style doesn't allow them to show enough personality for a full-length movie. When Aykroyd loses his mask for a few seconds in a posh-restaurant scene, he becomes more appealing; they're more like the Marx Brothers here than the Blues Brothers, and their looseness is a relief.

Does the film traduce the great black rhythm-and-blues musicians in the cast? Only inadvertently, by not knowing how to use them. Since Aretha Franklin transcends the film's incompetence, one can perhaps forgive Landis (who is still in his twenties) for the somewhat patronizing casting of the black performers. No doubt he would do something comparable with Benny Goodman and Hoagy Carmichael and Gene Krupa. (Amateurism crosses color lines.) A chief ingredient of the film is noisy car crashes, pile-ups, and demolition scenes: the Blues Brothers antagonize so many individuals and organizations in the course of rounding up their old band that thousands of vehicles chase them and converge on unlucky streets and plazas. The movie is probably more fun for people who drive than for people like me. Even when I laugh at car stunts, I'm not having a good time—I'm just giving in. I blot them out instantaneously, the way one forgets pain.

—PAULINE KAEL

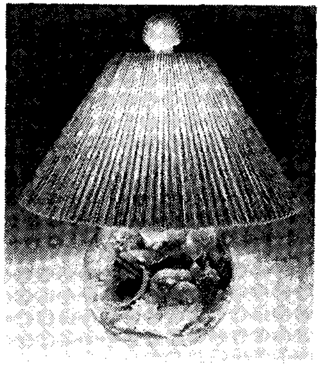
Her new #1 bestseller is "even bigger than 'Evergreen'!"

says the *John Barkham Review;* "for readers who enjoy a long, gripping, romantic, heart-tugging story peopled by strong, believable characters." A Literary Guild Dual Main Selection and a top-of-the-list bestseller for 8 weeks. Now over 200,000 copies in print. $11.95 at all bookstores.

RANDOM WINDS

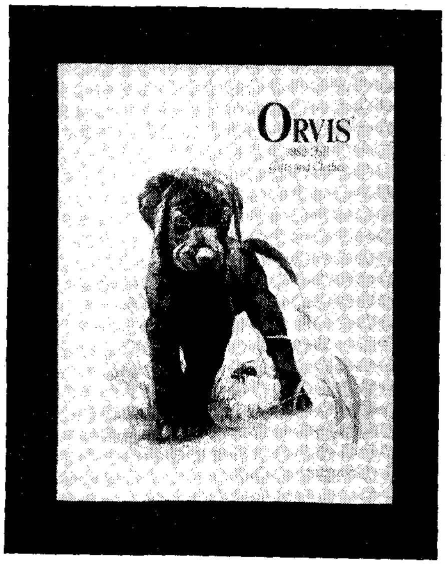
by BELVA PLAIN

delacorte press
DELL PUBLISHING CO INC



Here's a happy round-as-a-moon 10" glass ball topped with a mandarin pleated string shade and fan shaped shell finial. Fully wired, with 3-way socket, mounted in cork stopper. Extra wide neck means you can put extra wide shells in it. Nice lamp. 23" high. $50, prepaid UPS. Hilo Steiner B15, Route 35, Shrewsbury, N.J. (201) 741-5762 or N.J. 800-822-8932. Hilo's catalog, $2. Yes, major credit cards.

THE
HALF MOON
CLUB
HOTEL, COTTAGES, APARTMENTS AND GOLF VILLAS
Heinz E.W. Simonitsch – Managing Director
Rose Hall, Jamaica, W.I.
GOLF · TENNIS · SQUASH · WATERSPORTS
SAUNA · MASSAGE · PRIVATE BEACH
See Your Travel Agent or Call
TCI 800-423-2922 · JRS 800-327-2054



We would like to send you free the Orvis 1980 Fall Catalog. Forty full color pages of fine things to wear, delightful gifts for the sporting family . . . lots of adventurous things.

ORVIS®

10 River Road
Manchester,
Vermont 05254

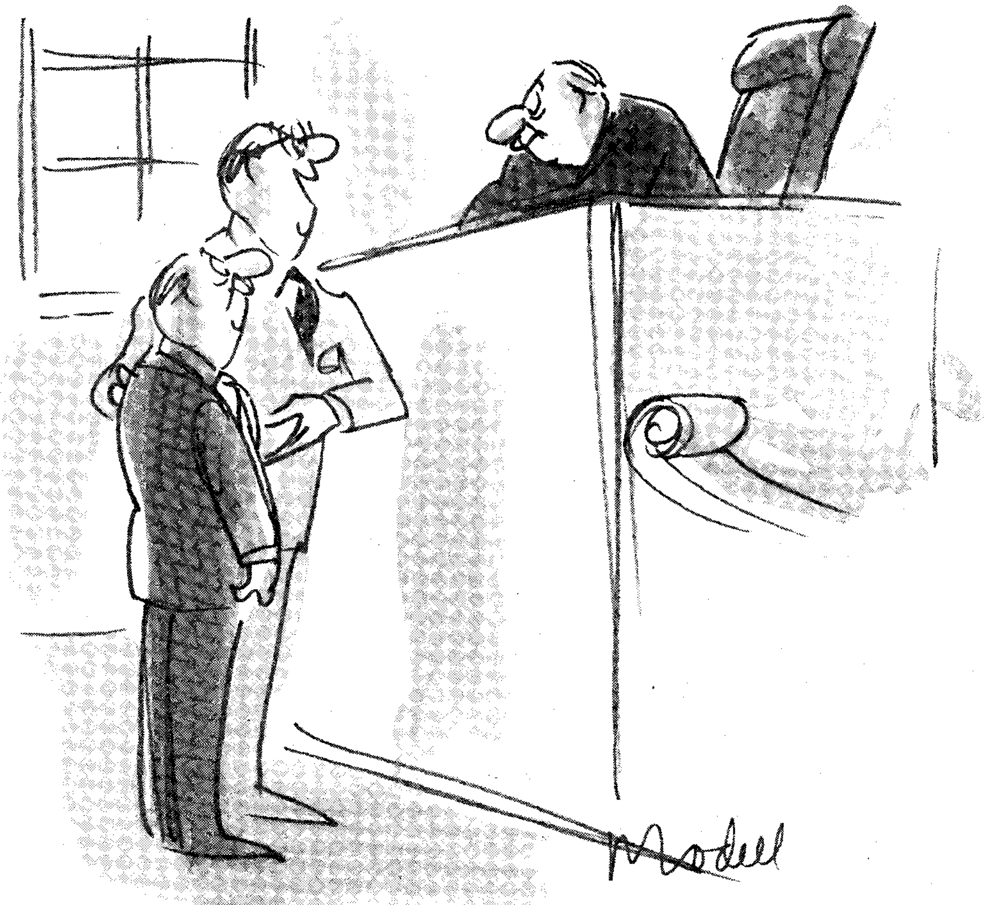
Name . . . .
Address. . . . .
. . . . .Zip . . . . . .

BOOKS

The Other Side of the Glass

THE characters of the Canadian writer Margaret Atwood have always struck me as oddly miscast for the roles they play. Burdened with unhappy pasts and unlucky lives, they seem nonetheless too alert to drop as tamely as they do into the pitfalls that await their every move. Miss Atwood is a chatty, intelligent writer, whose novels are about stubborn, semi-eccentric people who devote themselves single-mindedly to their particular preoccupations. Although they are untroubled by problems of class, there is something very English about them (I suspect that Miss Atwood would not consider this a compliment), and, partly because of their watchfulness, one expects more resistance from them and less *Weltschmerz.* Like most Atwood characters, Elizabeth, Nate, and Lesje—the unconvincingly conjoined triangle of her latest book, "Life Before Man" (Simon & Schuster; $11.95)—are complex thinkers who turn into inveterate bumblers in the social world.

The book is set in Toronto. Allusions to the locale are so fuzzy, however, that non-Canadians will probably feel a bit disoriented until the name is mentioned, on page 75. In Miss Atwood's books, cities are not nice places. Her second novel, "Surfacing," is set in the Canadian backwoods; several characters who arrive from the (unnamed) city bring with them an aura of taint and artificial manners. The European and Canadian cities that are the backdrop for her last book, "Lady Oracle," figure chiefly as behemoths; they provide people with shoddy goods and empty diversions and keep them removed from the solace of the little that remains of nature. Toronto plays the same role in this book. The handful of phrases that refer to the city directly—such as the description of the parliament buildings as the "squat pinkish heart of a squat province"—convey a sense of dreary provincialism.



"I ask you, Your Honor, does my client look like a crook?"

Elizabeth and Nate are a middle-aged couple who haven't loved each other for years. Lesje is the unlikely femme fatale who eventually breaks up their marriage. The outside world impinges little on their fishbowl-like lives. When Nate switches women, everyone's level of discontent remains the same. All that changes is the demography of the fishbowls. Elizabeth and Nate sleep in separate bedrooms, speak to each other only when they have to (usually about matters pertaining to their two much-loved preadolescent daughters), and have come to regard each other chiefly as objects useful to their "home," like the salt and pepper shakers. The children are wise to them but suffer in silence. Lesje, who is by default the book's most appealing character, is a wispy young paleontologist, who falls into the affair more or less because Nate wants her to. The true love of her life is the prehistoric era, which she daydreams happily about while sorting and labelling bones and teeth in her office at the natural-history museum. In the social world, Lesje is all thumbs. She lives with a humorless environmentalist, whom she called William Wasp until he objected, and she's forever in a dither about how to dress, how to act, what to say. The impersonal nature of her work soothes and comforts her. "Alluvial plains and marl deposits and vertebrate anatomy" preoccupied her even as a teen-ager. Lesje's "restful fantasies" about prehistory draw on Miss Atwood's gifts as a poet, and they are pools of light in a murky landscape:

> Under a sun more orange than her own has ever been, in the middle of a swampy plain lush with thick-stalked plants and oversized ferns, a group of bony-plated stegosaurs is grazing. Around the edges of this group . . . are a few taller, more delicate camptosaurs. Cautious, nervous they lift their small heads . . . to sniff at the air. If there is a danger they will give the alarm first. Closer to her, a flock of medium-sized pterosaurs glide from one giant tree-fern to another. Lesje crouches in the topmost frond-cluster of one of these trees.

Lesje's lack of self-assurance is more or less blamed on her maternal and paternal grandmothers, one Ukrainian Christian, one Eastern European Jewish, who fought so bitterly to keep her in their respective camps that they made her feel like a rag doll always dressed in the wrong costume.

Elizabeth also works at the museum, arranging special exhibits. Her past includes a drunken mother, a fa-

IN NEW YORK...

Complimentary Continental breakfast served in your room.

Each room and suite has a serving pantry.

Gracious dining
in the Restaurant Laurent.

The super place to stay
in the fashionable heart of the city,
just off Park Avenue.

Elegant
Quiet
Secure

The Lombardy
HOTEL

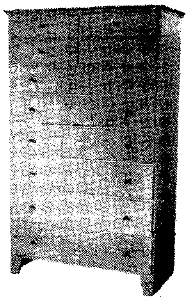
Single $75 to $80; Double, $85 to $90
Two-Room Suite, $135 to $170.
Also by the week or month.

DO YOU WISH OUR BROCHURE?

Kathleen Brick, Reservations
111 East 56th Street, New York 10022
212 PLaza 3-8600

Thos. Moser
Cabinet Maker

Our furniture is inspired by the simplicity of Shaker design, with a delicate insinuation of contemporary; constructed with pride and executed by hand, individually, restoring a relationship between man and his practical art.



Catalog $2.00

One Cobbs Bridge Road
New Gloucester, Maine 04260

EXCEPTIONAL
FOOD & WINE
The COACH HOUSE
110 WAVERLY PLACE, N.Y.C. • 777-0303
Dinner only 777-0349

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

A delicate little dictionary of flowers, lovingly compiled in a gentler time, by a devoted husband as a gift for his wife. Full color facsimile edition printed in England lists over seven hundred flowers and their meanings, charmingly handscripted with delicate water-coloured flowers and plants bordering each page. A book to own, to give with love. $6.50 ppd.

THE CHOCOLATE SOUP
Now at 946 Madison Ave. New York, NY 10021

ther who abandoned her, and a blue-blooded dragoness aunt who plucked her (and a sister, who later kills herself) from her disreputable home and raised her with such hidebound rectitude that she has never ceased trying to spite her. As a girl, Elizabeth would pick up young toughs on the street and seduce them in places where they were likely to be caught. Even now, she sometimes finds herself drifting into one-night stands with men she despises. One of the many hard-to-swallow details in the book is that these youthful romps supposedly took place on the front lawns of strangers. ("Dear me, Harry, what's that near the bird feeder?") Another is the evil-queen awfulness of the aunt, who is too bad to be true, as in a scene conjured by Elizabeth in which she remembers herself "writhing on her bed with her first menstrual cramps, nauseated with pain, Auntie M. standing over her holding the bottle of aspirin out of reach. *This is God's punishment.* She never said what for." Elizabeth is restless, callous, prefers impersonal sex, and has a powerful urge to manipulate everyone around her. She tries, with some success, to cool her husband's romance, not because she really wants him for herself but because his seriousness galls her. Nate, a poverty lawyer turned wood-carver, is her victim. In most novels, he would be a woman. In all important matters, he lets her make the first move and then burns with resentment when she spoils his plans. A nice playfulness about sexual stereotypes has marked all Miss Atwood's books, and it adds a bracing resonance to this one, though she diminishes her characters' complexity a bit by making so much of the sex-role issue. Nate never steps out of his mold and Elizabeth never steps out of hers. He cooks, tidies the house, and tends the children. She broods about the suicide of her latest lover and brings home most of the money they live on.

The lover's death and the coming together of Nate and Lesje are the pivotal events of the narrative, but they inspire little emotion in the reader. The book opens with Elizabeth trying to come to terms with the suicide, which has recently occurred. The lover is described so sketchily and unappealingly, however, that it is hard to understand the intensity of her grief. It is equally difficult to react with much interest to the pairing of Nate and Lesje—although the event causes sonic waves in everybody's life—since there seems to be as much logic in their union as there is in the melding of two para-

The English Lawn Tennis Shirt

A comfortable and very distinctive cotton knit shirt. With a bit of Britain in the hand-stitched flag on the pocket. $15 (1.50 shpg./hdlg.) In sizes S-M-L-XL. Colors: White, Navy, Grey, Burgundy, Dk. Green. Lightweight, long tail.

The Bombay Company
P.O. Box 53323
New Orleans, Louisiana 70153
504/891-4415
Satisfaction Guaranteed
VISA/MC/AE/DC

Vermont's
Premier Resort.
On Lake Champlain

Call 802-475-2311 or write

BASIN HARBOR
CLUB

Box 8A, Vergennes, Vermont 05491

Archeological Expedition
Tunisia

Ancient Carthage, awesome ruins of Imperial Rome, fascinating Islamic fortresses and Saharan Oases. Visit the most fascinating ruins in North Africa. Explore Berber villages, mountain and desert oases. Small escorted groups, expert lectures. Spring and fall departures. Write for details.

Society Expeditions
Dept. NY
723 Broadway East
Seattle, WA 98102

Name
Street
City/State/Zip

Please Include: ☐ New Guinea ☐ Patagonia ☐ Easter Island ☐ Galapagos ☐ Mongolia ☐ Tunisia ☐ Antarctica ☐ Amazon ☐ New Guinea & Melanesia ☐ New Guinea & Indonesia ☐ Singapore to Seychelles ☐ Seychelles to Red Sea ☐ Iceland & Greenland ☐ N. & West Africa ☐ China

mecia. They are so unlikely a couple that I found myself thumbing back to see if I'd missed some plausible explanation for Nate's sudden passion for her.

"Surfacing," Miss Atwood's best book, bridged the gap between the private and the public more successfully than the present one does, probably because of its subject—a woman's breakdown in a setting far removed from the social world. She is at her best when she writes about nature or about the wilder elements of human nature that somehow draw us closer to trees, plants, and prehistoric beasts. Her characters seem to come to life only when they see themselves outside conventional boundaries. At such moments, a startling though not entirely unwelcome bit of melodrama creeps into the narrative, usually in the form of a quasi-mystical experience that leads nowhere in particular. Nate, for example, turns from Milquetoast to werewolf while spending an evening with his mother and his daughters:

> Nate feels his stomach go cold; the canned beets sink, mix uneasily with his furtive Scotch. They are, all three of them, so unsuspecting, so innocent. It's as if he's looking at them through a lighted window: inside, peace and tranquil domesticity, this house, the tastes, the smells even, so familiar to him. Good, unassuming. And outside, darkness, thunder, the storm, himself a wolflike monster in tattered clothes, fingernails ragged, lurking red-eyed and envious, snout pressed to the glass. He alone knows the darkness of the human heart, the secrets of evil.

Later that evening, he imagines Lesje sitting like a beautiful statue "behind a lighted window, draped in soft white, playing the spinet, her moving fingers luminous against the keys. Growling, he leaps through the glass." One of the chief faults of the book is that the characters show so little curiosity about the minutiae of sexual, amorous, monetary, political, or family matters—the ordinary events on the other side of the glass. The book suggests that we don't know what to do with ourselves, because our corrupt culture has made us so out of joint with nature. Perhaps we *are* well on our way to becoming as unnecessary as the dodo, but Miss Atwood provides us with a view of the world that is too cramped to make the case convincing.

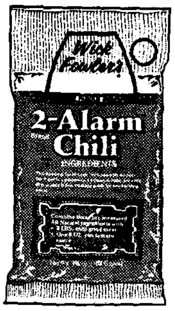
—LIS HARRIS

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From the Times*]

Under Taiwan's martial law proceedings, defendants are not regarded as innocent unless proved guilty.



World's Finest Chili

It's as near as your mailbox.

Caliente Chili, Inc.
P.O. Drawer 5340 • Austin, Texas 78763
Please mail me: ☐ 2 @ $3.50
☐ 6 @ $10. ☐ 12 @ $19.,
packages of 2-Alarm Chili Ingredients.
Name
Address Apt. #
City State Zip
☐ My check enclosed
Please charge ☐ Visa ☐ Master Charge
Account #
Expiration Date
Signature, if using card (NY)

THE WINTER STOAT $51.

Each animal is an investment in art. Write for colourful booklet, entitled "Beauty & The Beasts & The Birds." Aynsley Bone China, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10010.

SCULPTURED BY AYNSLEY®

The English member of the Waterford Crystal Family.

Sea-Fare of the Aegean®
25 West 56th St., N.Y.C.
The Finest in Sea Food
Telephone: 581-0540
AM. EX. Accepted

for a narrow point of view

WIDE TIES SLIMMED

Save your costly, but unfashionable, wide ties with our skilled surgery. All by hand. Like getting new ties for only $450 ea. min. 3 ties

MAIL ORDERS
Add $2 for shipping.
Free Folder..."Tips on Ties"

tiecrafters
116 E. 27th St. N.Y. 10016
(212) 867-7676

Share the "utterly beguiling story" of a lady who sailed with Stevenson, dined with Cole, marched in Martin Luther King's funeral, became an important philanthropist, still meets everybody, and now tells all with disarming candor and "a great zest for life."—Louis Auchincloss**

Footprints
An Autobiography
BROOKE ASTOR

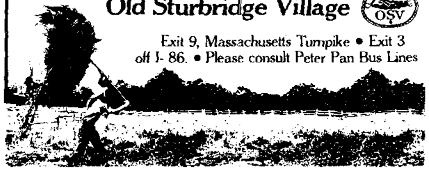
With photographs, $13.95
at all booksellers
DOUBLEDA

Discover America's Heyday

Old Sturbridge Village invites you and your family to visit America when Old Glory was young. On 200 acres of woods and meadows the everyday life of an earlier age becomes a reality. See the working historical farm and the unusual, backbred livestock. Watch the blacksmith, shoemaker, cooper and potter craft their wares. Discover old recipes in use at open hearths. Stroll the Common, stop by the Tavern for lunch. Select a reminder of your experiences from handmade craft wares in the museum's gift shops. A scenic daytrip, a visit to Old Sturbridge Village is a pleasant family outing. For additional information, and free, descriptive color brochures and map, write: **Public Information, Dept. NY, Old Sturbridge Village, Sturbridge, Mass., 01566, or call (617) 347-3362.**

Old Sturbridge Village OSV

Exit 9, Massachusetts Turnpike • Exit 3 off I- 86. • Please consult Peter Pan Bus Lines

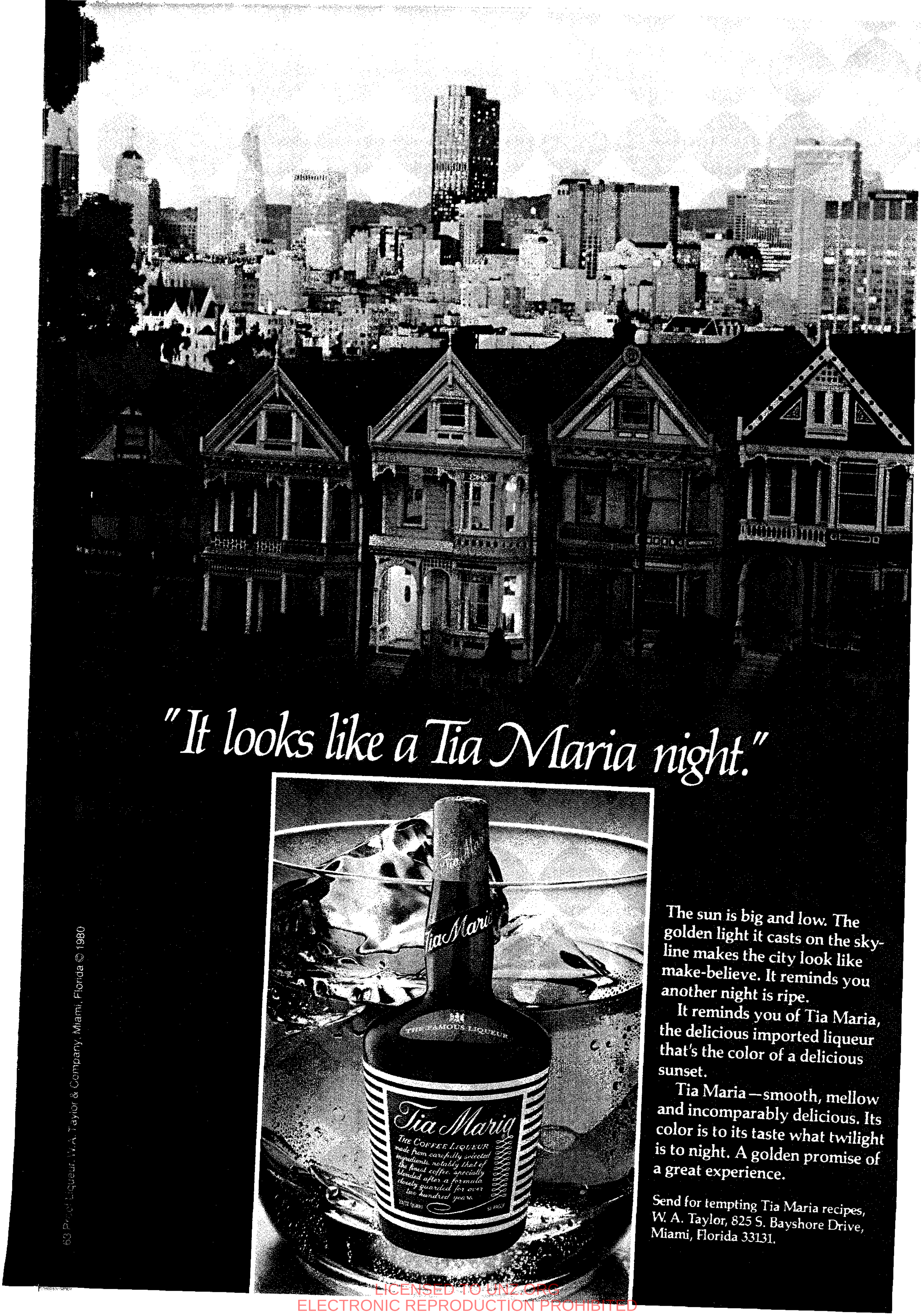


GOOD USED BOOKS

Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, Literature, Fiction, Sports, Military, Science, Art, many other subjects. Send a dollar for classified listings of 20,000 titles and prices.

Editions, Desk Y, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prim
Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 PM daily
Sunday 12 noon to 9 PM
1601 Simpson St.
Phone GR 5-8686
or BR 3-3344
Evanston, Ill.


"It looks like a Tia Maria night."
Tia Maria
THE FAMOUS LIQUEUR
Tia Maria
The Coffee Liqueur made from carefully selected ingredients, notably that of the finest coffee, specially blended after a formula closely guarded for over two hundred years.

The sun is big and low. The golden light it casts on the skyline makes the city look like make-believe. It reminds you another night is ripe.

It reminds you of Tia Maria, the delicious imported liqueur that's the color of a delicious sunset.

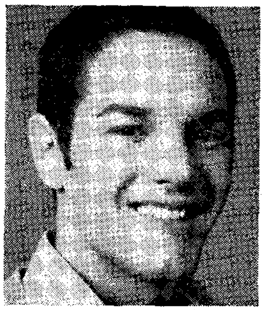
Tia Maria—smooth, mellow and incomparably delicious. Its color is to its taste what twilight is to night. A golden promise of a great experience.

Send for tempting Tia Maria recipes,
W. A. Taylor, 825 S. Bayshore Drive,
Miami, Florida 33131.

63 Proof Liqueur. W.A. Taylor & Company, Miami, Florida © 1980

9 OUT OF EVERY 10,000 AMERICANS PREFER CAMPARI

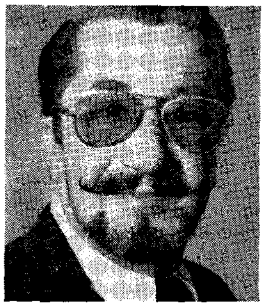
Compared with Europeans, Americans are meager consumers of Campari & Orange Juice. But a few new converts are won every day by its unique bittersweet taste.



"Success is terrific but with Campari and orange juice, working my way to the bottom has proved equally rewarding!"
—N. Emanuel, Walpole, MA

"After Howard and I have one of our 'discussions', I serve Campari. Why? Because a bit of better bittersweet makes a bitter sweetie better!"
—M. Weitsen, Yonkers, NY

"My fellow musicians and I prefer one glass of Campari and orange juice to a Fifth of Beethoven!"
—D. Denniston, Ridgewood, NJ

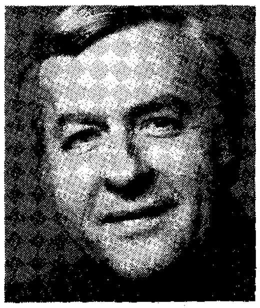


"Most drinks simply tickle my whiskers—but Campari tickles my fancy as well!"
—E. Cortese, Nutley, NJ

"At a party someone inquired about my funny red cocktail. 'Is that a Bloody Mary?' they asked. No, I replied, it's bloody wonderful!"
—E. Green, Cleveland, OH

"When I read that nine out of every 10,000 Americans prefer Campari, I knew Campari was for me. I hate crowds."
—D. Shear, NY, NY

"I am an archaeologist who really digs Campari!"
—N. Broeder, Riverside, CT



"If I have to take the bitter with the sweet, make it Campari."
—J. Jones, Grand Rapids, MI

"Campari trips on the tongue and gains its composure on the palate."
—L. Carter, Jupiter, FL

ITALY
CAMPARI
Aperitivo
AUSTIN NICHOLS & CO.

© 1980 Imported, prepared and bottled by Austin Nichols & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ky. 48 proof bitter liqueur

CAMPARI & ORANGE JUICE

Pour 1 jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Fill with orange juice (or grapefruit juice) and stir. Garnish with cherry or slice of orange.

You too can be in a Campari ad!

Just send your "Campari Quip," snapshot, and phone number to P.O. Box 2782, NR, Grand Central Station, NYC 10017. If selected, your photo, name and witticism will appear in a future Campari ad–and you'll receive $100.(Sorry, nothing can be returned.)

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas